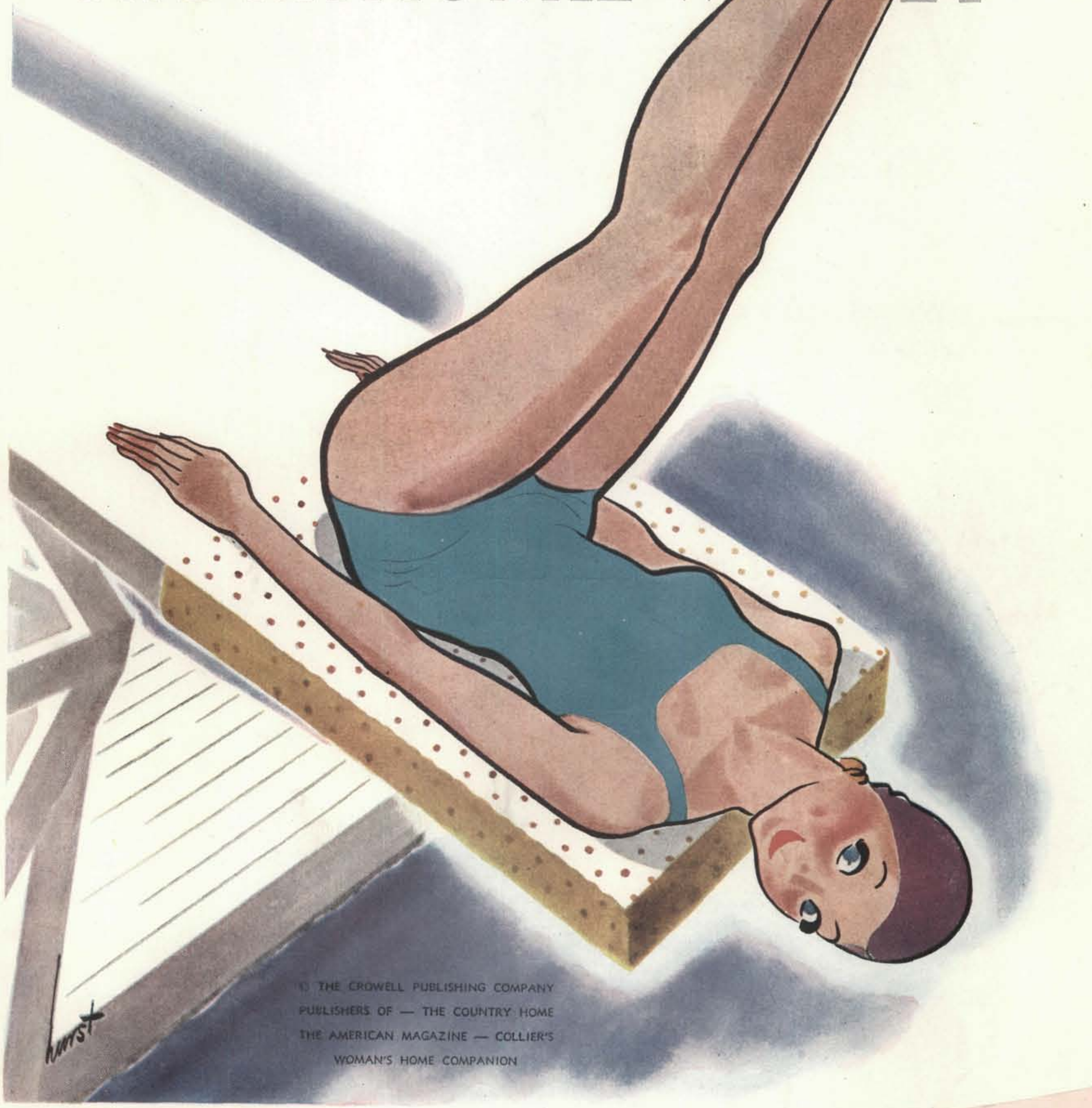
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

August 3, 1935

5¢ a copy
10c in Canada

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

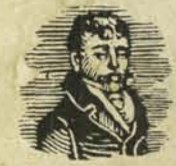
The Amateur Touch –
the President as a Politician **By G**

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
905 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
25JY36
12BX 906 C
10 2C
2Y

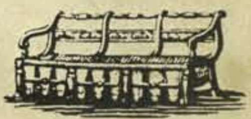
AUGUST 3, 1935

Vanities of 1810

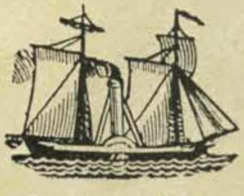
Gentlemen dressed like
this



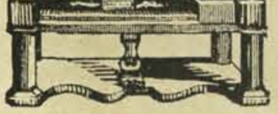
Wooed and won
(Or lost)
On settees like this



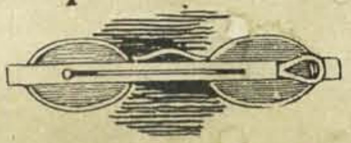
Honeymooned
On boats like this



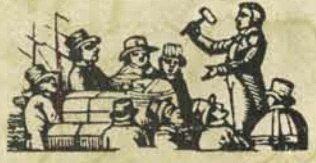
Sang to pianos like this



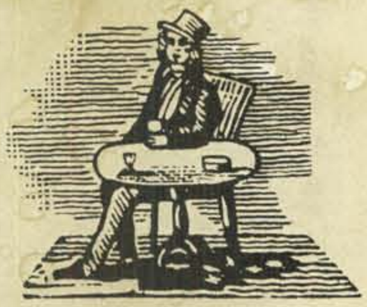
Wore spectacles like this



When grand Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey
(In 1810)
First won renown
Among folk like this



If you want to know why
Just do like this



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co. Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

© 1935, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

Thousands of Flying Hours but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

It began with "Pink Tooth Brush"

YEARS AGO—stunting at county fairs in a second-hand crate—he never had to bother about his teeth and gums. The tough, stringy fare of those lean barnstorming days gave them plenty of work to do, kept them sound and healthy.

But prizes got bigger . . . Jobs got better . . . Foods got softer, and gums more sensitive. And this so-careful man who watched every warning of wind and weather—wrecked his dental health. He shut his eyes to the danger of "Pink Tooth Brush." He wouldn't listen to his dentist. And now he's a dental cripple.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is simply a warning, *but* it always tells you the truth. It tells you that your gums are sensitive and tender, wide open to serious gum disorders.

Put the blame where it belongs—on our modern diet of soft, creamy foods that rob gums of healthful work and exercise . . . But be sure and do the reasonable thing—change to Ipana plus massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Begin to rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. New circulation begins. There's a fresher feel to your gums—a new cleanliness to your mouth.

Begin with Ipana plus massage today. Avoid that "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. And as for pyorrhea, gingivitis, and Vincent's disease—you'll probably never know how unpleasant they can be.

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a standard dental text:* "Refined foods are . . . soft, so as to require little or no mastication."
- *A well-known authority says:* "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble and should receive attention at once."
- *Excerpt from a professional treatise:* "It is important to brush the gums in order to keep them in a healthy condition."

Tune in "Town Hall Tonight" and hear the Ipana Troubadours every Wednesday evening—WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.

IPANA Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*

WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*
DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE was a jinx hanging over Lieutenant Commander Neal Kelvin. His ships rammed yachts, caught fire, sank. Never Neal's fault. But he was the one who got court-martialed. Reprimanded. Promotion deferred. Still he got by, but always the hard way. Hard for him; unbearable for his wife.

No woman could stand it, Hildreth said. She was going to leave him. Get up and get out; she had to. But that was before Neal's destroyer went plunging off under forced draft in a cross sea to rescue the Western Star. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells her story in "She Married the Navy."

CALIFORNIANS from time to time have worried about the danger of a foreign invasion. Now it's under way, but not from the west. These invaders are marching in from the east. Three or four thousand a month—a penniless and desperately hopeful army headed for the promised land, shouting, "California, Here We Come!" The embarrassed and bewildered residents of the Golden State are trying to fence its boundaries with laws. But the tide rolls on. Walter Davenport takes you to watch this vast and dramatic human spectacle.

"REVENGE is sweeter than life itself—so fools think." The quotation is from Juvenal, and Baron von Genthner repeated it, looking at the picture of a girl on a "Berlin Billboard." The story behind it, of haunting and anguished love, is told by Quentin Reynolds.

AT EIGHTEEN Amy Cameron had broken an altitude record. At twenty she fell in love—with no preparation except a very thorough knowledge of aerodynamics. The young man knew nothing about airplanes and was only interested in helpless girls. Everything turns out all right, though, in "South of Heaven," by Josephine Bentham.

WHEN man first pushed his way into the upper air, he found it already serving as a highway. For centuries insects, the greatest aviators of all, had been drifting merrily to and fro—sowing destruction. In "The Zephyr Murder Case" W. B. Courtney describes this wind-blown menace and the way we are fighting it.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, alas, puts an end to "Poor Man's Gold." Kathleen Norris continues the thwarted romance of Mary Burleigh. George Creel, Kyle Crichton, Freling Foster and others do the rest. We share your impatience.

This Week

●

August 3, 1935

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Not for Publication. The dramatic adventure of a reporter who went to interview a girl named Hilarita. Page 7

GERALD MYGATT and PHIL RYAN
Treasure Chest. More precious than much fine gold. Page 10

GEORGE CREEL
The Amateur Touch. Is President Roosevelt a politician? Page 12

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Secret Marriage, Part VI. The quiet courage of a woman in love. Page 14

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Firing Lines. Fancy gunplay. Page 16

INEZ WALLACE
Comforting Your Guests. A square deal for week-enders. Page 17

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Poor Man's Gold, Part VII. Skulduggery in Whoopee. Page 18

RUD RENNIE
Play Shoes. The science and practice of horseshoe pitching. Page 20

GREGORIO SOMERS
The Magic Cane. Device of a general who knew all the answers. Page 21

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Head Wanted, by Frank Condon. Page 22

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING
Somebody's Cynthia. The romantic accomplishments of a super-salesman. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Facts as they fall—pick 'em up. Page 44

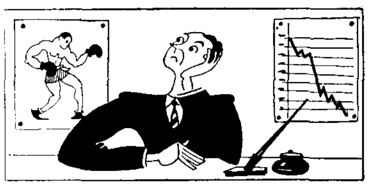
EDITORIAL
A Good Job Well Done. Page 50

●

Any Week

A NASTY suspicion that he has "lived too long" assails Mr. Thomas G. Alvord of Nocona, Texas. "I remember," he sighs, "when all of us wore guns and most of us could use them. We drank likker. We played gambling poker, faro and monte. But now Texas has women sheriffs. We're drier than the Mojave Desert. And only yesterday a fellow invited me into an ice-cream parlor and wanted to bet four bits he could eat more pistachio ice cream than me."

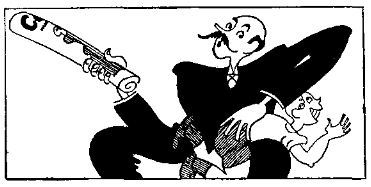
ON THE wall of Mr. Jonas Birken's office in New York City is a photograph of Mr. James J. Braddock, who, it is alleged, is heavyweight champion prizefighter. Mr. Birken does not know Mr. Braddock nor does he regard Mr. Braddock with great affection. "But," says he, "I have hung it there to look at when I'm disposed to view the future with distrust and apprehension. And it will remind me that my future cannot possibly be as dark as Mr. Braddock's."



A SUPERIOR brand of tranquillity obtained in the Central Post Office in Osaka, Japan, until one day not long ago a letter appeared addressed to Huey Long, King Fish Canning Co., Osaka. The local government began to tremble and presently the cabinet assembled in Tokyo. Mr. Long was not found and all the Hoo Yee Longs in the kingdom repudiated the letter. But the populace took it as a prophecy that the great Louisianian was about to transfer his statesmanship from America to Japan. Mobs began to gather and the outlook for peace was anything but promising. But Japan got herself in hand, writes Mr. Welly Shibata of Osaka, and has adopted undivulged measures to ward off the blow.

TROUBLE in Cabot, Arkansas, too. Mrs. Sheaffer's colored boy Henry got himself embroiled with the authorities and is resting uncomfortably in the jail house. Mrs. Sheaffer says her other boy, Lige, brought back word that Henry would admire having something done to restore him to freedom. "Miz Sheaffer," said Lige, "Henry say he'd like for you to do somethin' about gettin' him turned a-loose, as he is very much unsatisfied with the way things are goin' on."

"AND I claim," says Mr. Jim Keller of Houston, Texas, "to have been closely associated with Collier's at an earlier age than any other reader. My father always had a copy near by. Frequently he rolled it up and applied it to my posterior with enduring and curative effect. I have looked it up and find that this intimate association with Collier's began before my second birthday. And I still gather much profit and instruction from your magazine."



WE ARE besought by Mr. M. H. Gardner of Warsaw, Indiana, to share his harrowed feelings. Says he: "Just as the Grass Root boys at Springfield, Illinois, had a few of us rank-and-file dependables in tears about the mayhem being perpetrated upon our constitutional rights, I had to start wondering if it weren't some of these same guys who slipped over the Eighteenth Amendment, of which you may have heard when a boy. And didn't that assault upon our corner stone kick the stuffing out of a couple of constitutional rights having to do with double jeopardy and unlawful entry? My memory ain't what it used to be. So, brother, if you can help an old pal back on his feet it would be appreciated."

PERHAPS there's nothing anyone can do about that. Just as Mr. Oliver C. Harrod of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has abandoned hope. Mr. Harrod tells us that he has been "bitten thirteen times by the same dog in the same place." And he confessed that he hasn't any idea what to do about it. "Some people have advised me to present some other part of my anatomy to the beast when it approaches," said Mr. Harrod. "Others suggest that I keep away from the animal. A lady I know told me to train it to scatter its attentions. Somebody else suggested that I move to Philadelphia, but that seems to be an unnecessarily drastic procedure. Anyway, what good would it do? You see, I own the dog."

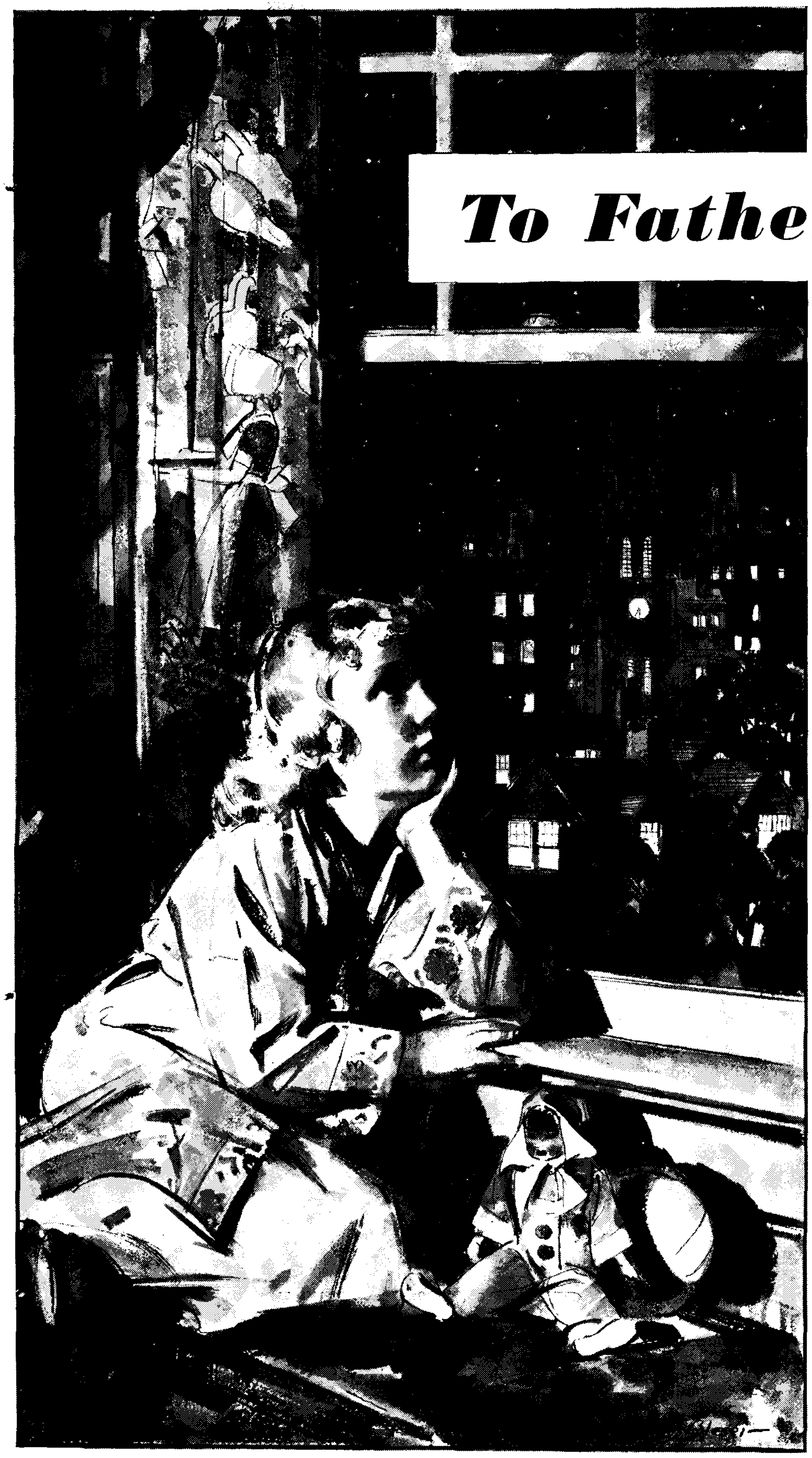
"MY HUSBAND and I were arguing about you," writes Mrs. George Padden of Tacoma, Washington. "It was about the kind of man we think you might be. For instance, do you smoke a pipe?"

YES, but only tobacco.

Vol. 96, No. 5. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

To Fathers of Little Girls



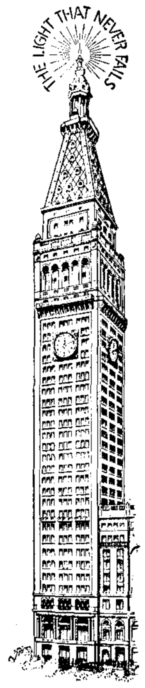
YOU know that there is nothing quite like the bond between father and daughter. It is more than affection. Your little girl looks up to you, confident that you will always take care of her. You want to do everything possible for her welfare—to make sure that she has not only the immediate necessities of life, but that her future will be safe.

You hope to see her reach womanhood and you want to have the happiness of knowing that you have guaranteed safety and security for her up to that point. Perhaps you can go a bit beyond and provide a nest-egg to assure her a good start toward an independent, useful life.

The sure way to do this is through a Life Insurance Program. Then your plans will be fulfilled, even though you may not be here to see them through. A Field-Man will be glad to help you round out a Program of Life Insurance. Telephone to the local Metropolitan office and ask him to call, or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. (C)

I am interested in learning more about a Life Insurance Program which will protect my little girl.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________ STATE ____________

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

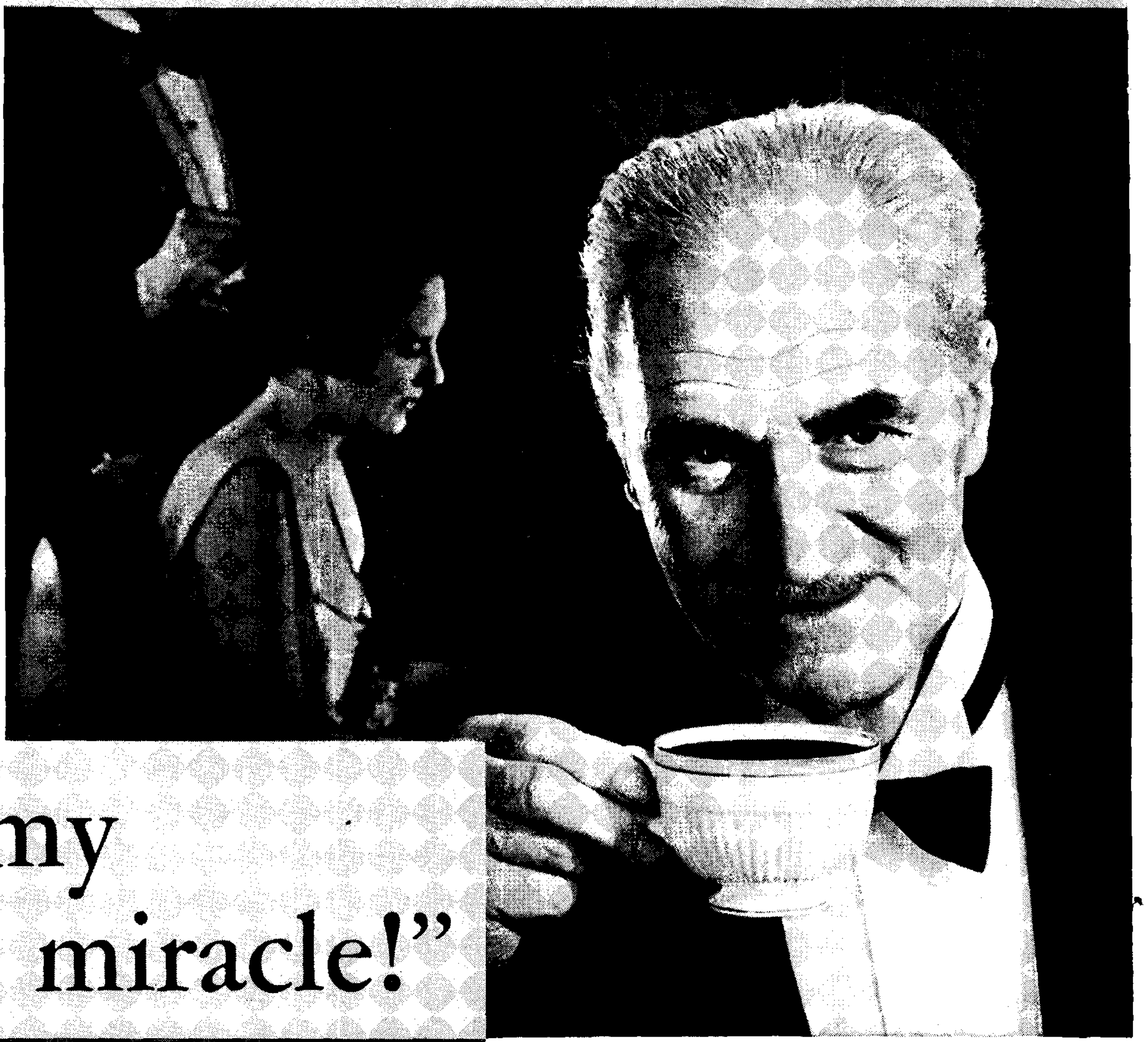
"This is my idea of good coffee!"

"Good? Why, it's perfect!"

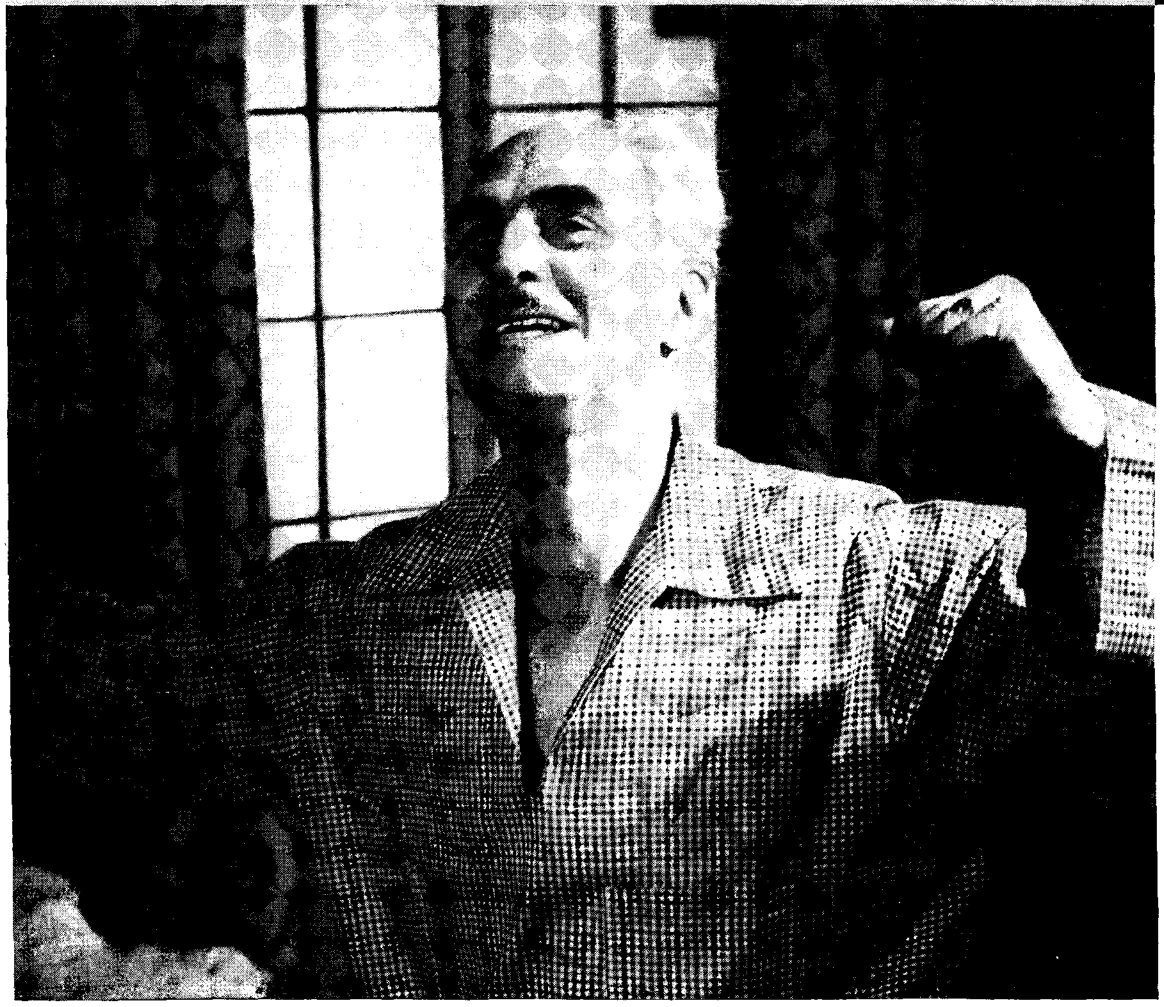
Thus spoke John K——, immediately after his lips had first met Sanka Coffee.

But within John K——, a still, small voice whispered, "Good, eh? Yes, but look at the clock. It's 11:30. Just you wait till tomorrow morning and see how you feel about that coffee. Good, indeed!"

NEXT MORNING: It's 7:30. John K——'s regular rising hour. The alarm rings. John's eyes open. He looks at the clock. He smiles. He's out of bed like a fireman. "A miracle," he murmurs—"I drank coffee at night, and slept like a baby."



"And *this* is my idea of a miracle!"



THE REASON for the miracle is simply this: John K——— drank Sanka Coffee, which, in addition to its superb flavor and fragrance, has this great virtue . . . *it is 97% caffein-free!* It will not keep you awake. It will not upset your nerves.

The best way to find out all this for yourself is to try Sanka Coffee. Get some today. Make some tonight—good and strong, the way connoisseurs prefer *any* fine coffee. Use a *heaping* tablespoonful for each cup—and give it a few *extra* minutes "on the fire."

Tease yourself a little with that promising fragrance first. Then take a sip. What a flavor! What a blend! Drink it down—two cups full if you wish—there is no sleeplessness in it! Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. It is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE

DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

Collier's The National Weekly for August 3, 1935

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Not for Publication

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

Johnny Brett meets a girl and buys a rare, old stamp —a story that was started by a city editor's order

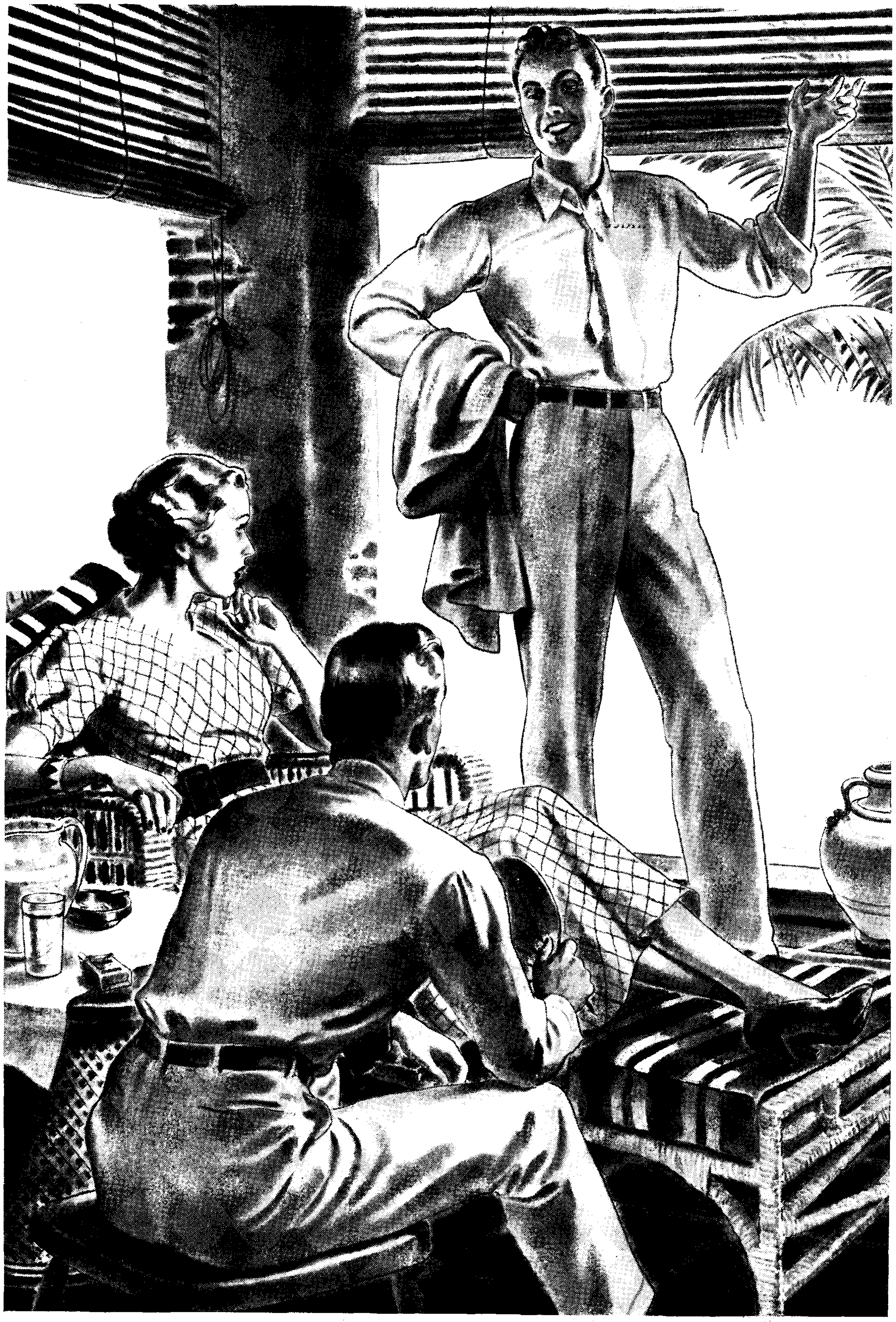
JOHNNY BRETT was talking to his City Desk, twenty miles away, and thinking hopefully about beer; the telephone booth was stifling, and from it, standing sidewise, he was able to look out into the suburban town's main street, where waves of white heat shimmered up from the pavement. A car drove past, its tires sucking at the sticky, softened asphalt.

Johnny listened while the sound blurred into George Westcott's voice, and then said, "He can be a mysterious murder in all the other sheets, George, but he's just a bum to me. A page twenty-six bum and lucky to have his name spelled correctly." Westcott's voice remarked that the Post had a good story about it, and that Johnny must have missed some of the angles. "This Mitchell," Brett argued, "swept out stores. He was a bum. I had an idea that you'd hope he was Capone, escaped from Alcatraz, so I looked up his birth certificate, and he was still Peter Mitchell. And now can I come home and all will be forgiven?"

George Westcott said, "No. I hope you fry out there. If your old man didn't own twenty-seven newspapers I'd fire you today. Maybe I'll do it tomorrow. Give us a better story for the final, Johnny. It's a slow day. The other papers have faked the story. The Post has it that Mitchell's a supposed member of a gang. Or you could make it a love-nest murder." Brett said that Mitchell was over sixty, penniless, friendless, toothless and lame; Westcott, unimpressed, continued, "And after you've given Charley the story, go interview Patrick Rutlin. He lives out there. We've got a tip that he has some stamps—"

"So have I," Johnny Brett said. "Two threes and an air mail. I'll interview myself and save time and trouble. 'Mr. Brett, my city editor thinks you have a stamp. Can this be true, Mr. Brett? If so, is there stickum on the back, or do you prefer vanilla?' Be reasonable, George. I don't want to do a feature story. Find some other punishment for me. I'm a reporter, and not a . . . all right, be insulting."

Westcott said that this proved Brett was no news man; it was impossible to insult them, he had found. "Besides, anything young Rutlin does can be made a story. He served a year for drunken driving. His sister slapped at a reporter during the trial, and by luck hit him. Our tip is that he's discovered some valuable stamps at his place. Spanish stamps, I imagine. His mother was a de la Torre. Get plenty of color and give us about a column." Westcott went on to say that there was a good angle in the story; after the arrest Rutlin's sister had done everything possible to raise defense money, and if the stamps had been found then, it might



Johnny watched the younger man as Rutlin continued explaining how the box with the letters had been found; Rutlin was elated, but there was an undercurrent of something else have helped. That was the angle to play up. Johnny asked if it would help any if he himself were slapped. "That's too much to hope for," his city editor chuckled. "By the way, Johnny, she's a good-looking girl. But I don't believe she likes reporters."

BRETT slammed up the receiver, and, feeling better, left the booth. Fans revolved in the drugstore, where he received directions as to how to reach the Rutlins' house; he looked sadly at the beer signs, ordered orange juice, and stepped outside sucking a piece of ice. Heat surged all around him instantly; it would be hours before the sun went behind the hills. The seat of his roadster was like a griddle, the air against his face, as he shifted into high, intolerable.

The Castilian rose on the veranda of the Rutlins' house was burned brown, with a few scarlet pods bursting out their yellow seeds until they were like miniature flags of Spain. The porch was in complete shade, and Brett, after the sun, was forced to grope for a possible bell-button. Someone said, in a low, husky voice, "Yes?" and it took Brett time to find the face above the blurred whiteness which was the girl's dress; she was, he saw, stretched at lazy length on a long wicker chair.

He said, "Miss Rutlin?" and decided that the figure moved its head; he walked toward her. "I'd like information about your stamps," Johnny went on. "I'm John Brett. I'm interested in them." She asked if he were a dealer, or a private collector, adding before Johnny could answer that it was her brother he should see, but that he was in town and would return soon; would Mr. Brett sit down? "Thanks," Brett said. He decided that George was correct. She was a good-looking girl; she was more than a good-looking girl.

"These stamps," Johnny said. "Could I see them while I'm waiting?"

Hilarita Rutlin said, "They're in the bank vault, of course," and then looked at Brett more carefully. Her slow scrutiny went past him, to where she could see the front of Brett's car. She said suddenly, "Collecting bits of paper; I'd rather go to the places the stamps came from. I suppose you have. I will, when the stamps are sold." She frowned. "One dealer said that eight stamps, offered at the same time, even as rare as these are, may not bring as much as they should. Is that true, Mr. Brett?" Johnny said thoughtfully that it was difficult to tell, which was a safe reply. He was no longer in any hurry to get his story. "I'd go the places the letters went, on their way here," Hilarita Rutlin said. "Cape Town, London, New York. Around Cape Horn. Or they might have come to grandfather by way of Colombo and Singapore and across the Pacific. I want to go to the Orient." She added as if she had to say what she was thinking, "And take Pat." She frowned again.

JOHNNY thought that she was uneasy. Pat, of course, was her brother. He said, "You have the funniest ideas for hot days." He wanted to talk to her, not to Patrick Rutlin's sister, who was a news source. "Personally, I'd rather sit under a hop vine than a palm tree, and think about beer." The girl, smiling, asked if iced orange juice would help. "To me," confided Brett, "an orange is something you put in the toe of a Christmas stocking. I'd rather go to a rathskeller than Singapore. Is it always so hot here?"

That was why her great-grandfather de la Torre, to whom the letter had been sent in 1847, had settled in this valley. "He came from Aragon," Hilarita Rutlin said. "I haven't been anywhere. You . . . a man who can collect stamps worth fifteen thousand apiece . . . I suppose you've been everywhere." Johnny Brett looked as if he had been everywhere. "If the stamps are genuine . . . but they've *got* to be! They couldn't have been here if they weren't. And all the dealers say . . ."

The reporter in Brett became alert. Westcott had mentioned no such amount. He ignored stamps; he said, "I've been enough places to realize that even in Mindanao the caribous have tails, despite the reports, and, lady, I wouldn't give one inch of California for all the rest of the world." They both laughed. "So suppose we go see some California inches? The tank's full of gas."

"I've never driven in a big, expensive car," Hilarita said. "Don't tempt me." She examined Johnny again, and seemed to like what she saw; she thought, Brett knew, that he was a stamp collector, or whatever the word was. "In grandmother's time," she went on, "you couldn't have even come here to see me unless some caballero brought you. We'd sit inside with an aunt watching us. I wouldn't be stretched out, either"—she shifted her ankles to an even more comfortable position—"but I'd sit as if I were glued to a chair-back, and keep my eyes lowered." She paused, listening to tires slithering to a stop on the slippery dried grass of the driveway. "That should be Pat," she ended. A second time Brett either heard or imagined an uneasy note in her words.

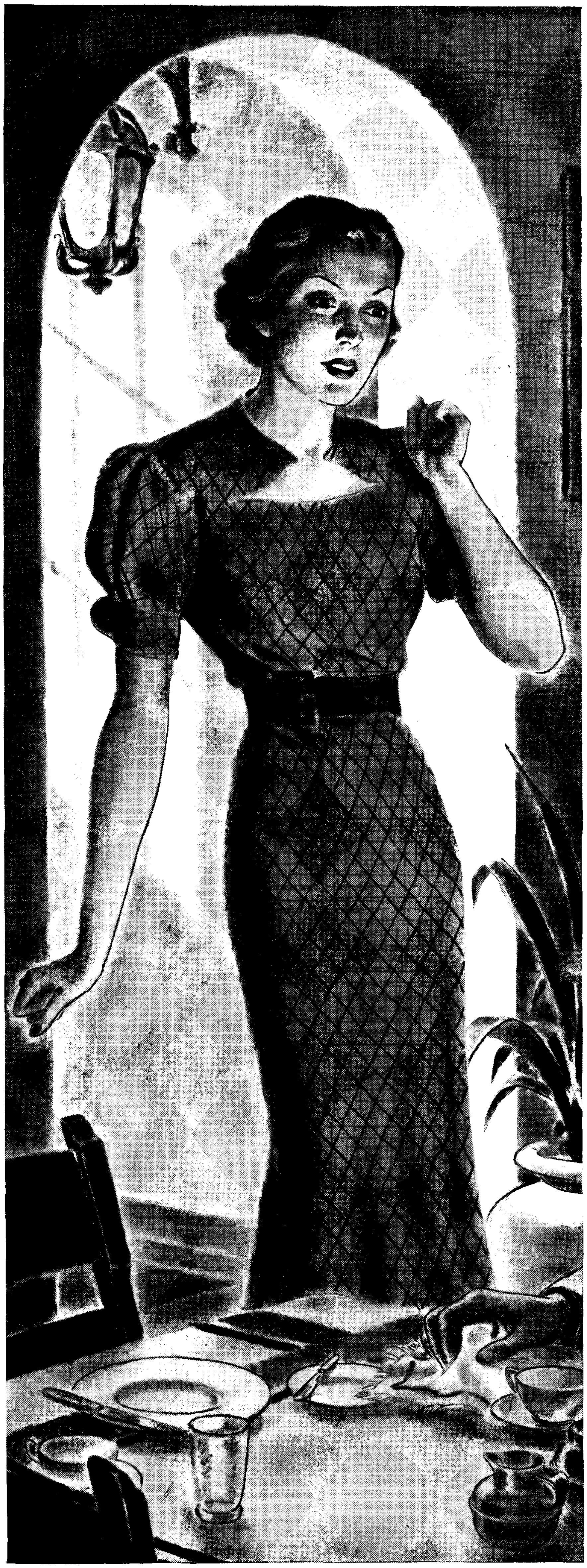
Pat Rutlin, although tanned, was unlike his sister. His hair was unruly, sandy, his face had a ruddy tone; he shook Brett's hand quickly. He had, Johnny knew, been drinking. "You're a private collector?" he asked. "Well, you can now ask anyone's opinion about the stamps, Mr. Brett. We had the last dealer here this afternoon. It was rather funny. He was sure they would be fraudulent. He didn't trust anyone's opinion, not even Schleiter's.

"HE EXAMINED them until now, Sis. I've learned a lot of new words, because he talked out loud while he looked at the stamps. It seems that the coronet on Queen Victoria's head really shows a cross pattée, and the upper point of the fleur-de-lis is too long, which isn't wrong but right, and there's a white trefoil . . . and glacé isn't something you eat at all, but the sort of paper—the right sort, too!—on which the stamps are engraved. The forged stamps are on different paper. Why, every inch of the Queen's face has been magnified and studied . . . Real, Sis. No question. And I've a letter from Schleiter. He has clients for two of the stamps, if we'll sell them for twenty-five thousand."

Brett said, "Where did you find them?"

"In an adobe outbuilding," Pat Rutlin replied.

Johnny watched the younger man as Rutlin continued explaining how the box with the letters had been found between ceiling and tiled roof in the adobe; Rutlin was elated, and that was natural, but there was an undercurrent of something else. It was, to Brett, like realizing that someone was lying during an interview; you couldn't prove it, but you knew it just the same. Rutlin's elaborate explanation was to conceal whatever this something might be, if indeed it were anything. It was entirely possible that his year in jail had left a furtiveness in him. Hilarita was looking at her brother, and Brett also sensed her anxiety. He said easily, "I wish I had an attic, like the place you found the stamps. I haven't played house in one



"So that's what you are!" she said. "It's your city editor" since a red-headed girl smacked me on the nose. She said it was what her mother always did to her father. I've left redheads alone ever since."

The girl smiled, without speaking. Brett really had all the story he needed; names, facts, everything. The stamps were on letters sent from Europe to the de la Torres, had been hidden until recently, and had been appraised as tremendously valuable. There was nothing more for him to do, but he didn't want to leave.

Rutlin solved the problem for him. "The bank's closed now," he said, "but Mr. Holmes will open it for us after dinner. Of course you want to see the stamps." Brett said that he did. "The first thing that Schleiter said," Rutlin told Johnny Brett, "was that Mauritius stamps were never used outside of the colony. But when he saw the letter itself, or one of them . . . there are only two, Mr. Brett, with four stamps on each . . . his eyes opened. Grandfather de la Torre's father must have known the governor of Mauritius. Why, the letter was an invitation to attend a ball! And they put their first postage stamps on the letters!

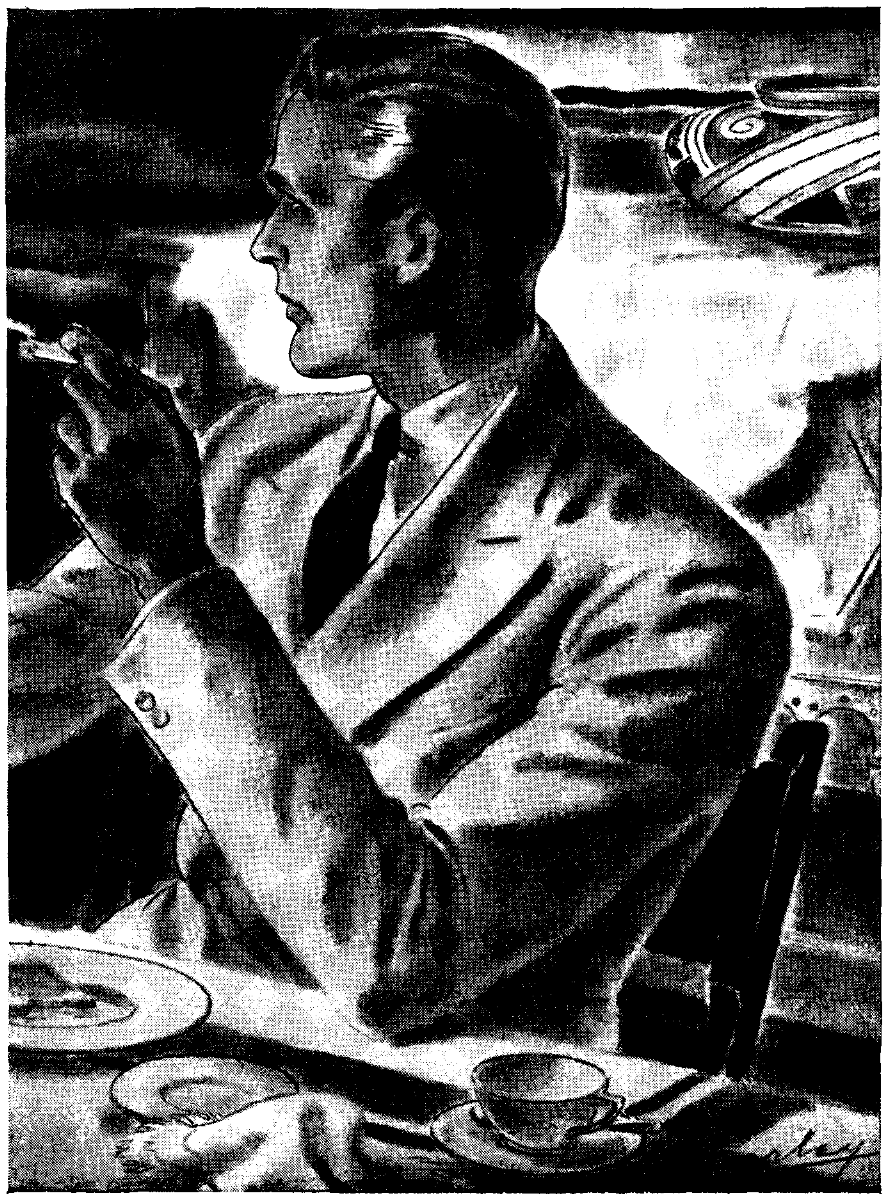
"You know, of course, that the stamps were printed in Mauritius from copper plates engraved by a jeweler there. They must have been sent to London, and then handed to some ship's captain; there was no postal service in 1847. There've been thousands of forged copies of these stamps . . . twopence blue Mauritius . . . lithographed, typographed; one is almost impossible to detect, the experts say, except that darker parts of the stamp are slightly sunk into the paper. Sis, why can't Mr. Brett stay for dinner? Any gin left?"

The motion which Hilarita Rutlin made with her head might have been agreement. She turned to Brett. "The examination I saw was interesting. A quartz lamp was used. The differences in stamps, real and forged, are shown that way. If two pieces of paper, looking the same, are placed side by side, and one is a forgery, it can be told. Inks, except dark inks . . . like blue . . . can be told apart, if the ingredients were different." She went on that the test of the lamp proved nothing, since the experts didn't have a real Mauritius twopenny stamp for comparison. "But everyone is satisfied the stamps are genuine," she added.

BRETT saw no reason why she, or he, should doubt it, and said so. "Your sister," he said to Pat Rutlin, "wants to sample grandeur. In the big car. It has a speedometer with 100 on it, and she wants to see if that means anything." It would be a good idea, Pat suggested, if they brought back a fifth of gin. "Not for me," Johnny said, although a drink would have helped.

"What Pat calls dinner will be supper," Hilarita said, half doubtfully. She stood up; when Brett swung the roadster around the dusty palm which marked the veranda's center, she said, "Are you going to buy one of the stamps? Is anyone? Is it all real? And are the stamps real?" Brett asked logically why she doubted the authenticity of the Mauritius twopenny stamps. "I don't doubt them. Pat really found the stamps. He brought the box to the house and I saw him open it. Everything has been verified. Paper. Engraving. Ink. But . . ."

What, then, worried her? Johnny said, "Now that a hundred thousand dollars is staring you in the face, you're jittery. In a minute you'll probably start crying. I'd better entertain you. Did I ever tell you about the time I was in Singapore, and was held for ransom?" Hilarita said that he hadn't, and did he know her well enough to tell it? "I make up my stories to suit my customers," Johnny informed her. "Now for you I'd invent a Cinderella tale, about a girl who wanted to go places, and then along came the big bad wolf in a car and off they went, and—"



"If I knew your first name," she said, "that is, if I'd known you longer than a half hour, I'd say that you were propositioning me. If the shades of all the de la Torre duennas thought so, they'd put ghost tacks in your tires." His name, Brett said, was John, and he never made propositions until he started one-armed driving. She made no attempt to shrug away, but while Brett was thinking up new nonsense, she said, as if drawn to him in spirit, "Since Pat's found the stamps, his way of doing things has changed. He loved being in the sun, after . . . after, of course, he came back from prison. Now he's gone. All day. More than necessary to show the stamps. He . . . he is nervous. Why, when old Mr. Mitchell's body was discovered, he would hardly talk to me. About the stamps . . . one expert said that if they were actually fraudulent, in spite of all the tests, it would have taken years and years to make such copies, with the same paper, the same ink . . . years. Working all day long. With simply nothing else to do."

Johnny Brett's left hand tightened on the wheel. "I see," he said. He wondered if he did, or if he were already too much a reporter. "I wouldn't worry about it, if I were you." George Westcott, in the morning, was going to be pretty angry, but it couldn't be helped. There was going to be no story printed. Not yet. Johnny Brett said sharply, "I hope you keep on liking me."

"I haven't said I did. It must be your car, Johnny. If I've money, I can have one myself." She leaned away from him. "I'm all right now," she said. "You needn't humor me any more, or do you do it to all girls?" Johnny informed her that he was very particular. They were good friends by the time they returned to the house, good friends all through supper, although Pat Rutlin, without a drink, became querulous. It was, Pat said, a shame that Hilarita refused to let him use their credit; anyone would give it to them now.

BRETT knew how terrifically hot the second-floor bedroom was going to be; he wished that he had remained on the porch, had slept, or tried to sleep, on the long chair.

Sleep, he found, was impossible. If anything, it was growing hotter, more sultry; he looked at his watch at seven minutes past twelve; he looked at it again hours later, and it was only twelve fifteen. If Hilarita were as restless as he, where would she go? The veranda. There was no bathrobe, but a dark blanket folded on the foot of the bed would serve. He found cigarettes and matches.

Brett was mistaken; the veranda was empty, but perhaps she would come down later. The chair creaked as Brett stretched out. It was too hot to light a cigarette, too hot to do anything. The air crushed down on him. He thought about iced tea with a dash of rum and a slice of lime. Then, stealthily, lest the chair creak again, Brett pulled the dark blanket over his pajamas, and, listening, lay quite still.

Whoever it was sat on the steps after reaching them from the outside; there was only a sickle of a moon, and Brett could see little. He heard, "Eggs in the coffee now, Pat," and missed whatever the answer was. The voice went on, "Lay off liquor, punk. All off, sabe? Another week and we're set. Nobody knows but you and me." Then Brett heard Rutlin speak; from what he said, a man named Sanchez also knew. "Not Sanchez, kid. I fixed that before I left, but he just got around to it. You'll find all about it with your breakfast. Just you and me, Pat. I won't tell, and neither will you." Rutlin had a tremble in his voice as he admitted that it was impossible for him to say anything, and he knew it. "Not unless you'd like bein' stretched, fish," the other man agreed.

Brett, in his chair, rolled a cigarette until the tobacco spilled from the end. Fish; prison language for a first-time offender. Stretched. Hanged.

"Sit tight," the voice said. There was the sound of a shifting body, of feet, as the man stood up and looked about. Johnny, in his blanket, was sweating terribly. The man walked to the front door, and peered inside. Then, satisfied, he returned to Rutlin, and sat beside him again. "Don't get funny when the money comes, punk. If your sister squawks, tell her you invested it in Frisco. I take mine, and I go. You take your cut and think how lucky you are. And, if you ever bleat, just remember Mitchell, punk."

PAT RUTLIN wearily said that he wouldn't forget. But had it been necessary to kill him?

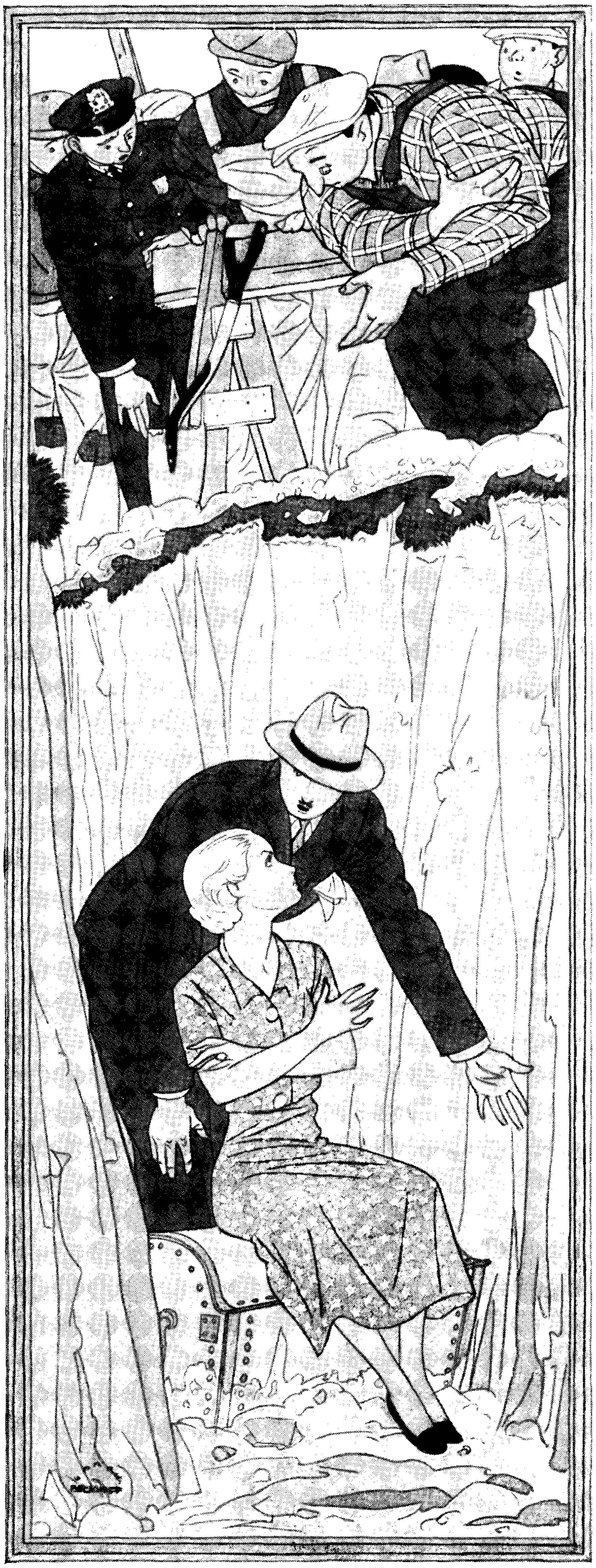
"He knew me," the man growled. "That was plenty. Matter of fact, it was smart, rubbing him out. Keeps you from thinkin' about squealin', punk. We're set to clean up. Sanchez gone. No split for him. For a Mex, he was smart, but he never learned down in that Mex church not to trust nobody, and he never learned it in jail. He trusted a woman an' it give him twenty years straight. He trusted me in jail . . . maybe because he needed me." At no time had the two men spoken above a whisper, but although Brett missed a word or two, the rest was as plain as the words allowed it to be. "Lay off liquor," the man said again. "Look at me. I did six years, an' I keep away . . . even away from your sister, punk."

Rutlin went into the house; the man's feet made no sound on the dry grass. The thing to do, Brett realized, was to set the pieces of the puzzle together. A, Pat Rutlin had met this fellow in San Quentin. B, the man, or Pat, or both, had killed Mitchell. C, they were involved in something, undoubtedly the Mauritius stamps, and had killed a man named Sanchez, also mixed up in the affair; what else, for example, could bring them money, which the girl expected to share? That she might be concerned in the business was, to Brett, not thinkable.

He was at the breakfast table with Hilarita when Pat came down. "You look like a ghost," the girl said. "You didn't sleep, Pat." It had been too hot to sleep. "I'm a better Spaniard than you, darling; I slept rather well." She looked it, Johnny decided; looked a sun-lover, looked well. Pat had taken the newspaper; she asked, "What is it?" He had, Rutlin said, known this convict named Sanchez. They had been in the same cell-block. Sanchez worked on the prison newspaper; before being jailed, he had done remarkable engraving and printing. More, he had been kind to Pat, had lent him books, encouraged him. Hilarita looked at the paper. "Poisoned," she said. "In prison. Or . . . oh, it says probably ptomaine or something."

Pat Rutlin drank his coffee; his hand was unsteady. "He was crazy for chocolate bars," he said. "A lot of us . . . that is, I gave him some, from my cigarette money, Sis. Chocolate bars." Brett broke off a piece of toast, and waited, but Pat Rutlin, instead of speaking, got up abruptly. "I'm going to town," he said. "You'll be down to see the stamps, Mr. Brett?"

(Continued on page 43)



"I've been sitting on it an hour and it's about time," Loretta said

Treasure Chest

By Gerald Mygatt and Phil Ryan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

What would happen to a happy married couple if the wife found a vast fortune? This is what happened to the Wheeps

ELMER WHEEP had forgotten about the water company gang. One trouble at a time was enough.

His trouble this evening, as he clambered off the bus at North Main and Maple, was to build up an adequate story to tell Loretta. This morning, this very morning at breakfast, he had promised Loretta that finally and at last he would brace himself and ask old man Rogers for a raise. No, he had promised better than that. He had promised, under Loretta's goading, that he would flatly demand a raise. A raise—or else! Well, he had kept his promise.

As Elmer got off the bus he felt worried. Either he was going to have to devise an elaborate fabrication of the facts, inside the next three blocks, or else he was going to have to tell Loretta the truth. And the truth, however sugared, was that Elmer Wheep, at half past three that afternoon, had talked himself right out of his job. All his life he had disliked a certain word, but today there was no dodging it. He had been fired.

Within his ears he still could hear the unpleasant reverberations of old man Rogers' insulting laughter. At first Mr. Rogers had been amused but conciliatory. "Sorry, Elmer. Bad times for everybody. Millions out of work and on relief." All the things Elmer, down in his heart of hearts, had really expected Mr. Rogers to say; the very things Elmer had prophesied to Loretta that Mr. Rogers would say.

"I've been ten years with you, Mr. Rogers."

"Yes, I know, Elmer. I appreciate that. But this is no time—"

"But, Mr. Rogers—"

"Sorry, Elmer. I'm afraid, for the time being, we'll have to consider the subject closed. Next year, perhaps. . . ."

And old man Rogers had waved him away. Like—like a fly.

IT WAS then that Elmer had come to his crossroads. He remembered Loretta, who could be as grim as an installment collector when she felt like being grim, and he stole another look at Mr. Rogers, who, after all, was merely a man. Loretta, worse come to worst, could keep going all night. Mr. Rogers couldn't possibly keep going much after five o'clock. As between Scylla and Charybdis, as between shooting and slow torture, as between the guillotine and the Inquisition, Elmer blinked, gulped, drew himself erect. It wasn't very erect, since Elmer, who had been a bookkeeper for eighteen years, was shaped more or less like a question mark. But it seemed erect to Elmer Wheep.

Well, he thought, at least I can tell Lorry I said everything she told me to say. What she had told him to say, as a last resort, was that he had been offered another job at twice the money. So that was what Elmer said now.

Mr. Rogers peered at him and then, strangely enough, grew purple in the face. Mr. Rogers pointed a blunt forefinger at Elmer, which he waggled up and down, and blared: "You, a trusted employee! You, my bookkeeper! Holding me up like a gunman! Elmer, you're fired."

Thinking it over, Elmer certainly felt small. And if he felt small about being fired, he felt like a microbe, practically invisible to his own sardonic and naked eye, for what had happened next. Hopefully—well, somewhat hopefully—he had stalked from the Rogers premises and had presented himself at the office of Johnson and Harlow; hopefully because Mr. Harlow, who was a deacon in Elmer's church, had once suggested to Elmer, some years agone, that Mr. Johnson and he were ever on the lookout for tried and reliable men. "If you ever feel like making a change," Mr. Harlow had said then, "don't fail to let me know."

SO THAT was what Elmer had done this afternoon. He had let Mr. Harlow know. But it seemed that Mr. Harlow had the utmost difficulty in recalling that earlier conversation. . . . Elmer's one ace in the hole had turned up as a deuce.

Maple Street climbed a hill. So did Elmer Wheep. The next block was his. He hadn't yet decided what to say or do. Breasting the hill he hesitated—and it was then that he glimpsed the crowd that was gathered in front of his place. Maple Street, as it stretched in front of him, was literally choked with people! . . . There was no smoke. There were no engines. It couldn't be a fire. Elmer panted up to the scattered outer rim of the crowd and nudged a peering man.

"What's wrong?" he gulped.

"They say she's sitting on it," said the man, "but I ain't been up close. Too many people."

Elmer pushed in through the crowd, shouldering vehemently. Then all at once a man grabbed his arm and held him tight. "You darn' near fell in," said the man, and Elmer had.

In front of him and directly under his feet, left to right, stretched a deep ditch, a ditch about four feet wide and a man's height down to the bottom of it. Elmer knew at once what it was, of course. It was the water company ditch, something to do with a new main on Maple Street. The water company had even notified him about the imminence of this ditch; an official notification to the effect that they were sorry to disturb his lawn but that they were nevertheless going to dig it up to replace certain pipes, willy-nilly. The water company, dating back to the years when water had first been invented, possessed a permanent right of way for its pipes—and the care of them—directly across the protruding angle of Elmer's property.

Elmer hadn't paid much attention to the water company's easement heretofore, but he paid strict attention to it now. He turned to the man who held his arm. "Outrage!" said Elmer. "Digging up a man's lawn instead of going around." He faced the man. "My house," he explained, thumbing violently.

And then he saw Loretta.

She was down in the bottom of the deep ditch, about twenty feet to his left, placidly sitting on something, as a hen sits on an egg. She was looking the other way, up the length of the ditch, and seemed perfectly contented.

Elmer hesitated a moment; then, depositing on the lawn a bundle he had been carrying, he slid down into the ditch and presented himself at Loretta's shoulder.

"About time," she said succinctly and without turning. "I've been sitting on it for an hour and it's about time."

"But, Loretta—Lorry—?"

"Those men!" she said with scorn, and pointed upward.

Elmer looked up, and the first man he saw was a policeman in uniform. Packed closely about the policeman were other men. All of them were peering down at him and at Loretta.

"Is—is somebody arrested?" quavered Elmer. Since boyhood he had possessed a private distrust of blue uniforms.

Said Loretta grimly: "Somebody will be if they try any more tricks. That's why I asked Mrs. Murray from next door to telephone for an officer. No matter what they say, this is our land, and anything on our land—except just the water pipes — belongs to us." Abruptly she aimed an accusing finger upward. "That man," she bit out. "That big, fat man in dirty brown overalls. He started the trouble. A common laborer!"

The big man, who would have made three Elmers if Elmers had gone into his making, stooped down, glowering. He said huskily: "Lady, I keep telling you I ain't a laborer. I'm a mechanic—see? Anyhow, I saw it first."

"You did not," stated Loretta flatly. "My son saw it first." Now she raised her voice. "Osmer? Osmer? Where are you? Come here at once."

A thinnish, ten-year-old boy stepped warily to the edge of the trench. He looked, in essence, not unlike Elmer, nor yet unlike Loretta. He peeked down into the trench with a nervous interest.

"Osmer, did you or did you not see this treasure chest first?"

"Yes'm," said Osmer, and drew away.

"You saw it before he dug it out?"

"Yes'm, I saw it before he even hit it with his shovel."

"And what did you say to him then, Osmer?"

"Me? I said, 'Oh, look!' That's what I said, 'Oh, look!' "

The big man stooped lower. "He's a liar, lady. He never seen it first. I seen it first and it was me that dug it out."

The policeman said, "Now, now, take it easy, Joe."

A white-faced, thin man now bent down, bracing his hands on his outspread knees.

"Mr. Wheep?" he asked.

"Yes," said Elmer, glad to be certain of something in his general bewilderment.

THE white-faced man smiled ingratiatingly. "I represent the water company, Mr. Wheep. Legal department, you know." He waved a hand vaguely in what seemed to Elmer like the upper air. He resumed: "Of course you understand, Mr. Wheep, that the company has no desire to claim any rights except such rights as may in law accrue to it or legally belong to it. Therefore, I suggest, if I may, that we all be reasonable. Since there seem to be three possible claims to this treasure—to wit, your own and the company's and the personal claim of the finder, our Mr. Joseph Gluck, it seems to me only reasonable—"

"That's right," said the policeman.

Elmer Wheep wiped his forehead. He looked first at Loretta, then at Osmer, his son, who hovered in the middle distance, and then he looked at the bank of bodies and faces above him. "Would somebody mind telling me," he inquired, "what this is all about?"

A dozen voices at once started to tell him: "Treasure chest . . . dug it out . . . iron with copper bands . . . five feet deep . . . side of the old trench, where the new pipe was going through . . . rusty . . . muddy . . . heavy . . . million dollars . . . old house . . . gold. . . ."

After the voices filtered away Loretta spoke with severity. "I'm sitting on it," she said, "and I intend to keep sitting on it until this policeman makes these people get off our property."

Furtively, as if he were doing something wrong, Elmer took a couple of bent-over peeks at the treasure chest, which looked to him like a much shrunken and muddy and generally disreputable steamer trunk—yes, just about the size of a case of beer, only maybe a shade longer. No, it wasn't just muddy either; it was caked and encrusted not only with mud but with verdigris and chunks of rust. Whew! —if it was full of gold! Baby!

He felt suddenly rich and brave. He stood on tiptoes and scowled. "Officer," he said curtly to the policeman, "please get these people off our property—"

The policeman up above began mumbling something.

"I give you sixty seconds," stated Loretta and began eying her wrist watch.

The policeman said a few words, and shouldered everybody back.

Loretta surveyed the crowd. She said then: "I want Mr. Dennison and Mr. Novotny and Mr. Schultz to help us. We have to carry this whatever-it-is into our house. . . . Officer, that fat man! Keep him back."

Mr. Dennison, Mr. Novotny and Mr. Schultz, all neighbors, declared unanimously that they would be glad to help with the delivery of this treasure chest to its rightful owners. Already the crowd was buzzing, wide-eyed, in terms of millions. "Millionaires," buzzed the crowd, eying Elmer and Loretta. "Gosh, just this morning they were nobody and now look. Millionaires! Like winning the sweepstakes, only they didn't even have to buy a ticket. Boy, what I could do with a couple of million. . . !"

THE crowd surged forward as the heavy chest came at last up and out of the trench. Mr. Dennison, Mr. Novotny and Mr. Schultz, as well as Elmer, were panting and heaving and somewhat smeared with topsoil, subsoil and mud. Somehow, grunting and staggering, the four men managed to carry the clumsy metal box into the Wheep kitchen, where it squatted like a square-cornered mudpile on the clean linoleum floor.

"Gold, all right," said Mr. Dennison. "Gold coins, I bet. Don't let 'em cheat you on those coins, Wheep. They're worth more than face value if they're antiques. That's what I read in a newspaper a couple of years ago."

Mr. Schultz seemed to think it might be gold bars. "Seemed sort of solid," he reasoned. "Coins would have shuffled around more, like."

"Maybe they're packed tight," suggested Mr. Dennison.

The policeman appeared at the door. He poked his head in.

"Officer," said Loretta, "I shall want a special officer on duty here all night. Kindly call headquarters at once!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the policeman, gulping. "I mean no, ma'am. I mean —I mean you leave it to me." He backed out hurriedly.

Next the lawyer stuck his face in. "Mrs. Wheep?"

"Out!" said Loretta, pointing her thumb toward the back yard.

There followed a murmuring of voices outside and then the big, heavy man in soiled brown overalls appeared in the doorway. He cleared his throat. "I think I got a right—" he began.

"Get out of my kitchen," said Loretta levelly.

"But, lady—"

"Will you get out of my kitchen?"

A white hand could be seen tugging at the big man's sleeve. Presently the big man backed out too.

"And now," said Mr. Novotny, rubbing his hands, "now we'll see."

"I'm sorry," Loretta said, comparatively mildly, "but Mr. Wheep and I are going to do the seeing. We both thank you gentlemen very much. We appreciate your neighborliness, but just the same—"

"But, Mrs. Wheep, we helped, didn't we? We'd just sort of like to watch—"

"Sorry," said Loretta, and shepherded them to the door, which she locked. Then she pulled down all the window shades. Her mouth was set. "Elmer, did you forget the meat?"

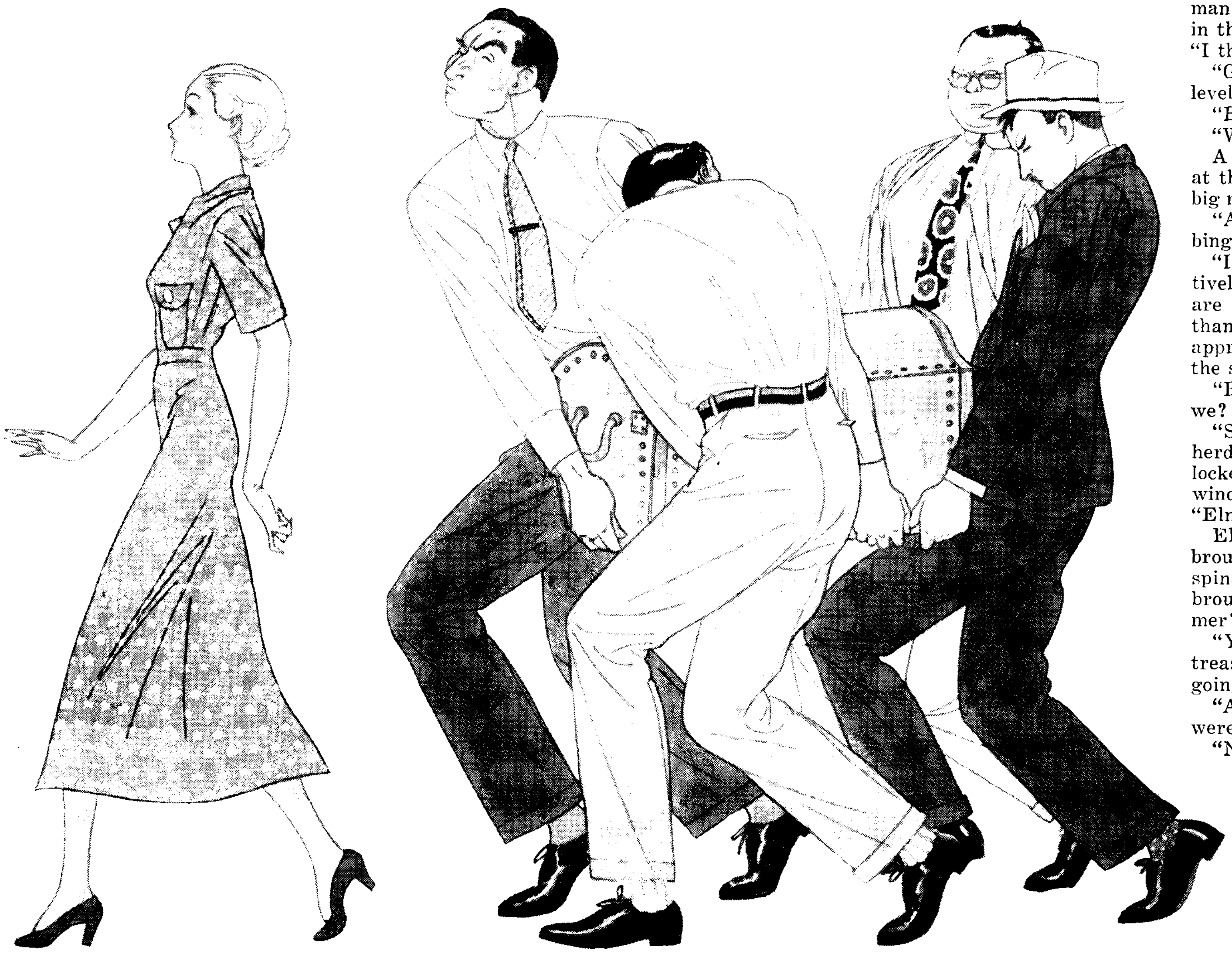
Elmer shook his head. "Osmer brought it in," he testified. "Meat, spinach, magazine, newspaper. You brought that bundle in, didn't you, Osmer?"

"Yes, sir," said Osmer, eying the treasure chest on the floor. "Ain't we going to open it up, Pa?"

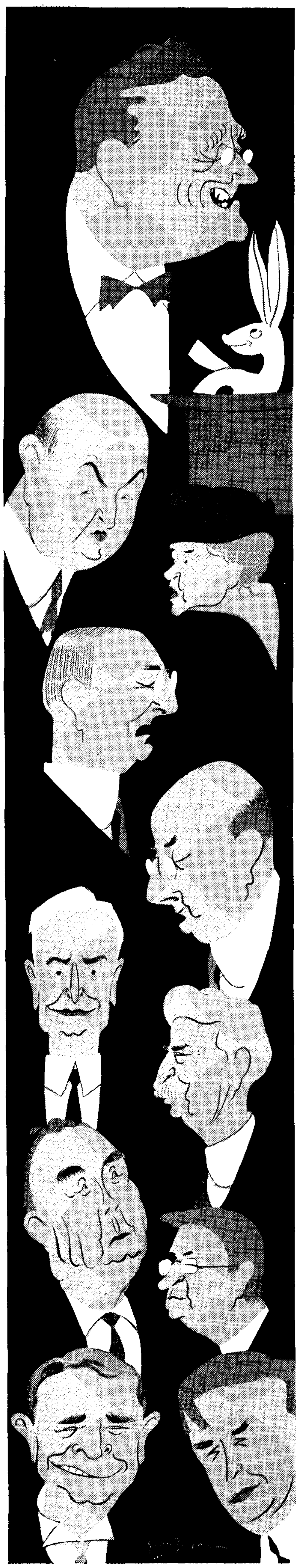
"Aren't," corrected Loretta. "What were you laughing about, Elmer?"

"Nothing," Elmer said. And he was

(Continued on page 48)



Somehow, they managed to carry the clumsy metal box into the Wheep kitchen



The Amateur Touch

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

THERE is a somewhat general belief that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a Master Politician, doing nothing until he has considered its effect, and making his moves with all the sureness and skill of a chess magician. The Columbia group, Professor Frankfurter's "hot dogs," and other members of the White House glee club have done much to spread the impression by their own naïve delight in the "Chief's" adroitness. While less ecstatic, Mr. Hoover and other Republicans of his sect are also convinced that the President's popularity is due to some sort of political wizardry rather than honest merit.

Interview the Old Wheel Horses of either party, however, and such as are not too dazed for speech, or too choked with rage, will wax passionate in proving that F. D. R. is about the poorest politician that ever sat in the presidential chair. Even Woodrow Wilson is not excepted. All admit his seemingly unbreakable hold on the affection and imagination of the American people, but stand as a unit in asserting that this proceeds from no political shrewdness, but exists despite an absolute lack of it.

A Master Politician, according to traditional standards and methods, is one who builds up a strong, militant party organization, harmonious and enthusiastic. Judging him by this test, they insist that the President has violated every known rule of the great game of politics. In nothing has he been orthodox, and because of this, from Democratic headquarters in every state in the Union there comes the doleful sound of grown men weeping in sheer anguish of spirit. There is even the claim that things have reached a point where it is impossible to distinguish between a Bourbon leader and a typhoid convalescent.

His Cabinet is Exhibit A in the case against Mr. Roosevelt. From the dawn of the republic, declare the Old Wheel Horses, presidents have set particular store by these choice plums. Each portfolio has been parceled out with infinite care, the object being to make sure that no faction is overlooked, and no section ignored, especially when the section is one that has a way of flopping first to one side and then to the other. And how, they ask between sobs, has this rule fared at Mr. Roosevelt's hands?

He's Forgotten Geography

Of the ten members, Mr. Farley, Madame Perkins and Mr. Morgenthau come from New York. Attorney General Cummings was captured in the fastnesses of Connecticut, and three others are inmates of the Solid South; Cordell Hull from Tennessee, Claude Swanson from Virginia, and Dan'l C. Roper from North Carolina. All of which gives the Atlantic seaboard exactly seven representatives as against Mr. Ickes of Illinois, Mr. Wallace of Iowa and Utah's George Henry Dern. Not even a lick of the fingers for the long sweep of Pacific Coast and the agitated citizenry of the great Northwest.

A bad distribution geographically, moan the Old Wheel Horses, and not so hot politically. The selection of James Aloysius Farley as Postmaster General, to be sure, was in accordance with the best tradition. No quarrel with that. Permitting him, however, to retain his post as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and also his chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee in New York, was a blunder of magnitude, only saved from disastrous consequences by lack of a Republican opposition sufficiently effective to make capital of it.

His Cabinet is Exhibit A in the case against Mr. Roosevelt

Homer Cummings is approved as a real party leader, popular beyond the confines of Connecticut, but where, they gibber, was there any political point in the selections of Messrs. Hull, Swanson and Roper? Hell's bells! Any fool ought to know that the Solid South learned its lesson in 1928, and can be depended on to stay with the Democratic party from now until doomsday. What if there is truth in the report that F. D. R. gave Mr. Swanson the Navy portfolio in order to make room for Harry Byrd in the Senate? If so, it was a double blunder, for Senator Byrd has lined up with Senator Glass as one of the most consistent opponents of every Roosevelt policy.

And Why Madame Perkins?

Without casting the slightest doubt on the wisdom and justice of Madame Perkins' selection as Secretary of Labor, they point to the fact that she had never been identified with the Democratic organization, and was not even known by name to any of the party leaders. To this drawback is added the irritations of the powerful American Federation of Labor, accustomed to regard the Labor Department as its own particular property, and deeply resentful of "social service workers."

As for Henry Morgenthau, elevated to the high post of Secretary of the Treasury, not even bankers feel worse about the appointment than do the Old Wheel Horses. "He couldn't even carry his own block, much less his precinct," groans one Democratic chieftain. Henry Wallace, picked for Secretary of Agriculture, is recognized as a deservedly popular man in Iowa, but not as a great political force, and with respect to Mr. Dern, even if it be granted that he carries Utah in his pocket, what of it? The whole delegation could be housed in a packing case.

Along with Henry Morgenthau, supreme bitterness is felt against Harold Ickes, that fearless figure now crouched in the Department of the Interior, waiting and ready to spring at anybody and everybody having the criminal desire to get a government contract. Holy mackerel! Why, out in Chicago they refer to Mr. Ickes as the Hero of a Thousand Defeats. After various frenzied and fruitless Bull Moose experiences, he sought to savor success by climbing to a top seat on the Hughes bandwagon in 1916. All bloody but unbowed, he then managed one or two ineffectual campaigns for Hiram Johnson, and might well have gone to his grave without ever picking a winner had he not happened to draw Franklin Roosevelt's name in a hat pool back there in 1932.

Deeply as the Old Wheel Horses deprecate the Cabinet, it is when they contemplate the heads of the various alphabetical agencies that their gall bladders burst. It is not that they wanted the President to name active partisans. That would have been *bad* politics, inviting popular resentment. But *why*, oh, why, appoint people whose idea of non-partisanship is to kick every supporter of the New Deal in the face, and put enemies in key positions? Not a man at the head of any recovery agency is even remotely suspected of having ever sweated to carry his precinct.

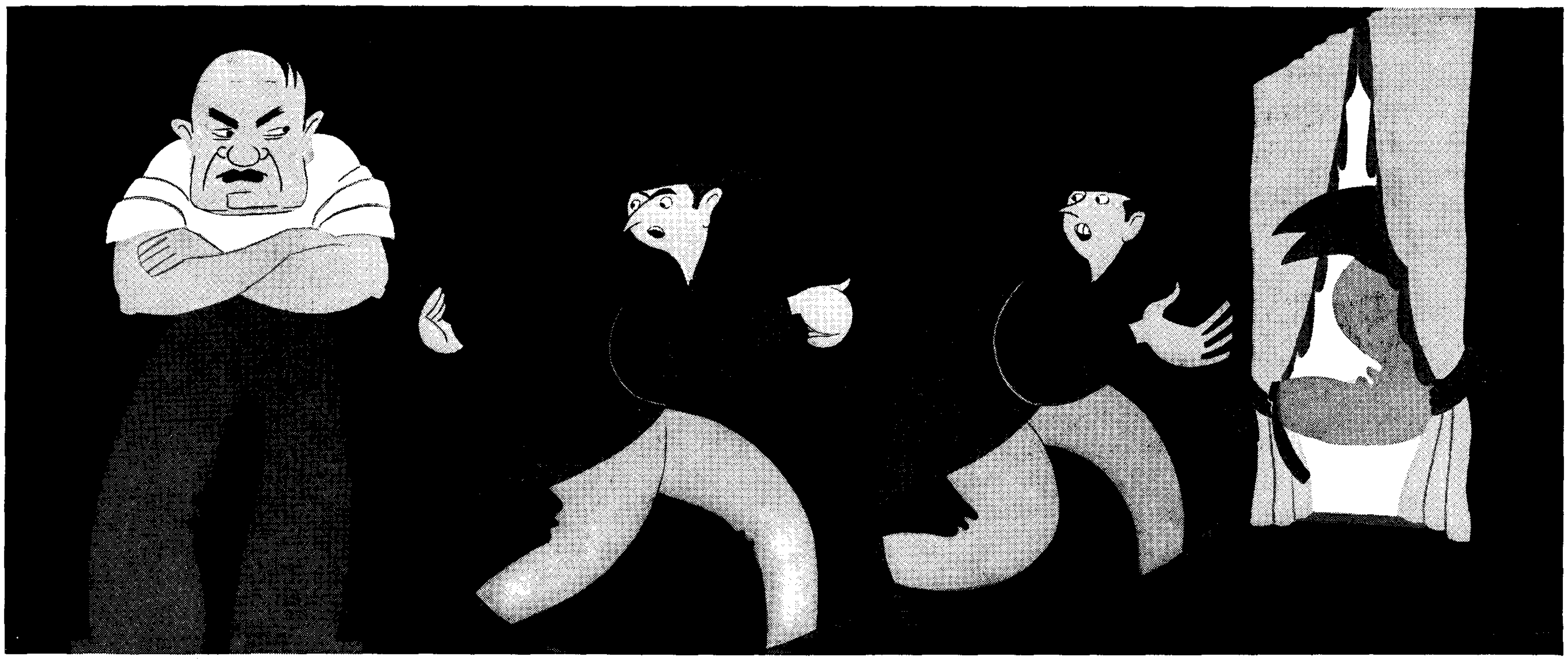
Take General Hugh Samuel Johnson, that flaming, Homeric figure who convulsed the imagination of America for more than a twelvemonth. To this day his party affiliations remain a deep, dark mystery. Turning to Rexford Guy Tugwell, high lord of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration until booted upstairs, the professor had so little acquaintance with politics that he thought a polling booth was some relation to the Salvation Army leader.

For some fifteen years Harry Hopkins sweated in the employ of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor and the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, two organizations that solicited funds from Republicans and Democrats alike. As a consequence, Mr. Hopkins quit expressing political preferences at an early age, and by 1933 had reached a point where he would not discuss any campaign more recent than that of Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.

Then there is Doctor Arthur Morgan, once president of Antioch College and now directing genius of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Mr. Farley, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, actually had to be introduced to him, and the good doctor still confuses Jim with Steve Earley, the President's secretary. James A. Moffett, director of the Federal Housing Administration, came to his post from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, where he was a vice-president. Meeting some Democrats soon after his appointment, he could not conceal his astonishment at finding that they wore shoes. John Fahey, put in charge of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, was found to be a Democrat by Emil Hurja's tireless sleuths, but the investigation required months, and even then Mr. Fahey begged piteously that the discovery be kept from his family.

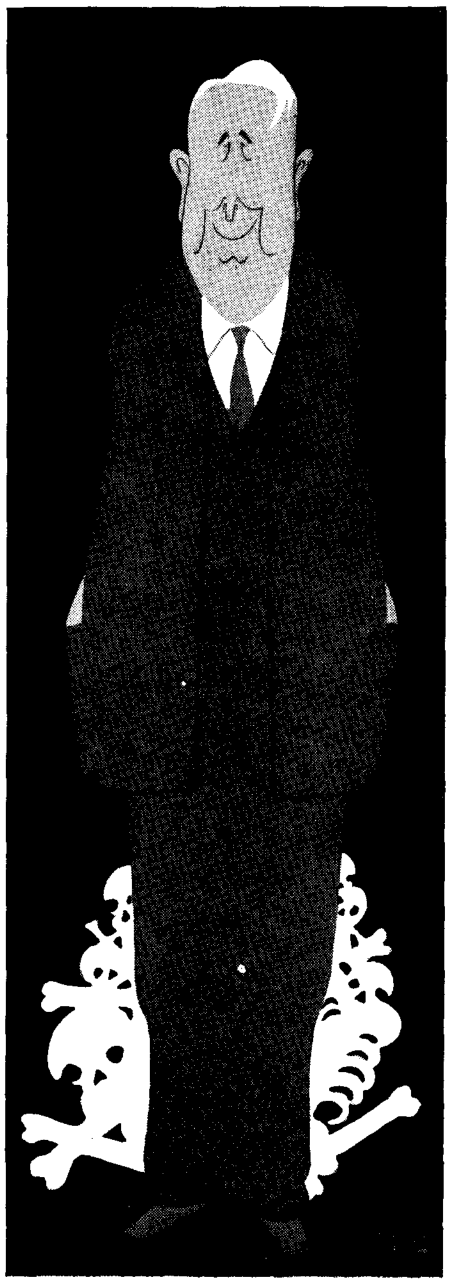
Patronage Gone to Waste

This is by no means the end of the case against Mr. Roosevelt. In addition to these lucrative and powerful posts, for which every hard-working Democrat in the country fairly panted, the President had in his gift all sorts of jobs as secretaries, assistant directors, chief clerks and any number of positions as counsel for this and that department. And did he send for senators and congressmen with hard battles ahead of them, and say, "I've got to have good men, but I'll let you boys pick 'em"? No, roar the Old Wheel Horses! Instead of that he called up Harvard, got Professor Felix Frankfurter on the wire, and had him rush down four carloads of Bright Young Men by fast express. When Farley sent his runners around to see if they were registered, they looked at him blankly, and explained that they did not live in hotels.



General Johnson's roars of rage caused congressmen to jump from windows

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Politics is white with the bones of men who aspired to win Hearst's loyalty

Imagine the effect of these appointments on the Democratic organization as a whole, particularly on party leaders in the several states who have given of their money and time for years, lean as well as fat, and who are graduates of the Jacksonian school. Taught to believe implicitly in the ancient political rule that only those who made the fight are entitled to share the fruits of victory, is it any wonder that they refuse to pay tribute to President Roosevelt as a Master Politician?

As if these selections were not bad enough in themselves from the standpoint of party regularity and activity, the conduct of the highly honored ones has been of a nature that inflicted additional anguish. Senators and congressmen, hounded beyond endurance by constituents eager to put a forefoot in the trough, have been made to feel that their requests for patronage argued a high degree of moral turpitude, and sunny-tempered Jim Farley has actually known moments of anger when he almost swallowed his gum.

Madame Perkins, until she discovered that her appropriations came from Congress, thought nothing of keeping Democratic senators in her anteroom for hours at a time, and then reducing their blood pressure by a glassy stare. Harry Hopkins, while more accessible, had an irritating habit of referring all requests to his personnel officer, an efficient person who offered application blanks that took four days to fill.

As for political appointments in the NRA, General Johnson's roars of rage at the bare thought caused congressmen to jump from the fifth-story windows of the Commerce Building, trusting to the shrubbery to break their fall. "Jimmy" Moffett always made it clear that nothing would have delighted him more than to appoint Democrats, but, unfortunately, some old Republican friends had been in just the day before, and made a clean sweep of all the offices he had on hand. However, there was always the chance that some of them might fall ill, and if so, he'd be only too glad to bear Senator So-and-So's protégé in mind.

Jacksonian Faith in Reverse

Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell never took the trouble to conceal his conviction that political prominence argued a misspent life, and his cold, forbidding glare made many a senator feel that he was lucky to be out on bail. John Fahey, approached for jobs for Democrats in the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, was always at pains to explain that the very fact of his Jacksonian faith made it necessary for him to appoint Republicans in order to guard against any appearance of partisanship.

The Department of the Interior, however, where Honest Harold Ickes kept watch and ward, has been the real No Man's Land for Democratic office-seekers. At the mere sight of them, the Hero of a Thousand Defeats screamed for Glavis and the rest of his sleuths, and the poor devils were trailed for weeks to see if some connection could not be established between them and Al Capone. Even senators who brought letters from their pastors and carried working cards in the Epworth League were not above suspicion.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, however, was and is the Roosevelt appointee who has caused Democratic politicians more agony than any other. Having steadfastly abstained from any partisan activity throughout his adult life, he feels that he is entitled to lay the same rule down for those seeking employment in the Treasury Department, the Farm Loan Boards and all other agencies under his control. Out in California there was a well-known Democrat who actually submitted to facial surgery, but the eagle eyes of Secretary Morgenthau spotted him before he had been at work a week.

It may be remembered that the newspapers, during the election last fall, reported Postmaster General Farley on the edge of a nervous breakdown due to overwork. According to the Old Wheel Horses, the real cause of the collapse was an order sent out by Secretary Morgenthau to every collector of internal revenue in the country, warning that neither they themselves, nor any of their deputies, could wear a political badge, attend a political meeting or express a political opinion.

When it is intimated that the President has an idea of bringing about an amalgamation of the Democratic party and the Progressive Republicans, the Old Timers have an instant and acid answer. Yes, that was undoubtedly in his mind at the outset, and doubtless the reason why he appointed Ickes and Wallace, and went out of his way to praise Hiram Johnson as the First White Child born west of the Rockies. Not a bad plan, either, but what did he do then? What indeed but to put himself behind Dennis Chavez in his fight against Bronson Cutting out in New Mexico. When La Follette, Nye, Shipstead, Borah, Norris and Johnson walked out of the Senate chamber at the time of Chavez's induction into office, don't ever think that the rebuke wasn't directed as much against the President as against Chavez himself.

And if he was so keen about effecting a permanent alliance between Progressive Democrats and Progressive Republicans, lining up the liberal elements against the conservative, why did he try to gain the good will and coöperation of William Randolph Hearst? Anybody with eyes in his head, say the Wheel Horses, ought to know that the trail of politics is white with the bones of men who thought they could win Hearst to loyalty and support, yet time after time he was an honored guest at the White House while outstanding progressives stood outside the grounds, peering pathetically through the palings. As a result, Mr. Hearst is able to claim to be the President's friend and adviser even while he launches daily and savage attacks against every phase of the New Deal. Is *that* masterly politics?

There is also the matter of his Senate intimates. Will anyone in his right mind claim that Pat Harrison and Joe Robinson and Jimmy Byrnes are progressives, eager to blaze new trails, and fairly tremulous in their ardor for a New Order? Yet these three are the President's friends and advisers with whom he consorts to the exclusion of all others.

It's Done on Impulse

This, then, is the case of the Old Wheel Horses, the veterans of many campaigns, against the legend that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a Master Politician. Nor is it the opinion of a handful. Few indeed are the Democrats in Senate and House who do not seethe with bitterness by reason of their treatment in the matter of patronage, and from every state come stories of Democratic resentment and disorganization.

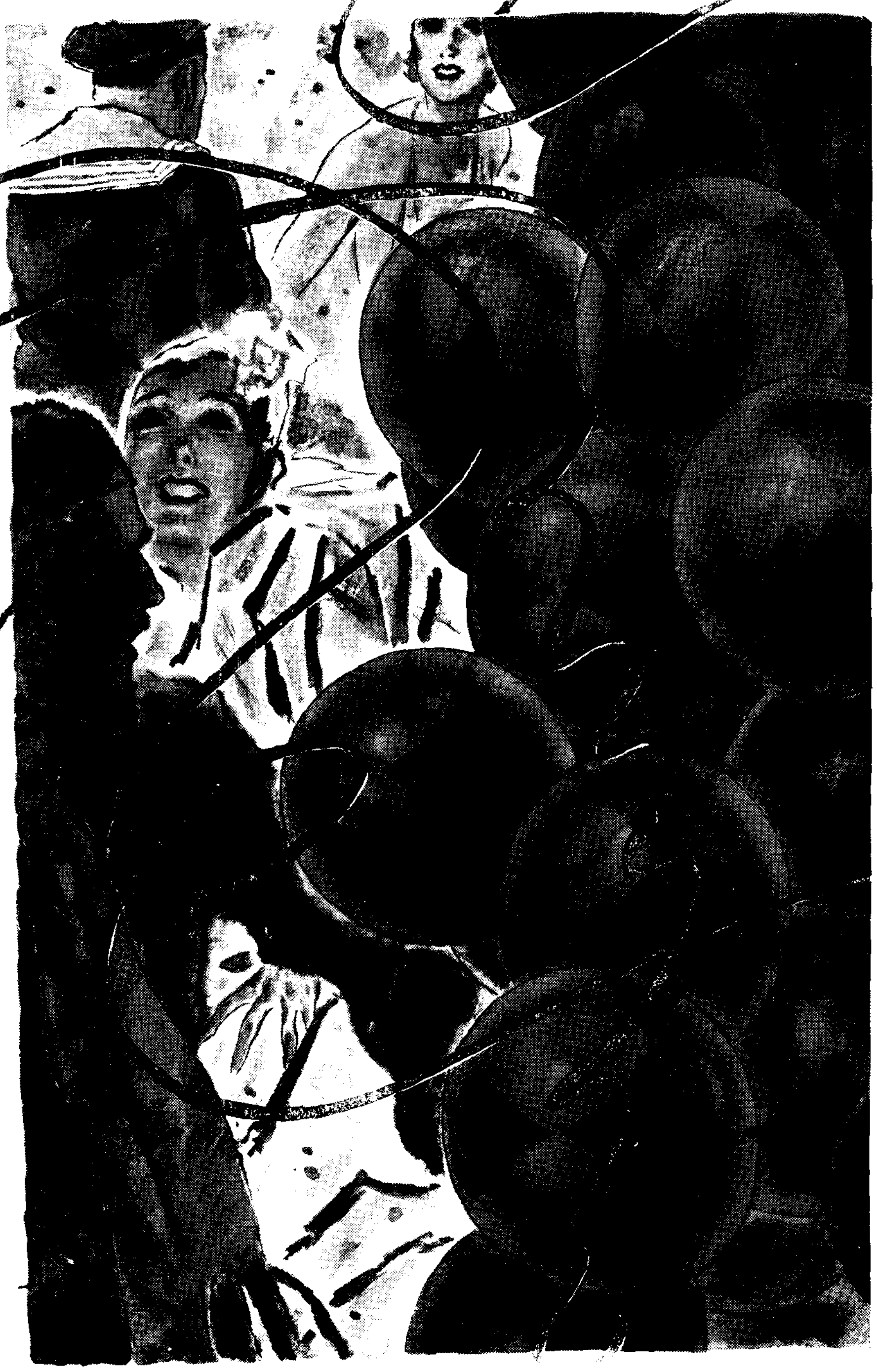
All that is charged against the President by the Old Wheel Horses can be granted, and much more added. His appointments have neither been partisan nor the result of a patient, painstaking search for high-class material, but generally an impulsive selection from a list of his intimates or such others as happened to captivate his imagination. Even when incompetence and sabotage stand proved, he refuses to take the

(Continued on page 34)

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1935, by Kathleen Norris



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her mother, Mary Burleigh learns to her dismay that certain bonds, comprising most of her mother's estate, are missing. With her oldest brother, Peter, she takes the little Burleigh brood—Barty, Chrissie and Lindsay—and, leaving her comfortable California small-town home, moves to an antiquated house in the nearby village of Green Oaks. Aunt Joan, an elderly eccentric, also goes along.

The family budget much diminished, Mary goes to work in a bakery, while Peter finds a job with a lumber company. Then, carried away by charmingly persuasive pleas, Mary marries—secretly! Her young husband, Calvin Tait, works in a bank in Southern California. She sees little of him. But only a few days pass before she realizes that, knowing nothing of love, she has married a man whom she does not love, whom she *can never love*.

Fully conscious that she has made a frightful mistake, Mary goes her way quietly and courageously. No one dreams that she is married. No one guesses how wretchedly unhappy she is. . . .

Carol Moulton, one of Mary's friends, announces her engagement. Her fiancé—Jeffery Maclean, of New York City—arrives. Preparations are made for the wedding; but while they are under way, Carol's mother is seriously injured in an automobile accident, and the wedding is postponed.

Days before the accident, however, Mary makes an alarming discovery—she is madly in love with Jeffery Maclean.

Again and again, the two meet; and presently, despite Mary's efforts to hide her feelings, to make it appear that she regards Jeffery Maclean merely as an attractive, entertaining new friend, Jeffery guesses the truth. . . .

Calvin Tait arrives from Los Angeles. He greets Mary joyously, and gives her some interesting news: His uncle, one of *the officers in the local bank*, has promised him the vice-presidency! Not given to dissimulation, Mary finds her position a trying one. But a few hours later, it becomes far more trying. As she is leaving the Moultons', Jeffery detains her. "Mary," he whispers, "I must see you for a few minutes tomorrow. I don't love Carol—I'm telling her so tonight." Mary stares at him. "There's something I must tell you," she says slowly, "before you say anything at all. You see, I'm *already* married, Jeffery."

VI

THE morning broke in a flood of hot, springlike sunshine; Christmas wreaths, showing against the neighborhood windows, looked incongruous in the bright warm light. Mary felt her forehead wet as she finished the breakfast dishes with Lindsay's help; she presently escaped from the hot kitchen into the yard, and moved along the wire clothesline, pinning damp dish towels in a row. The wrung dish towels were still warm, they steamed into the fresh air; they smelled strongly of yellow soap as she snapped them straight.

Her hands were damp and pink and clean from washing them; when the last one was hung up to dry she wiped her hands on her brown-checked apron, sighed. Now would be the moment for a deep, hot, luxurious bath, with a book. But there was no bathroom in the house in Buena Vistita Avenue.

Calvin had walked home with her from the Moultons' yesterday; he had charmingly remembered to stop at the drugstore and buy her an extravagant bottle of green bath salts. She had said, idly enough, that she would like to be Barbara Ross and have bath salts and leisure and clothes again; it was nice of Calvin to have thought of it. Calvin loved her deeply. She was married to him. How escape now from the tangle? Did she want to escape?

Was this just a wild, crazy mood that would pass—this obsession, or passion, or love affair, or whatever it was, that kept Jeffery Maclean's name ringing in her head all day and all night? Calvin had been with the Burleighs all day yesterday, had been everything that was fine and kind; but even while she had been talking to Calvin, looking at Calvin, the thought of the other man had possessed her; there had been nothing else in the world except Jeffery.

A thousand times she had relived those seconds in the Moulton library when Jeffery had drawn her back to the shadow of the portière, had whispered to her the few words that meant that he felt, too, what she had been feeling, that his world had come to be only Mary, as hers had come to be only him.

MARY, standing in the wash of the back-yard sunshine, the long line of towels hanging wet and flat in the still air, stretched her arms wide in a great gesture of restlessness. What could she do now? No woman could pretend to love one man while her whole soul was drawn to another. Was she, Mary Burleigh, the sort of woman who announced a youthful marriage only to follow it with a quick divorce, and went off with a second man, leaving family, traditions, good name behind her?

She had lain awake all night. The shadows that yesterday had been painted about her eyes were deeper on the clear pallor of her face this morning; excitement, a burning excitement that left her mouth dry and kept her heart beating fast, had made her dinner tasteless, had made it impossible for her to swallow more than a few gulps of scalding coffee this morning. She had not been able to think. There had been but one point in her restless musing last night; there was but one now. Jeffery had said that he would see her this morning; Mary's mind could go no further than the suffocating moment when she would hear his voice again.

He came across the yard at half past ten. She had to be at the bakery at noon; he knew it, and had come early. She went about the corner of the chicken house and saw him and called him, and he joined her. The morning was burning warm and still in the sunshine, but on the north side of the disorderly rabble of back-yard buildings and fences and in the shade everywhere, frost was still thick and white.

Mary and Jeffery sat down on a sawhorse near the woodpile and looked at each other.

"You look tired, Mary."

"I'm a wreck. I didn't sleep all night."

"Why not?"

Mary looked away.

"Well—" she said vaguely.

"I DIDN'T either," Jeffery said. There was a silence which he presently broke, for Mary did not speak. "What did you mean when you said that yesterday?" he asked. "I came down to see you last night, but Cal's car was outside the gate and I didn't come in. Is it Calvin?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"You didn't tell me you were married," the girl said dully, looking away.

"I'm not married. My wife's mother managed an annulment years ago; she was under age; she's married again. That was—another life. That was before I'd written a line, before I went to Peru. Carol makes a great joke of it."

"Carol may. But after all, that doesn't matter!" Mary said. "I'm married to Calvin; that's all that matters as far as I'm concerned. We kept it secret on account of my family and his uncle—his uncle doesn't want him to marry a Las Palomas girl It was silly, I guess. It's always silly, a secret marriage. I don't know why we thought we had to do it that way."

Jeffery had walked a few feet away from her, and was looking toward the eastern mountains that were dark ultramarine against the springlike sky. A child somewhere blew triumphantly on a premature Christmas horn. The postman whistled at the Barrys' house next door.

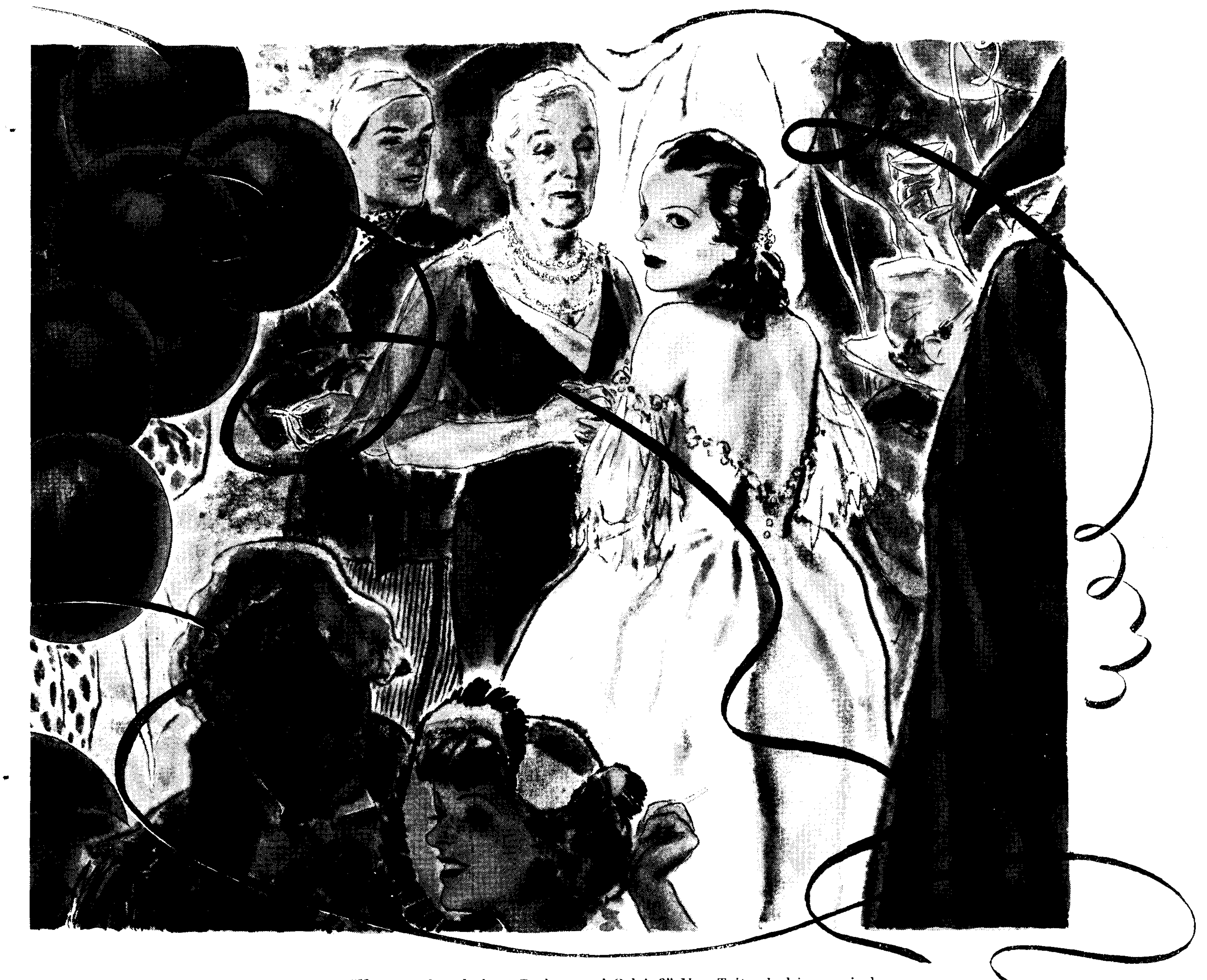
"As a matter of fact, Mary," Jeffery said, "*are* you his wife? It's not new—it's been going on?"

"Oh, yes."

"Your people never suspecting anything?"

"No. We went, Calvin and I, to the Tait place at Carmel for week ends. And once we went to San Francisco."

"I see." Jeffery turned about and came over to her, and as she stood up he took her hands. "I'm going to have a talk with Carol this afternoon," he said. "Our affair—hers and mine—is all over, of course. It never was anything but



"Have you heard about Barbara and Calvin?" Mrs. Tait asked impressively

a sort of joke that quite suddenly, somehow, turned serious. Immediately after we talk this afternoon I'm going to the city; I'll leave for the East tonight. I'll not see you again. Goodby, Mary. You've changed things—that's all right—it had to be this way, but nothing will ever be the same. And yet I thank God that I've known you. Goodby, my dear—my dearest. God bless you!"

FOR a second she was in his arms; she felt his cheek hard against her own. Then he was gone, and Mary quite alone in the empty back yard. For a long minute she stood still, not moving, not speaking, hardly thinking.

Then she walked to the front gate and saw Jeffery, a block away now, moving squarely, steadily past the plain houses and littered dooryards, the broken wagons and the lines of Monday washing. She watched him out of sight; he did not turn.

When she went back out of the dazzle of the day into the kitchen dimness the clock announced a quarter to twelve. The room was in perfect order; dishes washed and put away, floor brushed, red-checked tablecloth spread straight and square. Lindsay had put potatoes into the oven to bake for lunch; Mary looked into the icebox; Peter had brought home some smoked salmon on Saturday night, had suggested a party. But they had all been too sleepy to do any cooking or fussing; the salmon would go well with the potatoes at noon.

"Barty want anything?" Mary called up the stairway.

"Mary, Vivian's coming for me and we're going to find out about her aunt's school after lunch!" Lindsay called back. "Barty," she added, after a moment, "wants to know if he can't come down to the kitchen!"

"All right. It's warm everywhere this morning." Mary settled her little brother comfortably in a chair that was dragged in from the parlor. "I've got to go to the bakery now, Bart," she said. "You tell Chris to be sure about her rubbers. It's wet on the crossings."

"I'll tell her," Aunt Joan said, struggling with Rajah, who objected to being dragged into her lap and rocked. "Will you be back for lunch, Mary?"

"I'll be back about one. I'll bring some butter; Chris can finish that. Don't you eat anything, Bart, until I get home. You had your soup at ten."

Mary went out bareheaded, in her blue sweater and pleated blue skirt. The sidewalks of Green Oaks were but cemented strips across the mud; corners were pools reflecting white and blue. Whistles suddenly shrilled for noon, and schools belched children screaming with excitement; their garments of bright red and green and white made spots of brilliant color in the sunshine.

MARY'S heart was dead within her. In a few hours Jeffery would be gone; she would never see him again. Ah, but she would see him again, she told herself desperately, as she rang the bell of the cash register, counted cookies and doughnuts into paper bags. She'd follow him; she'd meet him somewhere, somehow. It was unthinkable that she should go on here, drudging in the kitchen, drudging in the bakery, carrying Bart's glass of milk upstairs, stopping to pick up a magazine in the hallway, stopping to take Rajah's saucer out to the sink. It was, even beyond this, unthinkable that she could be Calvin's wife; Calvin was as remote from her now as any other man she knew—as any stranger she passed in the street.

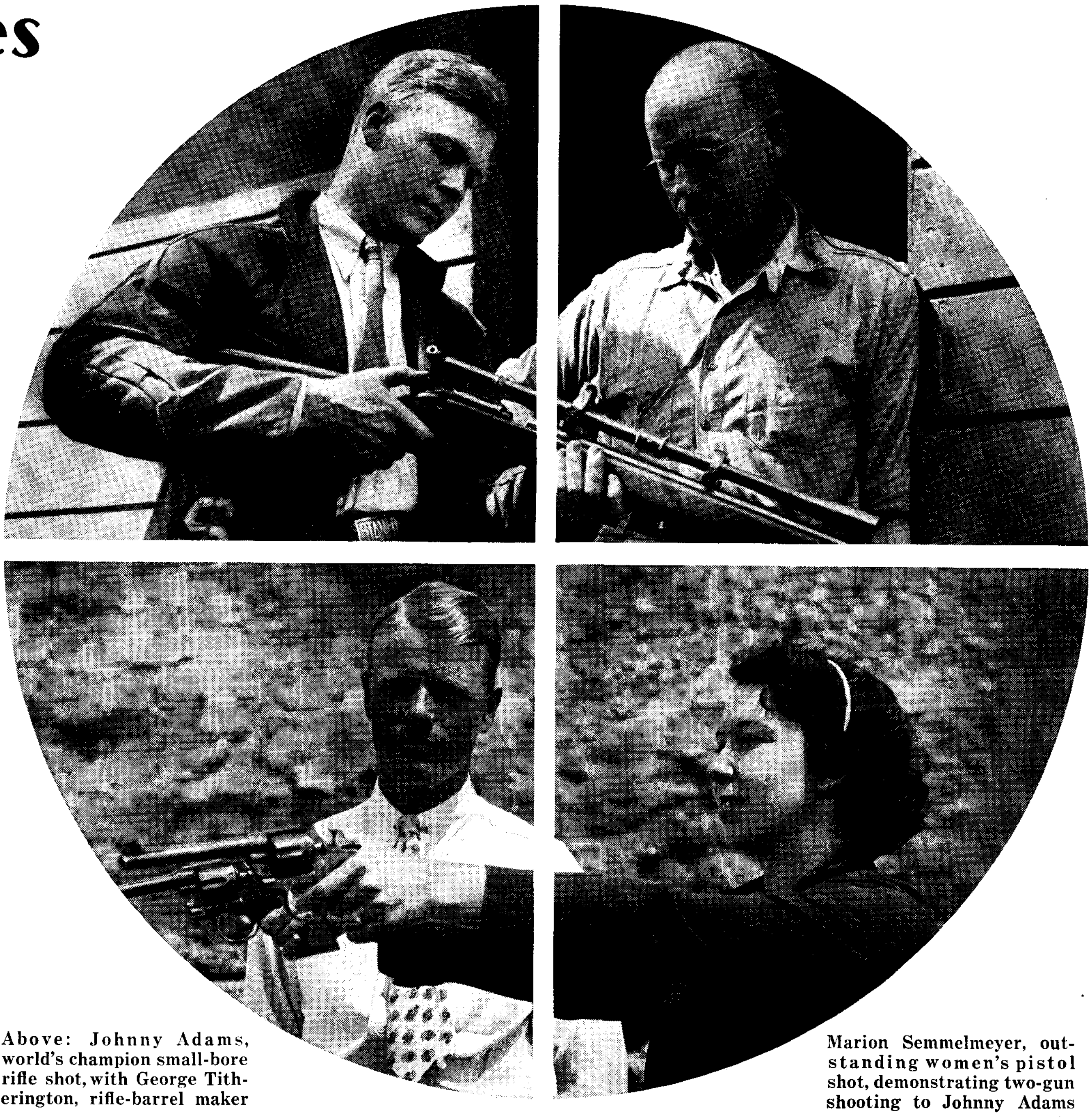
"Mrs. Sorenson, have you got some hot coffeecake out there?" Mary called through the swinging door. "Just a minute—they're bringing it in," she said. I'll tell Calvin the truth; that's the first thing, her thoughts ran feverishly. I'll tell him. He said something yesterday about going to town on Saturday; I'll tell him I can't. I cannot. "We have the whole wheat, that's the same as the old graham bread," she said aloud to a customer. "The eight or the fourteen? The fourteen is more than twice as large. Thank you, Madam, that's twenty-five. Thank you. Apple pies. The five-cents, eh? Aren't you boys afraid of your complexions, eating a pie a day? I made it separate sales for the six of you." "Thanks, darling!" "Did you hear that fresh little high school pip-squeak call me darling, Claire? Aren't they cute? I adore them. No; it's my brother has it; Chrissie's all right so far, Mrs. Calley. Chris is trying to get it, of course; she can't even wait for Christmas vacation. Macaroons? That's right, you're having the card club today, aren't you?" I'll end it all with Calvin and then write Jeffery—ah, but how can I? How *can* I! Secret marriage and divorce—it would break all their hearts. Peter and Lin; they think I'm so wonderful, and the children need me so! I don't know what to do!

(*Continued on page 28*)

Firing Lines

By Frank J. Taylor

Wild Bill Hickok, Doc Carver and the other legendary two-gunmen of the old West were stunt shooters. Today's marksmen concentrate on accuracy. Watch them perform their muzzle miracles



Above: Johnny Adams, world's champion small-bore rifle shot, with George Titherington, rifle-barrel maker

Marion Semmelmeyer, outstanding women's pistol shot, demonstrating two-gun shooting to Johnny Adams

ON JULY 4th, 1932, the world's outstanding rifle shooters were gathered on the range at Bisley, England. They were fussing over their sights and wondering what had eaten the American rifle team which in previous years had contended for the international rifle championship.

Just as the officials were about to start the shooting without the aid of the Yankees, a loose-hung, blond kid with a contagious grin blew in and introduced himself as John B. Adams of San Diego, Stanford University, and the United States of America.

He was the entire American rifle team.

The Britishers fell for this easygoing kid like a load of shot. He didn't look like much of a rifleman, but the British love a game sport. Johnny Adams had come on his own all the way from California, wangling his way to New York as a guard on a prisoner train, working his passage across the ocean, and there he was, one lone American youngster among the veteran shooters of all nations in the world's rifle mecca.

They smiled at the big blunderbuss that Johnny lugged, a hefty rifle with a barrel that suggested a piece of oversize gas pipe. The gun had a lopsided stock, a renovated action and some funny big sights that he squinted through.

Without the slightest stage fright the kid lay prone in his place on the firing line. For five days, in match after match, his gas pipe laid the lead down the groove to the bull's-eye for a new grand aggregate score over the difficult Dewar course of fire. Out of 1,420 possible points he dropped only twelve. His score of 1,408 was five points better than any shooter from any country had ever shot the Dewar firing course. It was a new world's record, one that still stands.

When the match ended, the other shooters flocked around Adams to examine his gun. They practically took the shooting iron to pieces seeking the secret of its accuracy. They plunked a miniature illuminating magnifying tube into the muzzle, and swore it was the most perfect barrel the world had ever seen. They bombarded Johnny with questions about it and its maker.

A fellow named George Titherington drilled it, rifled it, and fitted the barrel to the stock, Johnny said. He pointed out how the barrel floated in the saddle of the stock.

Floating action! By Jove! Titherington? Funny they'd never heard of him! Jolly good English name!

But this Titherington, Johnny explained, lived on a little side street in Stockton, California. His gun works was a tiny shack in the back yard behind his humble home.

On July 4, 1932, when Johnny Adams reached Bisley, England, George Titherington was just another gunsmith who worshiped at the shrine of the great Harry Pope of New Jersey, considered by all odds the world's greatest rifle-barrel maker. It was Titherington's dream some day to turn out a barrel as perfect as a Pope.

Five days later when Johnny Adams had been acclaimed the international champion small-bore rifle shot, the world had begun beating its path to George Titherington's door. From everywhere came shooters seeking his rifle barrels.

It's queer how fame hits fellows like old George Titherington. It doesn't touch them at all. Titherington can turn out about fifty perfect rifle barrels a year, doing all the work with his own two hands. He won't speed up his production. No one else can touch a Titherington barrel even to blue it. He could get fancy prices now that his rifle has made a world's champion, but he refuses to raise the ante.

A Shooter Needs More Than a Gun

"I'm not making barrels for rich sports," Titherington told me. "I'm making them for shooters. Most of the best shooters are poor men." So he ekes out a precarious living, catering to real shooters. And when the world's champ comes to Stockton, Titherington makes a bed for him in the kitchen.

"If Johnny got any hifalutin ideas from being entertained by lords and ladies over there, he doesn't show them around here," said Titherington.

As for the champ, it's okay with him to sleep with the gas range. He's a shooting fool for the fun of it. For a living he is a cub reporter on a San Francisco newspaper. He keeps his shooting eye in trim in off hours when the city editor runs out of assignments.

Adams has what it takes to make a great shooter. The other day I was talking with Titherington about it. He knows most of the country's great shots.

"It takes more than a gun to make a shooter," he said. "Johnny Adams has the makings. Phlegmatic disposition, steady hand, good eye, patience, endurance, and the will to control his nerves and muscles until the split-second comes to squeeze the trigger."

"How would he stand up in competition with the great shooters of the past?" I asked.

Titherington looked up from the barrel he was reaming. Pain was written all over his face.

"Say, they wouldn't have a chance in his kind of shooting," he declared. "Doc Carver, Wild Bill Hickok, Captain Bogardus, all of them, were stunt shooters. This boy is an accuracy shooter."

Right there you are looking into the muzzle of an argument with hair on its chest, one that is good for a hundred rounds of open fire wherever shooting fans are gathered. How would Johnny Adams show up in competition with the blustering W. F. "Doc" Carver, who modestly admitted back in the nineties that he was not only the greatest shot the world had ever known, but likewise the greatest the world would ever see?

It all depends on your idea of something to shoot at. Take a look at the shooting of Johnny Adams and some of the men and women with whom he competes regularly in matches. Then take a look at Doc Carver's feats and the records of his shooting pals, as revealed by the old prints.

Carver, an Impulse Shooter

"The Evil Spirit of the Plains," as Carver liked to be known, was an all-round trick shot. His big act was shooting glass balls tossed in the air ahead of him as he and Buffalo Bill rode around the sawdust ring in their great circus stunt. He was a showman as well as a shooter.

In 1892, Doc Carver put on a shooting demonstration in which he winged 5,500 glass balls in 500 minutes. Once in New Haven and another time in Minneapolis he shot steadily for six days and nights popping at 60,000 wooden balls tossed in front of him. In the Minneapolis shoot he scored 58,819 hits and 4,806 misses out of 63,625 shots.

His exhibition of trick rifle shooting, both from horseback and afoot, before the German army, particularly his un-

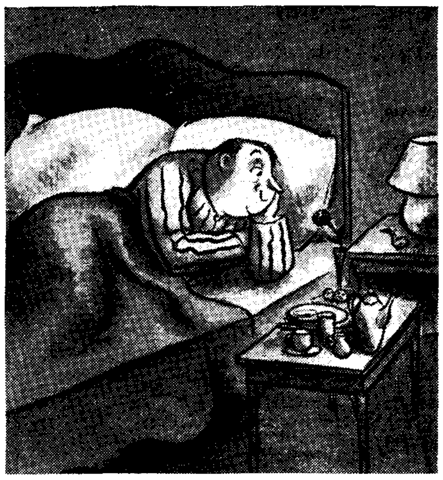
(Continued on page 42)

Comforting Your Guests

By Inez Wallace

DRAWINGS BY WM. STEIG

Ways and means of making your house guest happy and at home though visiting. You'll have a good time seeing how he appreciates your attention, too



Nothing is remembered like a rosebud on the breakfast tray

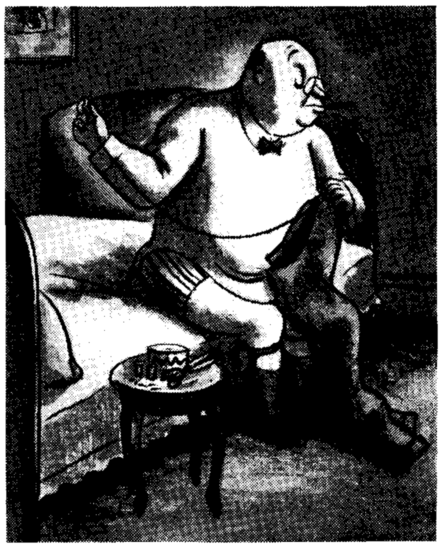
IS YOUR house guest a joy or a burden? When Friend Husband calls at five P. M. to say that "Mr. Whoosis of Arkansas will be with us for the week end," do you gurgle a welcome which is only lukewarm, turn from the phone and mutter to yourself, "Let's see now: I'm all right on food—plenty of roast beef for tonight and we can always dig up an extra egg for breakfast. But that guest-room looks positively anemic. I knew we should have done it over in blue instead of buying the library rug this spring. If Walter would only listen to *me*."

It's all right, lady. Calm yourself. You can't possibly redecorate a room in two hours. And there's no use getting an angina worrying over it. Also, consider the possibility that what's wrong with the guest-room may be something that money won't cure. What your room really needs is *you*.

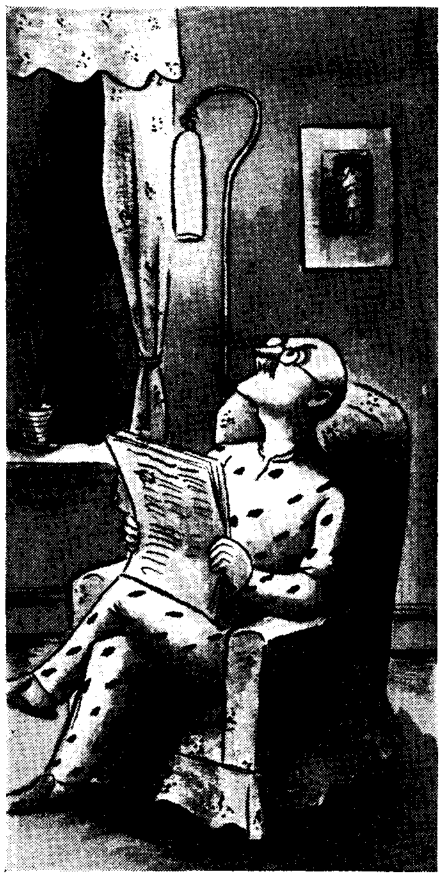
It needs you doing a Jekyll and Hyde, one minute pretending that you are a house guest wanting a dozen things you hate to ask for, then reverting to your own self—while you march off (mostly to the kitchen) to fetch them.

If we start off with spoons there is no insinuation that your guest will require a dose of soothing sirup to go to sleep in your house. But do you realize how many men (and women) take medicine these days? Perhaps it's only bicarbonate of soda after a heavy dinner, or to halt the cold he caught on the sleeper. How is he to get that soda out of the box? He can't inhale it, you know. Why not put a nice, shiny teaspoon in the bathroom medicine cabinet?

And while on the subject of medicine cabinets, remember that you are at home. You know where every blessed box and bottle is in that domicile—and why. But your house guest enjoys no such freedom and, whether or not he is pharmaceutically inclined, it would be a worthy idea to throw him a life line—just in case. At present there's nothing in that cabinet but one lonely spoon.



Don't think a man can't sew if he has to—you'd be amazed



And don't try for cute effects with the guest's reading lamp

Let's add some little glass jars containing salt and bicarbonate of soda; also open-neck bottles with a mouth wash, hand lotion and witch hazel. There should be a tooth brush (in its package) and toothpaste; shaving cream; safety razor with extra blades; absorbent cotton and an emery board for that broken nail. To cover emergencies, tuck in a small first-aid kit. Sounds too medicinal, you think? Lady, lady, why do you suppose most big hotels have a drugstore attached? A spot remover, too, might come in handy; likewise adhesive tape, milk of magnesia, aspirin, cleansing tissue; and there's always something hospitable about bath salts.

If you are one of those persons who like tiny colored guest towels with birdies embroidered upon them, this paragraph will fall on barren soil. Use them if you must (you will anyhow), but provide, also, some small fuzzy towels, like baby bath towels, and earn the undying gratitude of your guest. Using a slick linen towel after shaving is very much like trying to dry one's face with a board. For the bath itself, see that the bath towels are the largest you can buy and that a rubber shower-cap stays right with them.

About now I can hear one of you say, "Very pretty—but suppose we don't *have* a guest bath?" Then it's no trick to fit out the top drawer of the guest-room chest with the supplies mentioned. The expense is nil—as ten-cent-store sizes will enable you to keep the supply looking always fresh. In that drawer, too, should be a shoe-polishing cloth, shoe laces and extra collar button (to avert that under-the-bed expedition).

If you are discouraged at the mention of a few chemicals, you will probably think I'm trying to make a dressmaker of your gentleman friend when I bring up the sewing basket. Remember those little black buttons, stuck on the white pincushions of hotel rooms—a piece of thread wound deftly about the needle? The hotel people who, after all, have had more experience with guests than we girls at home, know their stuff. They know there is nothing decorative about a plain black pants button. Not decorative, but important. I might almost say essential. The advent of the needle and thread into those rooms only met the law of supply and demand. And don't think a man can't sew if he has to—no matter how masculinely helpless he appears at home, you'd be amazed at his ability with a needle in the privacy of his own boudoir—I mean, yours. Nor need you use anything as old-fashioned as a basket. A flat box, with the makin's, can be put in that same chest drawer. And whatever you do, don't forget the scissors.

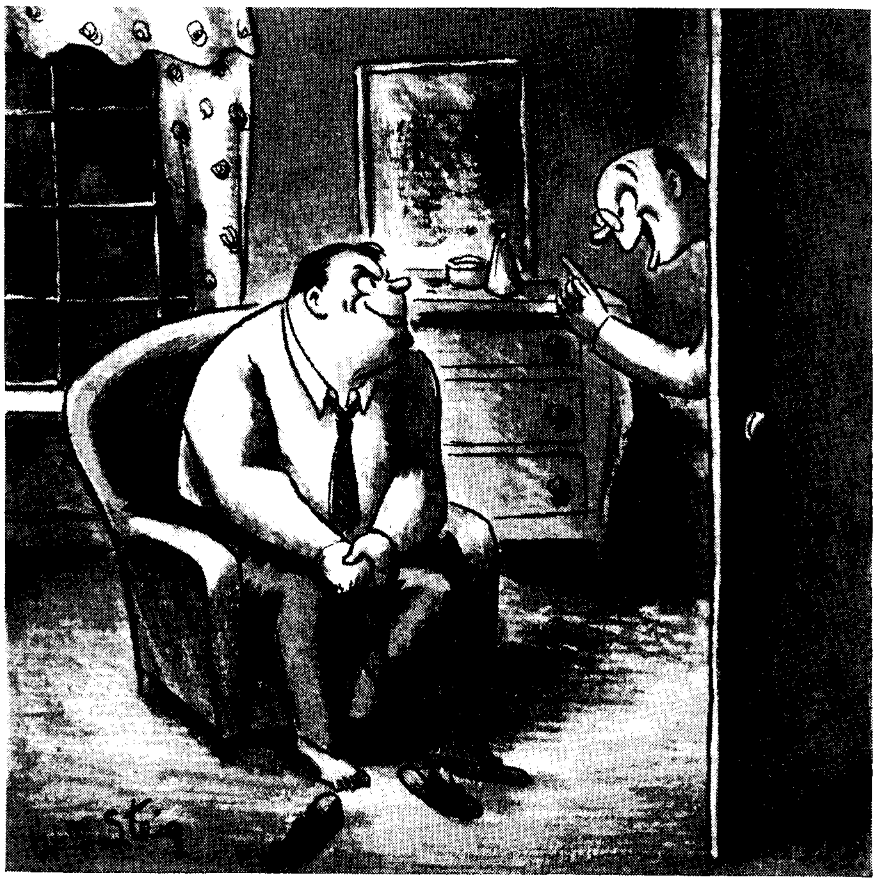
For fear of being called a sissy, no man will ask for a hot-water bottle or electric pad—but, oh, the downright comfort of them on a cold night! Make him feel at home by having one or the other close at hand.

We won't disturb your furniture—if you'll promise to have a writing desk with a straight-back chair and the usual paper, pen, ink and a local time-table in the desk. And don't forget that blotter! On the dresser, may he have a comb and small mirror, magnifying on one side?

The clock in your guest-room may have an alarm, in case he is catching an early train; but an expert on sleep has said that the only tick in a bedroom should be the one which covers the mattress. The soft purr of an electric clock, however, will be company after you've said "Good night." And let your first "Good night" be final. Don't keep running back for an encore. I once knew a man who sat up all night because his host kept thinking up funny stories he wanted to tell him. The guest, with a complex against being seen undressed, had no assurance of when the party was over. So when, about three A. M., the house quieted down, he just sat in a chair in his room and waited for the dawn.

Be sure of that extra cover, even in

(Continued on page 38)



He sat up all night because his host kept thinking of funny stories

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WITHIN a few weeks following the discovery of gold at Sapphire Lake, in northwestern Canada, by Jack Hammond and his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, a log-cabin camp has sprung up near the lake and Around-the-World Annie and her girl entertainers are whooping it up for the prospectors.

Two other girls are also in the camp: Jeanne Towers, a girl of mystery who, staked by Hammond, has opened a grocery store; and Kay Joyce, Hammond's fiancée, who, having arrived with her mother and Bruce Kenning, a brilliant geologist, has bought a claim which must, she tells Hammond, make her independent before she will consent to become his wife.

In love with Kay, Hammond is dumfounded by her announcement. But he accepts her decision and, in an unguarded moment, tells her of certain secret claims which his partner and he hold and which Mackenzie Joe believes may be another Klondike. From that moment on the girl and Bruce Kenning are constantly urging him to sever his relationship with Britten. And, following a quarrel, he does so—he buys Britten out, and the rugged old miner (who vaguely surmises what is happening) promptly leaves the settlement.

And Hammond has other troubles. Someone steals Jeanne Towers' savings; and, pressed by Hammond, the girl tells him that the thief is a recent arrival: Lew Snade. She then proceeds to give him her story—a tragic one, wherein Snade has figured prominently and proved himself to be a thorough scoundrel. Having heard her to the end, Hammond finds Snade (he is having a conference with Kenning), forces a confession from him, and makes him restore the funds.

Convinced that Kenning is a genius, a great geologist, Hammond becomes his partner; and within a few days they make a remarkable strike at a point where Mackenzie Joe had felt sure no gold could be. Hammond is delighted. Not so Jeanne Towers. "Someone," she says, "has been working Mackenzie Joe's place. I've seen fresh dirt on the dump. Let's look at it." And Hammond accompanies her in the direction of the dump. As they approach it, a faint suspicion for the first time begins slowly to enter his mind.

VII

FINALLY they were at the pit. Jeanne had reported truthfully. The dump had grown considerably; Jack reached forth a hand and picked up some of the soil, rubbing it between his fingers.

"They've gone down into another stratum," came at last. "This isn't the soil Mackenzie Joe was working in." He looked about him. "Must work at night—I've never seen anyone around here when I went up the hill trail. Someway, I always look over here, too. Still, I wouldn't notice unless they came out into the open—all these trees."

"Oh, they've worked here all right. Look at these footprints."

Jack bent and, with a great heave, threw back one of the logs which covered the mouth of the pit. He went to his knees, peering downward. The faint light penetrated only a short distance. Rising, he threw aside the other coverings. Then with a glance downward:

"I guess I'd better take a look at the bottom. They've gone down a long ways."

"Yes, see how they've built up the ladder."

"It's nearly twice as long as it was."

He swung over the side and clambered down the rough ladderway, fashioned of barked spruce. For a long time there was no sound from below. Then the ladder bent again with his weight.

"Jeanne!" he called from somewhere in the depths. "Take this—be careful with it."

She bent over the edge, both hands extended for the hat which he handed up. It was filled with yellow earth, mixed with gravel. Then the man climbed out, his features a mixture of grimness and bewilderment. He said, bluntly:

"Give that to me. Let's get down to the creek where I can find a gold pan."

At the stream Hammond worked wordlessly, Jeanne watching over his shoulder. Light was fading, there was barely sufficient to allow them to finish their experiment. Time after time, the refuse content was flowed away. Then as both the water and the residue became lower, Jeanne reached forward.

"Look!" She picked something from the bottom of the pan. It was a gold nugget, twice as large as a pea. Further work brought forth a dozen more. At last Hammond stuffed them into a pocket, and, disregarding the flakes and finer gold at the bottom of the pan, washed its contents away in the stream. He straightened.

"Well, Jeanne," came slowly from him, "I guess you're right. Mackenzie Joe knew what he was doing after all."

There was a desperate quietness to his tone; the world was swimming. This puzzling find could mean many things.

Of only one was Jack certain—that he had signed away valuable rights. He hoped that was all—this action was not beyond recall—it was the pounding of suspicion that hurt, suspicion which could point in only one direction.

"Before I do or say anything," he muttered, "I've got to see Bruce Kenning."

Jeanne Towers looked up. A change had come over the girl, a queer, awakening sort of metamorphosis. She seemed stalwart, determined, as though doubts and fears which long had harassed her had disappeared. There was crispness in her voice, almost command.

"I'll go with you, Jack," she said. "I think you should see several persons. Kay Joyce, for instance."

THEY reached the top of the hill and followed its crest to Kenning's cabin. He was not there. At last they turned away, Jeanne in the lead, and headed for Kay Joyce's cottage. Jack Hammond acquiesced; horrible thoughts were running through his brain; he could not thrust them away.

"Kay!" he called at the edge of the veranda. "Kay! Come out here!"

The door flew open and Kay came bubbling forth. Her expression changed at the sight of Jeanne, and Jack Hammond, grimly silent, beside her.

"Kay!" he demanded. "Where's Bruce Kenning?"

"Isn't he in his cabin?" Then: "What's come over you—so excited—"

"You've a good idea of what's come over him!" Jeanne interjected coldly. Kay shot her a glance of unconcealed enmity.

"So?" she asked, and dismissed her for the man. "Jack, whatever is all this about? Is something terribly wrong?"

"Terribly. That's why I've got to find Bruce Kenning."

"He wants to tell him," Jeanne added, "that he's found out how you two have been tricking him."

Kay Joyce advanced sharply.

"What do you mean?"

Curiously, Hammond found himself hurrying to Jeanne's defense. It amazed him as much as it amazed Kay Joyce, now staring from one to the other.

"She means," he snapped, "that someone's been working Mackenzie Joe's old claim."

"Suppose someone has?" She stamped a foot. "I can't help it if people go wandering around other people's claims. Just why you should come storming up to me about it—"

"I'm not storming. And I'm not making accusations. But Kenning got me to deed that property over to him this afternoon—"

She gestured futilely.

"A lot of nonsense about some worthless old hole in the ground—"

"Strange," interjected Jeanne. "Kenning knew it wasn't worthless."

Kay blazed with anger.

"Am I talking to you, Jack? Or to this damned little streetwalker?"

"Kay! Don't say that!" Jack was half up the steps. She turned defiantly from him; suddenly Hammond realized that her indignation had been too carefully timed, her amazement unreal. All in an instant this woman had changed for him; again she was the selfish, easily angered, cruel little girl who had made his youthful life a torment. Now she added:

"After all, there aren't any streets in Sapphire. But that's the only reason."

"So the pot calls the kettle black?" asked Jeanne with tense calmness.

Hammond turned amazedly.

"You've no cause to say that!"

"No? Ask Miss Joyce how many nights a week she spends in Bruce Kenning's cabin!"

For the first time in his life, Jack heard Kay stammer. Then she began to rage, her clenched hands extended. But Jeanne Towers cut in with:

"Shall I give you the hours, days and dates? And perhaps you sneak out at nights just for the exercise? In your pajamas?"

"Jack!" Kay tried appeal. "Are you going to believe this wretched little liar? If you only knew—"

"He knows," Jeanne cut in. "If you're referring to my life with Lew Snade."

"Kay," the man interrupted dazedly. "Has all this been just a game with you?" He was groping, like a man staggering to his feet after unconsciousness. "You never intended to marry me? Just holding me at arm's length—"

"Men are easier to handle that way," Jeanne supplied.

"You should know!" Kay was pacing. Her eyes glared; her usually smooth hair was in disarray.

"I couldn't help watching you."

Anger conquered Kay completely.

"Think what you please, both of you!" she exploded. "If this little tart's word means so much to you—go ahead—only don't come to me with it!" A queer laugh passed over her thin, drawn lips. "Thank God for one thing. I won't have you pawing me any more—that's a consolation."

"Kay!"

"Don't speak to me!" she shot at him. "You've got your own information bureau beside you—talk to her!"

"And you know it's the right information," Jeanne insisted.

"You've cooked it up—every damned word of it."

"Then why do you admit it?" The northern girl advanced a step toward the veranda. "Call out Mrs. Carewe. She's tired of her job; she won't be afraid to answer questions. She'll tell you how many times she's seen you go over to Bruce Kenning's—nights when she couldn't sleep and watched you—"

"Oh, the cook's word."

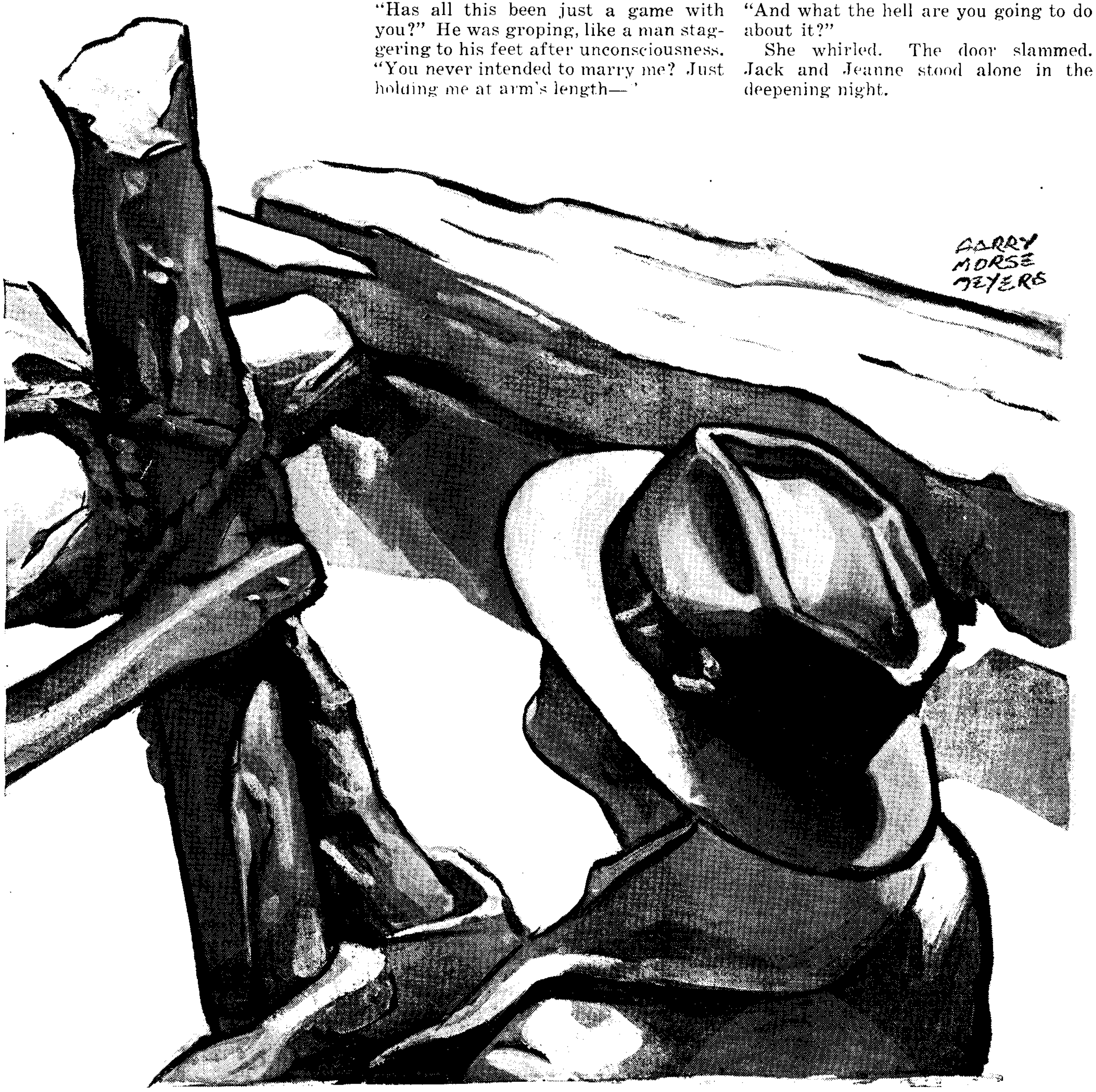
"A good woman's word! If she had only come to me before Mackenzie Joe left, Kenning never would have gotten his hands on that property!"

Kay straightened. White-featured, her hands half extended as though they longed to claw the brown eyes of the woman who accused her, she stood a moment transfixed with anger.

"But he's got it!" she snapped at last. "And what the hell are you going to do about it?"

She whirled. The door slammed. Jack and Jeanne stood alone in the deepening night.

"I guess I'd better take a look at the bottom," Hammond said. "They've gone down a long way"



It was not until they had reached the bottom of the trail that any degree of clarity began to force itself through the maze of emotions which enveloped Hammond's brain. Kay hadn't loved him—she had never loved him. She loved someone else—she was Bruce Kenning's woman. He knew now why she had pretended propriety after Mrs. Joyce had left. It had meant more hours with Kenning, more time to erase Jack's kisses with those of another man.

Beyond that was the fact that she had been his willing aide in duplicity—there was no doubt of it now; she had proclaimed it; defiantly, almost proudly. Impulsively, Jack caught at Jeanne's arm, his pressure, at once agonized and tender, telling her what his lips could not say. Then he drew quickly away.

"I'm going to find Bruce Kenning," he said abruptly. "This time I'd better see him alone."

She begged him to wait for morning; Jack countered with hastily framed excuses. At last he was alone, moving through the shadows toward Mackenzie Joe's test shaft, progressing more by instinct than by direction.

Mentality had concentrated upon a sequence of events which now were becoming horribly, truthfully clear. Mackenzie Joe had been right after all—from the very beginning!

Everything was now so sharply cut. There was Kay's sudden interest, down there in Seattle, when he and Timmy Moon had pulled out that moosehide pouch, spilling nuggets to the floor of the living-room of the gloomy old Joyce home. There were Kenning's well-timed remarks in the Crystal Castle, giving Jack the courage to tell Kay that he always had loved her and giving Kay the opportunity to cover the snobbishness of childhood by a veneer of excuses. There was that night on the cliff when Kay had pretended her pride and her eagerness to come to him with something more than her mere self—a harsh, mirthless laugh broke past Hammond's lips. Of course she didn't want to marry him for money. She wanted to get that money away from him and be with the man to whom she really gave herself, Bruce Kenning.

Now the episode of the sniper gold was explained and the reason that he never again had found such nuggets at her claim. He knew now that her placer workings had been worthless, and that they had been salted with metal from Kenning's workings up the creek. It was her alibi, her excuse to thwart any plea that Jack might make to give up this quixotic idea, to marry him now, and forget pride and foolish inhibitions. To cover also the matter of money, explain the payment of workmen—Jack knew now who had paid them; Bruce Kenning. To make Jack believe that she was a trifle nearer him, and thus, fevered by her approach, make him the more insensible to trickery.

But Mackenzie Joe had labeled the first nuggets sniper gold, which could not possibly have come from her claim. The mistake had not been made again; the gold with which that gravel had been salted thereafter had been the sort of gold that would come from gravel, nothing else.

On went the reconstruction—the well-planted fable about the English syndicate, the plausibility and sense of honesty established by the failure of the main line of test pits, the surprise of finding gold where no one, even Bruce Kenning, had expected it, thus absolutely precluding the possibility of gold-bearing sands in the territory where Mackenzie Joe had put his faith.

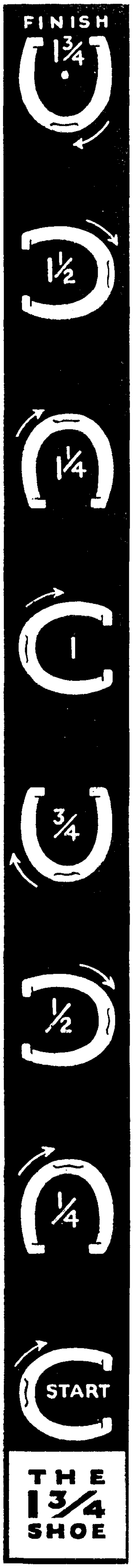
It was easy to reconstruct the rest of the picture. They had played on Joe's

(Continued on page 34)

Play Shoes

By Rud Rennie

Horseshoe pitching is centuries old but the game lacked science until a few years ago when George May, an Akron fireman, started experimenting. Here's how to become a champion



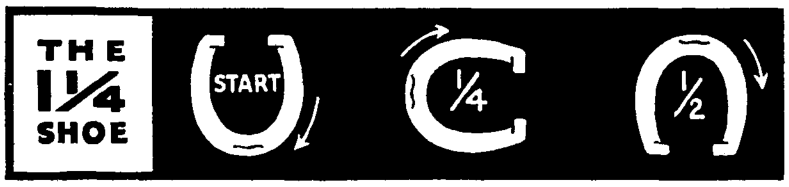
THE 1¾ SHOE

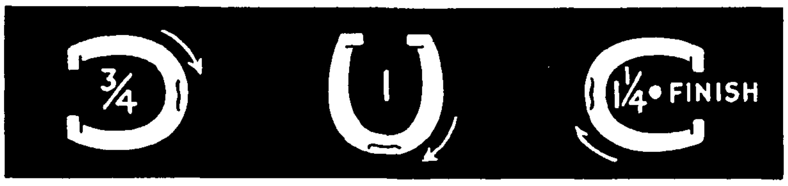
JIMMY RISK of Montpelier, Indiana, the young mid-west horseshoe pitching champion, can toss a two-and-a-half-pound shoe the regulation forty feet and light a match leaning against the stake.

Of course, this is an elaborate way of lighting a match. The same result can be attained more quickly and more easily by striking the match on the horseshoe, or on the seat of the pants. But it demonstrates the control an expert has over his shoes.

Control is everything. There is nothing haphazard about pitching horseshoes properly. If a shoe makes more than three and one-half turns in its flight, the pitcher has lost all control over it. And a horseshoe, while it may be lucky when gilded and placed on a mantelpiece, is not lucky in a game unless it is controlled by a knowing hand.

THE 1¼ SHOE





The knowing hands are in the minority. There are about three million horseshoe pitchers in the United States and Canada. They may be seen at play with clanking shoes in back yards, front yards, vacant lots, fields, roads, parks, or on the precisely measured courts maintained by horseshoe-pitching organizations or by patrons of the sport.

As in golf, most players are duffers. Few have had intelligent instruction. Few have seen an expert in action.

The majority of horseshoe pitchers are, if anything, "point pitchers," content to make an occasional ringer and to come as close as possible with their next shoe. In competition with a top-notch pitcher—Ted Allen of Alhambra, California, the present world's champion; or Blair Nunamaker of Cleveland; Frank Jackson of Kellerton, Iowa; or Caroline Schultz of Harvey, Illinois, the women's champion — an average pitcher would not even score, because one ringer cancels an opponent's ringer and anywhere from sixty to eighty per cent of a good pitcher's shoes will be ringers.

It is a game that looks easy, but isn't. There is no record of anyone's ever having refused to pitch horseshoes because he did not know how. It would sound silly. Obviously, all one has to do is toss a horseshoe at an iron stake stuck in the ground and make as many ringers as possible. A ringer is a shoe which encircles the stake far enough to permit a straight edge to touch both heel calks simultaneously. Apparently, there is nothing to it.

With this understanding of the game, gained in practically no time, a person pitches. It is easy; just as he thought. But how about those ringers? They are few and far between.

The novice attributes this scarcity of ringers to his lack of practice. He may find the horseshoe cumbersome in his hands, and may maneuver to get a comfortable grip. Invariably, he will wrap a forefinger around one of the heel calks and give the shoe a flick as if he were pitching pennies. He has no idea how many times the shoe will turn in its flight, or what position it will be in when it lands. Any success he has is due entirely to luck.

Luck plays an important part in every game; but in horseshoe pitching it was reduced to a minimum the day a fireman in Akron by the name of George May discovered how to control the number of turns a shoe made in its flight so that it would arrive open at the stake. By this discovery, May changed horseshoe pitching from a haphazard exercise into a science. This is how he did it:

It's All in the System

When May began pitching, he did what all beginners do: he pitched his shoes without any control over the number of turns they made. At first, May held the shoe with his right forefinger over the left heel calk. (The toe is the top with the calks facing downward.) When he pitched, the shoe revolved so many times its turns could not be counted.

May had all the qualifications of a good pitcher. He had a good eye for distance. He had marvelous coördination. He had rhythm. He had patience. He had no nerves. But his shoes went bouncing and skidding and rolling all over the place.

May, a quiet, dark-haired fellow about twenty-seven years old at the time, set about figuring out why his shoes did not ring the stake. His aim was good. He came close. Sometimes he was on. But why didn't his shoes go on more often?

It was plain to May that if the shoe landed so that the outside of the toe or the outsides of the forks landed first against the stake he could not possibly get a ringer, any more than he could get into a stiff collar unless it were open. Obviously, the shoe had to be thrown so that it landed with its three-and-a-half-inch opening between the heel calks facing the stake.

May came to the conclusion that to make his shoes land this way every time he would have to control the number of turns and make every pitch exactly the same. But how to do this?

He began experimenting with his grip. He spent hours practicing until he found he could control the number of turns with his thumb. Meanwhile, May learned never to make a downward or swooping movement, nor to jerk his arm in delivering the shoe. The coördination of right arm and left leg; the easy swing with a follow-through—these came naturally to him.

He found himself most accurate when he made his swing directly over the stake. He discovered also that the shoe should be level, not edgewise, when leaving the hand. And he noted the importance of getting a firm foothold and of standing in exactly the same spot in relation to the stake every time he pitched.

Then came the day when he got what he was after. He had started out gripping the heel of the left fork. When success came, he was all the way around to the heel of the right fork. May held the right fork with his thumb on the top side and all four fingers gripping the fork. The little finger was pressed against the heel calk. The calks were facing downward. With his heels together and toes pointed out like a soldier, May stepped with his left foot and tossed the shoe with an easy underhand swing.

The shoe floated through the air, made one and a quarter turns, and landed cleanly into the stake.

He did it again. And again. And again.

Perfect Control

Four ringers on the stake.

May was delighted. He found as he went along that when his shoe made more than one and one-quarter turns, he could correct it by moving his thumb slightly forward toward the toe calk and gripping the shoe tighter. He also found he could slow up the turn by taking his hold closer to the heel calk. He had found out all there is to know about controlling the one-and-one-quarter shoe.

With this knowledge, in October, 1919, when horseshoe pitching was without national rules or regulations and even the best pitchers did not know how to control an open shoe, May stepped out of obscurity and beat Charles Bobbitt, champion of Ohio, in a match in Akron.

A week later, May defeated Hugh Palmer, industrial champion of America, who, on July 29, 1919,

(Continued on page 38)

WIDE WORLD

Blair Nunamaker (upper) and (lower) the world's champion, George May

WIDE WORLD

WIDE WORLD

Jimmy Risk (upper) and (lower) Caroline Schultz, the women's champion

The Magic Cane

"You may shoot me, of course, if you desire," the General calmly told the mutineer. "It will not hurt me in the least." A remarkable man, the General

By Gregorio Somers

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

THE Prefect's office at San Jacinto was full of soldiers. Some wore neat uniforms. Some were dressed in khaki trousers and shirts. The Prefect was in jail, and General Blas Espina sat behind his official desk, radiating confidence, the worshipful center of many eyes.

"General," said Dalton, "let's talk in private."

The General smiled ironically.

"You wish to bribe me? Yes? Ah, that is magnificent."

"Come on, General. Let's have a conference."

"Why not?"

The General stood up and barked a single word of command. Gradually the room became empty. He sat down again and leaned back in his chair.

"How much," he asked agreeably, "will the Tropical Fruit Company contribute to my campaign of liberation?"

"All kidding aside, General. We'll give you five thousand dollars."

The General looked slightly pained. He shook his head woefully.

"It appears," he said, "that you have little confidence in my military abilities."

"Now look here, General," said Dalton earnestly. "I'm putting all my cards on the table. We hold our Rio Balsa concession from President Lopez. Maybe you'll kick him out and make us pay for it all over again. So we'll give you five thousand right now. You need money. We need peace and quiet."

"But five thousand dollars is very little. I have an excellent chance to win. In fact, I can't lose. Have you observed the quality of my troops? They are all brave men."

"That's just it," said Dalton. "I've looked 'em over. They're *too* brave. They're poison. I'd rather lead an army of rattlesnakes and mountain lions. They'll bump you off before you get a chance to win this war."

"Yes," agreed General Espina, "you are right. For an ordinary leader they would present a serious problem. But for me—no. Have you ever seen my cane of *cacique carré?*"

"Your *what?*"

THE General smiled and brought up from behind the desk a gold-headed walking stick of bright red wood mottled with black spots.

"This," he said with the dispassionate air of a scientific lecturer, "is *cacique carré*. It grows in the Tule Indian country, and no white man has ever recognized the tree from which it comes. It has a very valuable property. It enables bullets and other unpleasant things to pass through its owner without hurting him in the least."

"Don't kid me, General. You don't believe that stuff."

The General shrugged his shoulders. "I am very superstitious," he said. "So are my men. They do not try to assassinate me. They know it cannot be done."

He put the cane down again behind the desk. "Five thousand dollars is very little for a man so sure to succeed." He smiled gently. "I do not think you will regret paying fifteen."

Dalton laughed: "That's a hot one. Just because you've got a funny walking stick."

"As you prefer," said the General. "When you come to see me in the Presidential Palace, the concession will cost at least fifty thousand."

Dalton hesitated.

"If I thought your jailbirds believed that stuff, I'd give you ten thousand anyway."

"I suggest," said the General, "that you find out. At the moment I am too busy to help you."

Dalton took the hint and rose to go. "Superstitious! You!" he said. "You're no more superstitious than I am."

The General smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"But yes," he said. "I *am* superstitious. I trust my little cane of *cacique carré*. And if you understood the whole situation, you would trust it too."

DALTON shook hands and went out into the corridor. But just before he reached the street door he stopped short with an exclamation. Silhouetted against the blinding light from the Plaza outside were two of the General's sentries. Their hands were high above their heads, and they were walking slowly backward into the building. Past them Dalton could see a score of soldiers led by a gigantic Negro with a revolver in one hand. He turned and raced for the General's room.

"Quick, General," he cried breathlessly. "Get out of here. It's a mutiny."

The General lifted his eyebrows with interest, but did not stir from his chair.

"Don't become alarmed, my friend," he said soothingly. "I enjoy an occasional mutiny. Please retire to a corner and observe closely."

He had no time to say more. Backward into the room walked the sentries, hands above their heads. Then followed the Negro, his white eyeballs rolling and his ugly jaw clamped tight. Then came a rabble of common soldiers brandishing rifles, revolvers, knives and machetes. For a band of successful mutineers about to assassinate their former leader they were strangely silent. They seemed to lack the desire to generate noise.

The General watched them with mild interest. He picked up his cane of *cacique carré* and laid it on his desk.

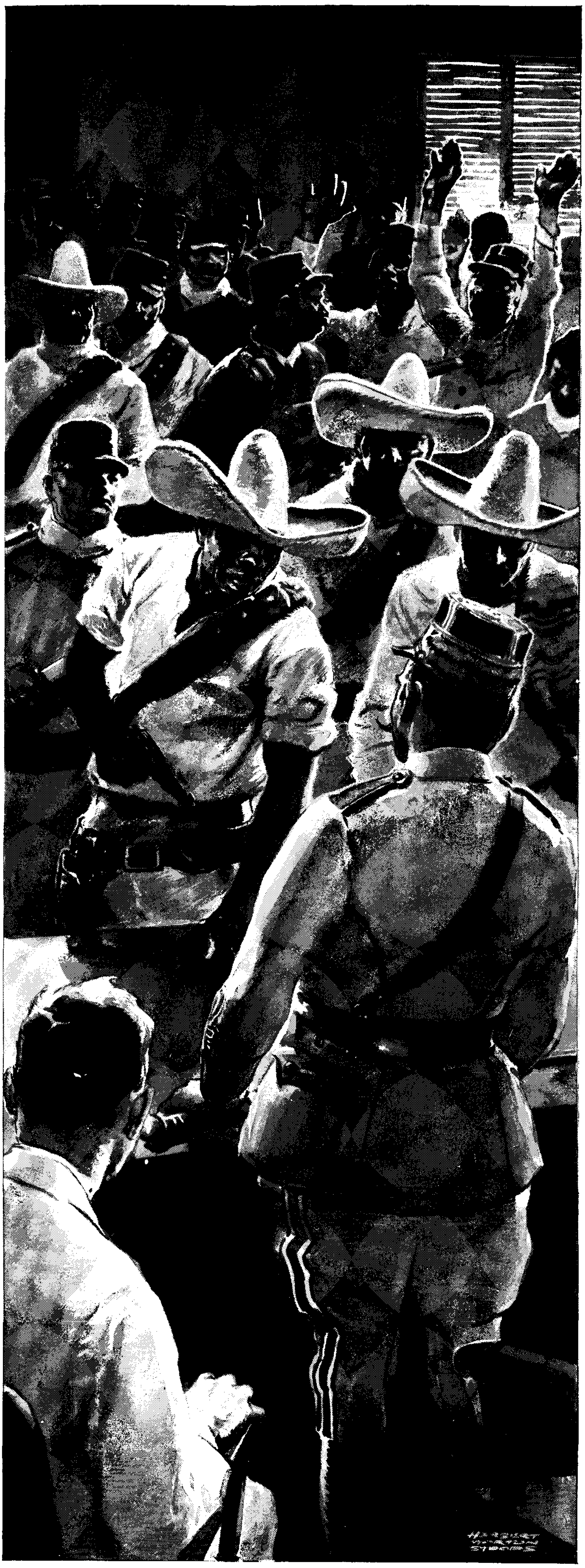
"Good afternoon, friend Roncador," he said agreeably to the Negro. "Perhaps you would like the pleasure of shooting me. In that case I am completely at your service."

The Negro's jaw dropped. His followers stared uneasily. A machete fell with a loud clang on the concrete floor.

"Perhaps you don't understand," said the General patiently, as if explaining a simple fact to a very young child. "You may shoot me, of course, if you desire. It will not hurt me in the least."

With a careless gesture he reached out and touched the cane of *cacique*

(Continued on page 41)



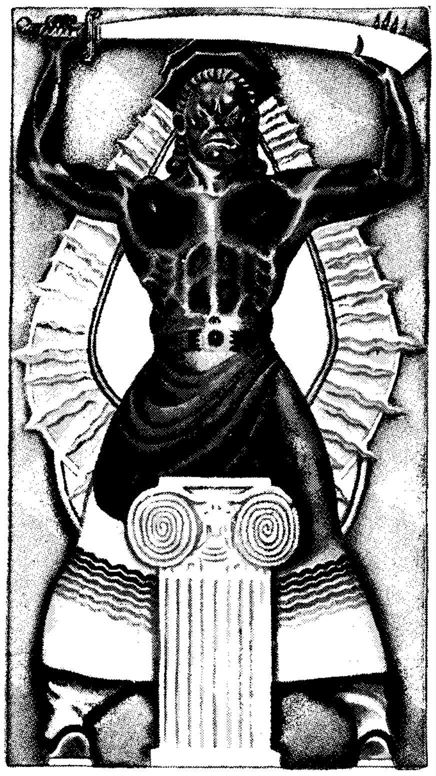
"I demand that you shoot," the General insisted. He stood up

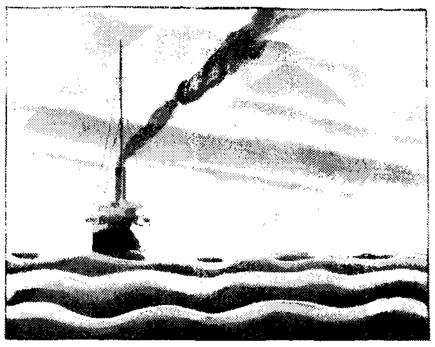
Head Wanted

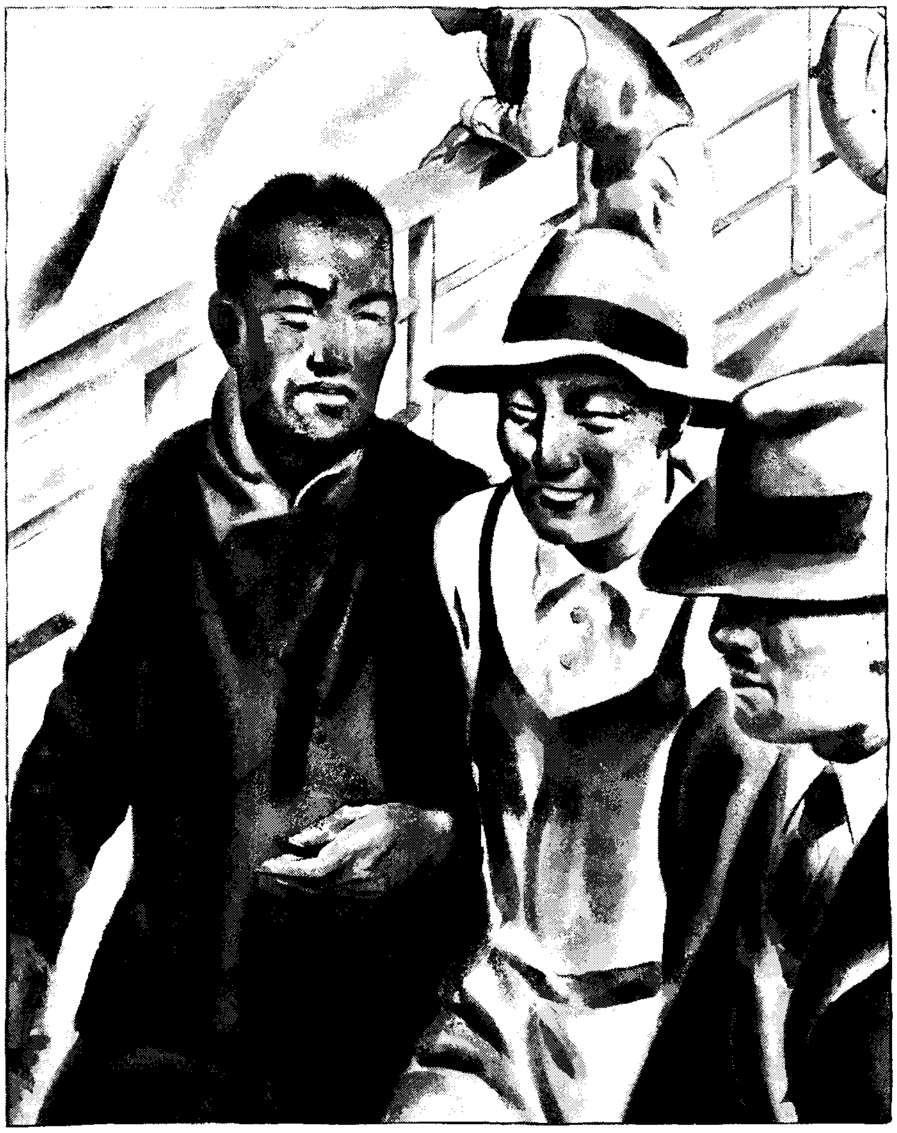
A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. COLLINS







With two other Chinese, he paced the steerage promenade for hours

SO YOU want to know where I came across this jade ring, eh? Well, it's a present from See Wo Chong, who was Number One Boy on the old Niroba. You remember the Niroba? I was chief steward on her for three years. Pour yourself about three fingers of that stuff and lean back, and I'll tell you about the ring.

We were running out of San Francisco. We carried a crew of a hundred Chinks under See Wo Chong, another hundred passengers, a good-sized jag of freight for the Orient, and on this trip I'm talking about we carried also Lee Kui Sin, a Chinese steerage passenger.

Lee Kui Sin was around thirty, with jet-black hair, bright, snapping eyes, and he grinned all the while, like one of those pagan gods. He had on a thin white shirt, faded blue overalls and a battered old brown hat. That was Lee Kui Sin, who never stopped smiling and I may add that he had very little to smile about.

He was being deported officially by the United States government for unlawful entry; and he was "wanted" in China, whither we were escorting him. He was, we understood, being sent back home to have his head cut off neatly and with dispatch.

The first day out of Frisco, we kept him locked up in his cabin. After that, we set him free and he became an ordinary steerage passenger, roaming about the stern with the other Chinks.

Pour yourself another spot of that imported stuff. . . .

Well, sir, everybody feels pretty sorry for Lee Kui Sin, especially the ladies. A formal delegation of broad-bosomed dames calls on our skipper, Captain Morse, and asks him if he can't do something to save the grinning culprit.

"I am just as sorry for Lee Kui as you are, ladies," he says, "but I can see nothing to do about it. Our part is simply to get him to Shanghai."

So the ladies went back to their bridge games, calling the skipper bad names. Then we hit a storm. After it was over, everybody came out to stroll in the sunshine and among the strollers was Lee Kui Sin, still grinning widely. With two other Chinese, he paced the steerage promenade for hours. He still wore his frayed shirt and the blue overalls, while his friends were clad in sober black. The trio walked every day. They didn't ever seem to be talking about anything. They merely walked, and upon Lee's round countenance remained the fixed grin that was as much a part of him as his hair or ears. At two o'clock every afternoon they stopped walking, and went down to their little cubbyholes below.

Two days out of Yokohama, the condemned man suddenly went overboard, splashed down into the white welter of the ship's wake and the other two began yelling and screaming, jumping up and down on the deck. The cry of "Man overboard!" ran from stern to stem and Lee's brown hat floated away on the sea behind us. Of Lee Kui Sin himself there was nothing to be seen.

WELL, sir, you can imagine the ship was filled with excitement for a while, and in probably less than half a minute Captain Morse was notified of the leap-over. He took it calmly enough and his instant decision was not to stop the Niroba, so we kept right on plugging along at eighteen knots and Lee's bobbing brown hat faded away behind us. Of course, the skipper's decision put him in mighty bad with the passengers; and an angry delegation, mostly women, demanded an explanation.

"It would have been no use to stop and go back," he said to the committee. "When a Chinese commits suicide at sea, you can wager he carries a few weights, because he doesn't want to be picked up. As I see it, he's better off out there than he would be on deck, waiting for an executioner and an axe."

However, there was bitter complaint over the skipper's heartless conduct and the ladies voted to get up a formal statement of the circumstances and forward it to headquarters in San Francisco, all of which did the captain no harm, as the line knows its onions. When the Niroba arrived in Yokohama, we made an official report of the suicide to the port authorities and cabled the information to our own office in Shanghai. This went along on top of our first radio report to Shanghai, and so they were in full possession of the facts.

We moved on to Kobe and then, three days later, up the river to Shanghai. Chinese officials came on board and were closeted with Captain Morse for half an hour; after which the axe-swinger put his implement away, as there was no occasion to use it.

The voyage back to our home port was lacking in incident and we finally laid up against the wharf about five in the afternoon of a blustery day. I was probably the last man to go ashore. The Niroba was practically abandoned when I climbed out on the pier and made my way through the hazy light, having in mind to grab a taxicab and go see a movie.

About the first thing a man does, when he gets home after a long sea run, is to go see a movie. I felt my way along, climbed over some barrels and finally emerged near the taxicab stand, and when I glanced at my wrist I discovered no watch. It was down there in my cabin, lying on my bunk, and as I value the watch, I immediately started back for it and, being in a great hurry, I didn't go back the way I had come. I went down through the crew's quarters, where the China boys eat their rice and gamble away their tips, turned a corner and right there in front of my eyes stood our old friend, Lee Kui Sin, the Chink that had dived overboard to cheat the axe. He was grinning. He gave me a startled look, popped back into a cabin and slammed the door, and in the dim distance I observed old See Wo Chong.

I walked slowly down to my cabin, put on my watch and then pushed the button that summons our Number One Boy, and soon I could hear See Wo Chong padding down the corridor. He opened the door and blinked in at me solemnly.

"Chong," I said, "you remember China boy jump off boat just before we come Yokohama?"

"Yes, me sabe China boy."

"WELL, Chong," I continued, "just remember this as coming from me: On the day that Lee Kui Sin jumped overboard, that was the very last time I ever saw him. You sabe?"

See Wo Chong broke into a slow grin and nodded. "Me, too. That day boy hop overboard, that last time me see."

Then he went out and presently I started a second time for my movie show, passing the Chink laundry truck that carries the ship's soiled linen ashore. I understood then why the truck was waiting so soon after the steamer's arrival.

You better have another spot of that stuff. I often wondered where they made up the dummy that went over the end of the Niroba. On the next voyage west, See Wo Chong handed me this ring. It certainly is a swell little piece of jade.

YOU GET ALL 4 IN A PLYMOUTH —FOR ONLY $510!

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT

1 *Hydraulic Brakes*
2 *Safety Steel Body*
3 *Redistribution of Weight*
4 *12 to 20% Saving on Gas and Oil*

BEAUTIFUL! And it's biggest of "All Three" leading low-priced cars. This big, smart four-door touring sedan is priced $685, list at factory, Detroit . . . today!

America looks at "All Three"—and finds Plymouth value outstanding

WHEN YOU COME TO COMPARE the big, new Plymouth with the other leading low-priced cars, here's what you find.

Plymouth leads the rest in Safety. It has a body of safety-steel—steel-reinforced! Body and frame form virtually a single unit—the strongest construction possible.

Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes are the safest in the world. They're self-equalizing . . . stop you smoothly . . . swiftly . . . without swerving . . . in a straight line.

Plymouth leads in Comfort. Its marvelous "Floating Ride" comes from scientific redistribution of weight (as introduced by the famous "Airflow" cars) . . . new Mola steel springs . . . double-action shock-absorbers . . . and a sway eliminator at the front.

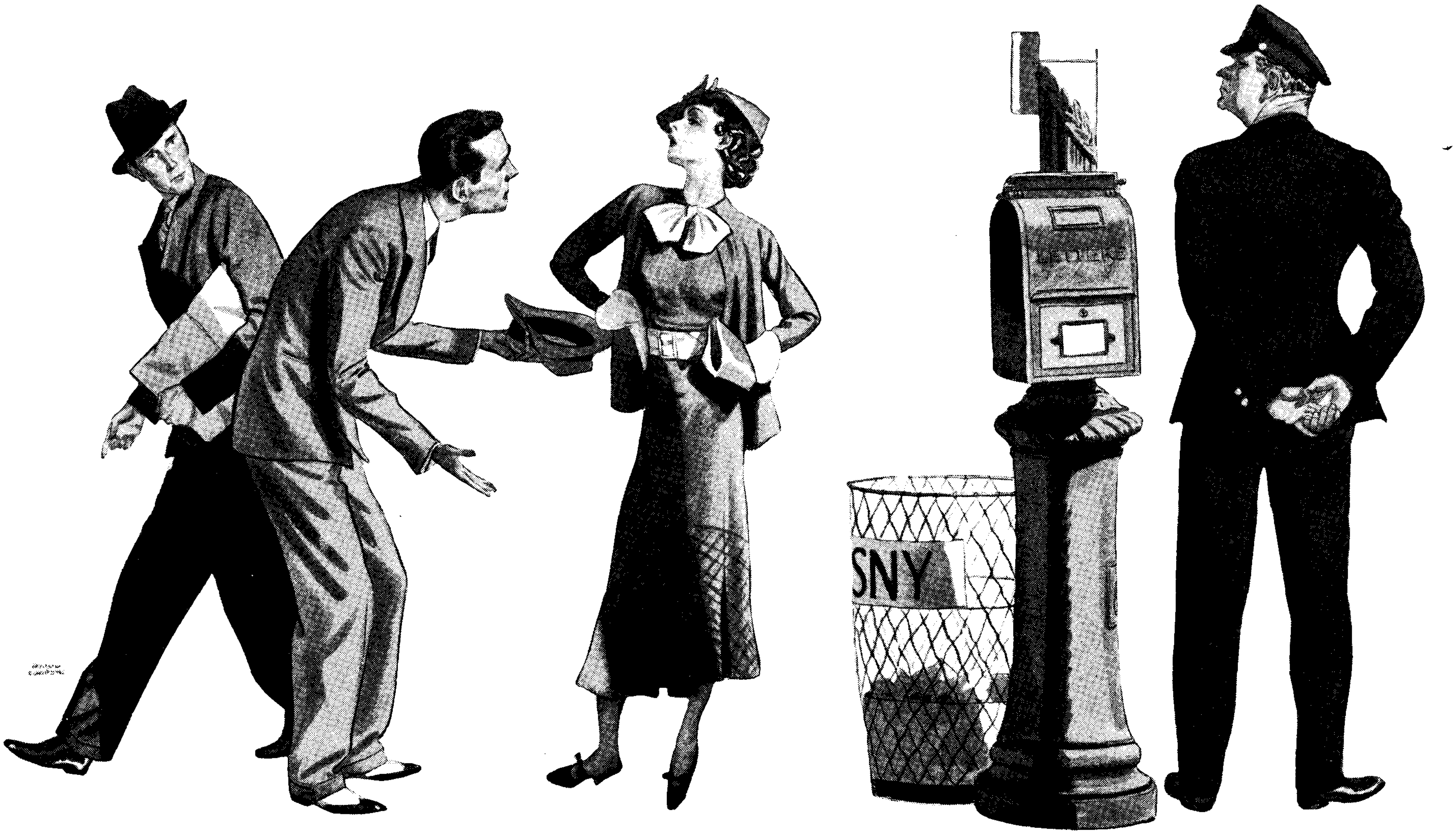
Plymouth leads in Economy. An entirely new cooling principle and new ignition actually cut gas and oil consumption 12% to 20%. Yet the new Plymouth has greater power and acceleration than it ever had before.

Compare further . . . *out on the road.* Any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will be glad to help you . . . and tell you how easy it is for you to own a Plymouth now, through the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

(*Left*) Protected by steel. The body of the Plymouth is all-steel . . . reinforced by steel. Body and frame form virtually a single unit. The safest body you can have. Plymouth's safety features give you ease of mind.

YOU STOP SAFELY. Genuine hydraulic brakes give perfect control at all times.

PLYMOUTH *Now only* **$510** AND UP LIST AT FACTORY DETROIT Special Equipment Extra



I said, "Excuse me, but I've tried in every way to secure an introduction to you"

Somebody's Cynthia

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

You can lead a girl to romance, but you have to allow for complications to sell a Type-K Whizzler

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

PLUNGING down the stairs to the platform, young Grosvenor was able to catch the 8:37 instead of the 8:50, thus saving precious moments. He sat down in the smoker, hat pushed to the back of his head, and brought out the cards upon which were typed the names of prospects. The pink cards he laid aside; they were Housewives, and he was not ready for them yet. He was working on Bachelors first.

"Cromwell," he thought, "ought to be ready."

He felt a slight qualm at the thought of again approaching Duke Cromwell, fiction editor of "Just Folks." But Cromwell had shown a certain interest in the Whizzler at their former interview, and a bit of shrewd psychology ought to close the deal. Grosvenor resolutely overcame the qualm and assumed the right mental attitude, and presently, cool, alert, thinking success, he entered the editorial offices of "Just Folks," and sent in his card: "Edmond Grosvenor. Representing The Service Equipment Corporation."

"I'm sorry," said the secretary, "but Mr. Cromwell is reading manuscript. If you'll fill out a slip—"

Grosvenor would have done this if he had not, at that moment, caught sight of Cromwell through an open door. And he saw that Cromwell was not reading manuscript; he was sitting at his desk, his pipe between his teeth, his gaze fixed on the wall before him. His face, always incisive, clean-cut and forceful, was more so than usual today. Grosvenor moved nearer to the door and spoke in the chest tones that carry.

"That's too bad," he said. "I wanted to tell Mr. Cromwell how much I appreciate those 'Messages to You.' Some of them—"

Cromwell turned his head.

"Come in!" he said, unsmiling. "Give me your reaction. That's what I'm here for."

EVIDENTLY he thought that Grosvenor was simply one of his public; there was no gleam of recognition in his eye. He had forgotten all about their former interview about the Whizzler. This made it harder for Grosvenor. He would have to introduce the Whizzler at the first favorable opportunity, and sometimes he made mistakes about opportunities. He had only been selling Whizzlers for a short time; there were—he knew—many psychological nuances he had not yet mastered.

"I liked—" he began.

"Never mind what you liked," said Cromwell. "I want to know what you didn't like. First give me your reaction to the May issue as a whole."

"Well . . ." said Grosvenor, trying desperately to recall even one feature of the May issue. "Of course, speaking merely as the average reader—"

"No!" said Cromwell. "Our average reader is a woman. Twenty-three years old. She buys four pairs of hosiery a month. She consumes— D'you know much about women?"

Grosvenor was startled by this question, but he made a very creditable recovery. "Does any man?" he countered.

"Yes!" said Cromwell. "Are you married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

Cromwell looked straight at him.

"Are you in love?" he asked, curtly.

"Well . . ." said Grosvenor. He was disconcerted. In the first place, he did not exactly know whether he was in love or not; and in the second place, he could not glean from this prospect's manner any clue as to his attitude toward love. "Well . . ." he said. "Yes—and no."

"Pah!" said Cromwell, bitterly. "If you were, you'd be sure enough."

"Well . . ." said Grosvenor. "Perhaps the real thing . . . I've heard that it's—"

"See here!" said Cromwell. "I believe I'll tell you. I've come to the stage where I've got to tell someone, and you seem absolutely typical."

"Typical of—er—what?" asked Grosvenor.

"Of everything," said Cromwell. "I'll tell you. I didn't intend to fall in love. I didn't want to fall in love. The thing fell on me like a ton of bricks. She was standing near me in the subway. I looked up—and there she was. You never saw anything like her. Tall, willowy, the most wonderful eyes. . . . When she left, I simply went after her. I had to. I followed her, and she went into a hotel. I went in after her, but she'd got into an elevator, and the woman at the desk refused to give me any information. The next day I left the office early and hung around the hotel. I saw her, again, and she was worse than ever. More wonderful, I mean."

HE FELL silent, and Grosvenor waited, with profound and sympathetic interest.

"Yes?" he suggested, at last.

"She was with a couple of other girls. Just ordinary girls. After they'd gone in, I went up to the doorman. I asked him if he wanted five dollars. He said no, but he took it. I asked him her name. I described her. It was pouring rain. He had an umbrella, but I didn't. In the end he told me. Her name is Cynthia Brown."

"Yes!" said Grosvenor, leaning for-

THIS SUMMER—YOU CAN DRIVE FARTHER.. FASTER..

Yet Save Money with this New Mobiloil

IT'S THE FIRST OIL
FOR SUMMER DRIVING
MADE BY THE FAMOUS
CLEAROSOL PROCESS

WHEN A MOTOR CAR announces new features, you can go look at them. There's no arguing about beauty... roominess... riding comfort... handling ease.

You've never expected to do this with motor oil. But 1935 has brought an entirely *new kind* of Mobiloil. It produces results... as easy to *see* and *feel* as the new car features themselves!

First, you will notice this: the new Mobiloil actually "peps up" your car.

Second, you will discover that you're stopping less often to buy motor oil.

Finally, after miles of fast driving, you will find that your engine is cleaner, more like new.

It took a revolutionary refining discovery... Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process... to make these amazing facts possible.

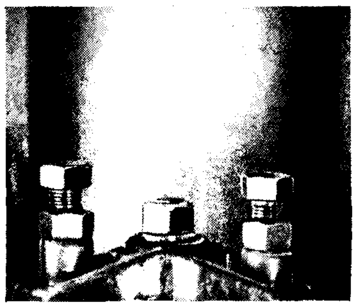
This process *cleanses* crude oils of impurities that have always defied refining... that "deaden" your engine... burn up rapidly... deposit gum!

If you were buying a new car, you'd insist on the latest. Why not get the benefit of refining's latest development when you buy oil? Try this new Mobiloil. Absolutely no advance in price!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

DRIVE IN at dealers that display the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse. New Summer Mobiloil is made in Grades A, AF, BB and B... for all cars.

AFTER 100 HOURS on ordinary oil, the engine valve-chamber was coated with gum — formed by impurities.



ENGINE STILL CLEAN after 100 hours on new Mobiloil...because this new kind of oil is practically 100% pure.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

ward. "What was your next step?"

"The end," said Cromwell. "The finish. I tried to find someone who knew her. No good. I thought I'd write her a letter, explaining things, but I realized that she wouldn't pay any attention to a letter from a stranger. Too much pride and dignity. As I grew to know her better—"

"Oh! You did get to know her?"

"I saw her," said Cromwell. "I hung around. Almost every day. And I made up my mind to take the straightforward course. Made up my mind to walk up to her, hand her my card, explain my financial position, give her some personal references. Well. . . !" He gave a short laugh of indescribable bitterness. "I did it!"

"What happened?"

"I went up to her. I said, 'Excuse me, but I've tried in every way to secure an introduction to you—' She swished at me with her handbag and said I was annoying her. I tried to explain, but she stamped her foot and said she'd call a policeman. That's all."

A SUPPRESSED excitement filled Grosvenor. Not only did he feel compassion for Cromwell, but he thought that this might be a great opportunity for himself. He remembered Sampson.

It was during his intensive course of training that Grosvenor had heard the story of Sampson. Sampson had been trying to demonstrate to a young housewife all that the Whizzler could do for her: mix a cake, dry her hair, squeeze oranges, wash silken undergarments, and so on. She had been scornful and hostile.

"Will it take care of the baby for me while I go downtown?" she had asked.

"No. But I will!" Sampson had said, quietly. And he had. He had stayed with the baby for two hours while the young mother went to a sale, and he had not only sold a Whizzler to her and one to her mother, but he had won a lifelong friend for the company. And that was what the company impressed upon its representatives. That was the idea behind the Whizzler Service.

"I wonder if I could help you," he said. "I might know someone . . . What's the name of her hotel?"

"The Women's Intercollege Fellowship Association," said Cromwell. "Men can't even go into the restaurant unaccompanied. It's hopeless."

"It's not!" cried Grosvenor. "If you'd mentioned in the beginning that it was the W. I. F. A. . . . I know a girl who lives there!"

"What!"

"If you'll tell the operator to get the number for me. . . . She may not be home, but eventually. . . ." He took the instrument from Cromwell. "W.I.F.A.? Miss Leonard there?"

THERE was a pause, during which Cromwell sat in tense silence.

"Miss Leonard? This is Edmond Grosvenor speaking. . . . How are you? Good! Oh, I'm fine, thanks! Yes. . . . We all miss you. . . . Oh, I see! No; I haven't—"

A strange low sound from Cromwell reminded Grosvenor of the other's ordeal.

"See here, Miss Leonard! Do you happen to know a Miss Brown? Cynthia Brown? You do? Fine! Do you think she's home now? She is? In the Mezzanine Silence Lounge? Well, look here! Wait just a moment, will you?" He turned to Cromwell. "She's there. Do you want to ask them to lunch?"

"She wouldn't come!"

"Girls will practically always come to lunch," Grosvenor assured him, and again spoke into the telephone. "Look here. Miss Leonard! Will you and Miss Brown come to lunch with me and a friend of mine? Today? Fine! The address?"

"Gothic Chambers!" said Cromwell.

"Gothic Chambers," Grosvenor repeated, and hung up the receiver. "It's settled," he said.

"How did you do it? Who's this Miss Leonard?"

"She used to be Contact Secretary in the Service Equipment Corporation. Very fine type of girl."

"And she knows Cynthia? She's bringing Cynthia?"

"Luckily neither of them has to work on Saturday—"

"It's ten-thirty-two!" said Cromwell. "There's some work I've got to clean up here. . . . Good Heavens! How am I going to do it? Flowers to buy—lunch to order—"

"Suppose I do it for you?" suggested Grosvenor, quietly.

"You? But haven't you anything to do?"

"My job is Service," said Grosvenor, in the same quiet tone. "If you'll tell me how much money you want to spend, I'll arrange everything."

"I don't care how much money I spend!" said Cromwell. "Get the best of everything! Orchids—caviar—everything!"

"But—er—" said Grosvenor.

"Here's my key!" said Cromwell. "Go to it!" He pressed two buzzers, and immediately a young woman in spectacles and a youth with plaid sleeve garters appeared; there was a whirl of incisive activity, and Grosvenor got out of it.

"I'll have to use my own judgment," he thought. "And my own money. Well. . . !"

He went first to the office of the Service Equipment Corporation and by signing a requisition slip, obtained a Type-K Whizzler, for demonstration purposes. This Type-K, with all the attachments, was pretty heavy, and there was not much time to spare, so Grosvenor took a taxi to the Gothic Chambers Apartment Hotel. He entered the magnificent pillared lobby and hastened toward the elevators.

"Whom do you wish to see, sir?" asked a boy.

"Mr. Cromwell—"

"Mr. Cromwell is not in, sir."

"I know," said Grosvenor. "But it's all right."

"Yes, sir. Just a moment, please, sir," said the boy, and, propping open the elevator door, he disappeared.

A tall man in a morning coat now approached Grosvenor.

"I understand you wish to see Mr. Cromwell," he said. "Mr.—"

"I know he's out!" retorted Grosvenor, growing impatient. "But I tell you it's all right. He's given me a key—"

"I'll have to ask you to step into my office," said the other. "This way, please!"

IN THE office of this Assistant Manager, Grosvenor brought out the key. It did not produce the right effect.

"I'll have to get Mr. Cromwell's confirmation," said the Assistant Manager.

His secretary rang up the office of "Just Folks," and Mr. Cromwell was in conference. Time was flying.

"Now, see here!" said Grosvenor. "Mr. Cromwell's going to be seriously annoyed. He wants me to make these arrangements for him at once. He expects—"

"I'll have to ask you to open that bag," said the Assistant Manager.

In a rage, Grosvenor did so.

"What's that?" asked the Assistant Manager.

"That's a Type-K Whizzler."

"A what?"

"A Whizzler!" shouted Grosvenor. "Beats eggs—washes silken undergarments—squeezes lemons—mixes bread, cake, or biscuit—"

"How does it work?"

"Here!" cried Grosvenor. "Here's a booklet! I haven't any *time!*"

"It says it dries your hair," said the secretary, looking at the booklet. "How can—?"

"It does!" Grosvenor replied, almost yelling. "It's invaluable for the housewife, the bachelor, the business woman. It is the butler who never wants a day off. It is not a machine; it is a service!"

The telephone rang, and the secretary answered it.

"Gothic Chambers calling Mr. Cromwell. . . . Oh, Mr. Cromwell! There's a man here with a Whizzler, who says—a Whizzler. . . . But he says—I see! Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Cromwell."

She turned to the Assistant Manager.

"Mr. Cromwell says he doesn't know anything about a Whizzler—"

"Tell him it's Mr. Grosvenor!" shouted Grosvenor, but she had already hung up the receiver. He leaned across her and snatched it from the hook; he rang up Cromwell's office.

"Mr. Cromwell is on the other wire. Will you leave a message—"

"I've got to speak to him at once. Interrupt him!"

"Mr. Cromwell is on the other wire. If you wish to wait—"

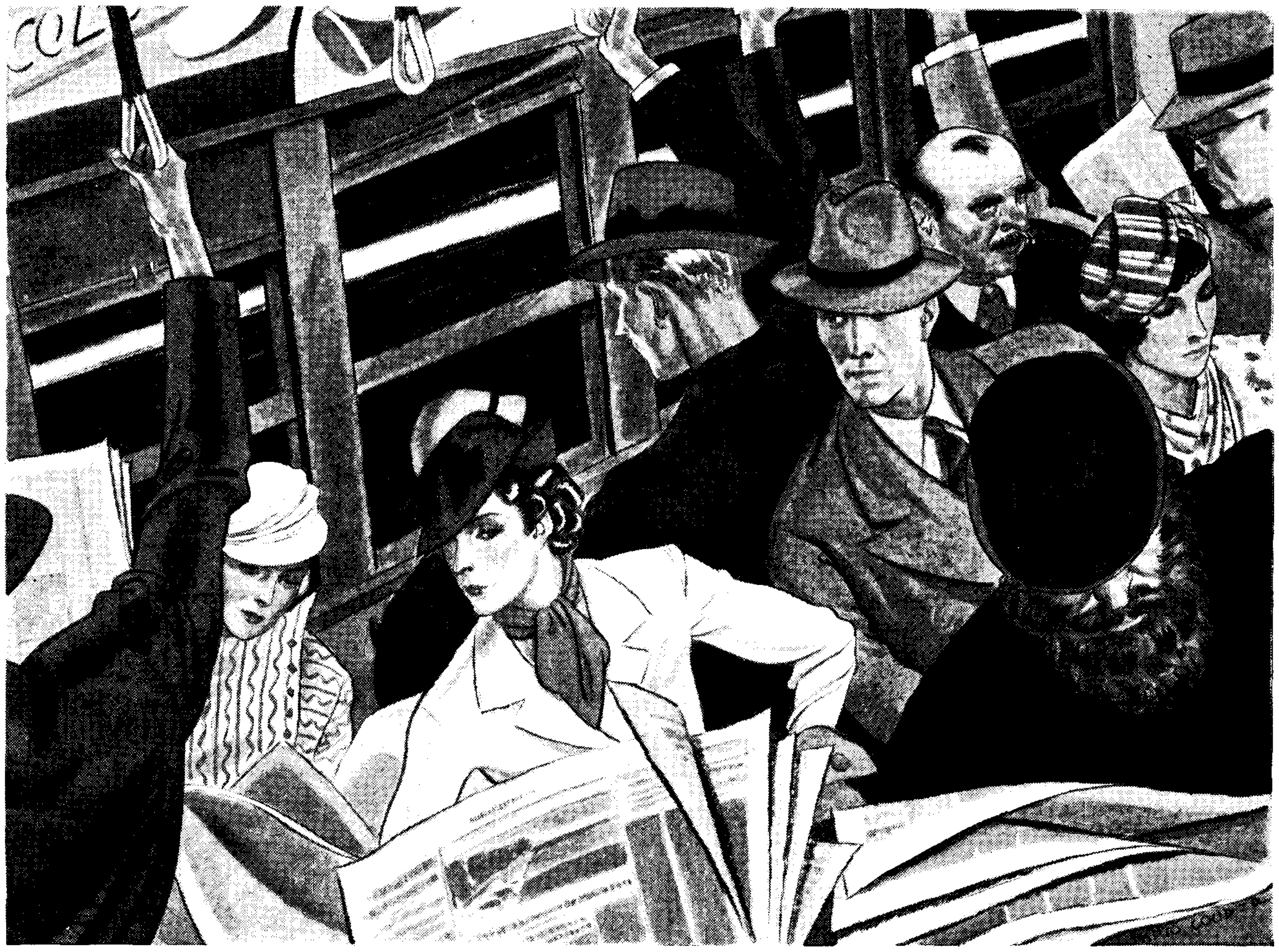
He did wait, an intolerable time. Then at last he got Cromwell, and explained to him; Cromwell spoke a few incisive words to the Assistant Manager, and Grosvenor was free to enter Cromwell's apartment.

A sort of hush lay upon the place. There was a sitting-room, austerely furnished in chocolate brown and dull blue; big armchairs, a bookcase made to resemble the Empire State Building, and containing twelve imposing-looking volumes. In the bedroom, everything was early American, except for a rowing-machine, and a lamp whose base was a china penguin. Satisfied that all was in order, Grosvenor telephoned for a lunch menu, and while awaiting this, he secured from the desk the name of a nearby florist and of a wine merchant. He did not get orchids, because he had not enough money to pay for them, and he did not know the names of many other flowers.

"What's good for decorating a room?" he asked the florist.

"How'd you like some nice lilacs?" suggested the other, and Grosvenor thought

(Continued on page 39)



She was standing near me in the subway. I looked up—and there she was

"Can you and Tom come up here for the week-end?"

USE your telephone to keep in touch with friends or family scattered on vacation . . . to make reservations . . . to extend or accept invitations. A telephone call gives pleasure and peace of mind. • After 7:00 P. M. you can talk to most points 75 miles away for 35c; 150 miles for 50c; 275 miles for 75c.* Try it tonight. (*Three-minute, station-to-station calls)

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"Just try to keep us away!"

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 15

But when Calvin came that night to dine with the Burleighs, and take Mary afterward to a moving picture, she had made up her mind. They were no sooner in the car, driving away from the house, than she opened the subject bravely.

"Calvin, I want to talk to you."

"Fire and fall back," said Calvin. "Mary, do you know what I wish? I wish Babs' visit was over, and the bank business all settled, and that it was spring, and you and I driving to our own little house somewhere. Mary, will you go to town with me Saturday afternoon, and shall we have dinner and see a picture and stay at the Fairmont? Do you realize that you're my wife, woman? Do you realize I'm crazy about you?"

"I think that's what's worrying me," Mary made herself say.

"The secret part of it, you mean?"

"That partly. Cal, were we fools to do it?"

"Not to tell them? I don't know that we were. I imagine that if we had it all to do again we'd do it the same. We had good reasons then."

"You're the first man who ever asked me to marry him, Cal."

"And the last, darling?"

"Will you park somewhere here along Hanover Street where it's dark? I want to talk to you."

"I'll not only park, I'll take a good kiss from my wife," Calvin said with a laugh.

"When we were married that day in San Jose I didn't know anything about love," Mary said slowly, her face very close to his, but her body held stiffly away as he put his arm about her shoulders. "I liked you terribly, better than any man I'd ever known. I was confused by Mother's death, and by our losing everything and having to stand on our own feet."

"Check! Kiss me again, you darling. Why, Mary, I'm ten times as much in love with you now as I was when you married me," Calvin said cheerfully.

"No, but you don't understand, Cal. Since then—since you went away the last time, I've changed. Everything's changed. I—it wouldn't be honest to let you think—that's what I'm trying to tell you. I'm different," Mary stammered.

"WHAT d'you mean?" Calvin asked, in an altered tone. He leaned back to let the street lamp shine on her face. "Mean you don't like me?" he added.

"It's not that; I'll always like you, always be grateful to you for liking me when I was down and out. It's just that I—I don't want to be married, Cal. I can't believe you and I ever were married. I just—it makes me nervous to think about it. I want to be me, I want to belong to myself—"

She stopped, and Calvin laughed fondly, his lips brushing her hair.

"Why, you little darling idiot!" he said. "You're not afraid of me *now!*"

"I just—want to be free," Mary said, feeling helpless and foolish.

"Tired of your husband?"

"No. No! But I feel—I feel that I could love a person more, Cal, or love him in a different way. It seems unfair to you, you deserve better—"

The floundering phrases had been running in her head all day. They sounded singularly unconvincing under his sharp, puzzled stare.

"You mean Jeffery Maclean?" he asked quietly.

"We love each other," Mary answered simply.

"While I've been down south," Calvin began in a harsh, cold voice. He stopped short, spoke more mildly. "Why, Mary, you're crazy!" he said. And then, as she did not speak, "What makes you think he likes you?"

"Everything," Mary answered, feeling a relief that was almost pain at her heart that the words were said at last. Nothing could be as bad as the dread she had been feeling all day.

"He's told you so?"

"I don't think so; not in so many words."

"Kissed you, huh?"

"Only once. This morning, when he left. He came down and we talked in the back yard, just before noon."

"HE KNEW you were married?"

"Not until today. I told him then."

"I thought we weren't going to tell anyone?"

"I had to tell him."

"He'll tell Carol before they've been married a week."

"They're not going to be married."

"Who says so?"

"He said so this morning."

"Yes; he'd say that!" Calvin said, in strong and bitter incredulity. "Leave it to him! Well, Carol says different. She came into the bank this afternoon and told me that he'd gone, and she was perfectly cheerful. She's coming to the party for Babs next week and she said she might go back East after New Year's. 'Jeffery and I will probably be married there very quietly,' she said. 'My mother is anxious not to have her accident upset all our plans.' Carol's not worried! Can't you see, Mary," Calvin went on urgently, "can't you see that he's the kind of fellow that makes love to every pretty girl he sees? He's no more in love with you than he is with Chris! I know his kind. Divorces a woman in the East, gets engaged to Carol when they were both probably pie-eyed, and then makes love to my wife!"

"He didn't know we were married."

"Well, he does now," said Cal. "And he can put it in his pipe and smoke it! The nerve. The cold-blooded nerve. He's the ugly kind all women spoil; he thought you'd fall for him like a ton of coal! You'll forget him, Mary. In six weeks you won't remember he's alive."

"Ah, Cal, can't you see that it's impossible? I told you I liked you! I do. But feeling this way, I simply can't think of myself as your wife! Couldn't we—couldn't we manage a divorce without anyone's knowing? Couldn't you have business in Reno for a few weeks, and keep it all a secret?"

A silence. But she could feel Calvin's anger like a visible presence in the dark.

"And then he'd marry you and it'd all be swell?" he asked in a tone of iron after the pause.

"No; I don't mean that! I only mean that, feeling this way toward one man, it's—it's impossible to think of being the wife of another."

"Feeling what way?"

"I don't know what to call it. I've never been like this before! I mean—nervous all the time, jumpy, and not being able to swallow—everything all tastes the same. And my eyes," Mary went on, reaching for words, "they feel so—well, dry, all the time, and they stay wide open all night. I haven't slept for a week—not since I knew."

"And that's love, is it?" Calvin demanded.

He hates me; this is horrible, Mary thought in her frightened heart. But I can't stop now. I can't leave it unfinished. "I'm so sorry," she said aloud. "I'm bitterly sorry!"

"And you want me to go up to Reno because you're sorry?"

"Ah, Cal, don't take that tone! It's all been such a mistake; I've made such a mess of it! I never should have done it, I never should have thought of leaving the family so soon. It'll be years before they can spare me."

"ALL your talk," Calvin presently began coldly, in a heavy, calculating tone, "doesn't affect the fact that we're married, you and I. If we break it up, then all our lives we're the people who did *something* queer—got married, or didn't get married, or said we were married, created a nine-days' talk, anyway. My God, I hate it!"

Mary sat in silent despair.

"By gum, I don't know what to do!" Calvin said. "The one thing I never counted on," he added, with a bitter little shred of laughter, "was you kicking me out! Never occurred to me. I thought about my uncle, and smoothing things out until we were ready to spring the bombshell. I never thought of you falling for a big four-flusher like Jeffery Maclean and pulling this kind of thing on me. I don't know what to do!"

"You're no more in love with him than I am!" he said impatiently. "Well—!"

He started the car, and they drove back silently toward Green Oaks.

"I'll tell you," Cal said, when they were nearly home. "I see no reason to broadcast this. We've kept our mouths shut since July; we may as well keep them shut for a while longer. That's all we can do. Babs'll be here, and I suppose Aunt Julia will give that accursed dance New Year's Eve! It can't be helped. She's counting on you helping her with that—"

"Oh, Cal, *gladly!*" Mary said eagerly, feeling ready for anything if she might finally escape from this nightmare.

"There's no use your talking divorce; he wouldn't marry you if you were ten times divorced," Calvin said. Mary felt her color rise hotly; she did not reply. "But if you want to keep the whole thing quiet indefinitely, and if you're through with me, that's something else again," the man presently added, his pride bitterly cut. "We can talk it over again some day, decide what to do."

"I agree with you!" Mary said quickly. "I'll do anything! But it was a mistake, and the sooner we admit it the sooner we'll find our way out. We never should have been married!"

"Yes, but you never would have found it out if Jeffery hadn't come along," the man said coldly.

"Oh, I would, Cal! Not that I *don't* love you, not that I won't always want to feel that we're friends—"

"Why, it isn't like you," he reasoned. The car stopped at her gate now. "It isn't like you to fall for a guy like that! You've always had so much sense, Mary."

"Good night, Cal," the girl said in a stifled voice. She slipped from the front seat, went quickly around the side of the house. Oh, it had been terrible, terrible, but she had said it.

BARBARA ROSS proved to be a nice girl with small twinkling eyes in a round firm face flushed with healthy color and covered with a fine down. She had nondescript brown hair and a rather stocky young body; she dressed too smartly for any but an extremely pretty girl; her sweaters and hats daring, her shoes expensive. She came down with Calvin to see Mary on Christmas Eve; Mrs. Tait had sent the young Burleighs two Christmas pies, Calvin had small packages, beautifully wrapped and tied for every member of the family. There was a sense of gala in the kitchen; Barty was better, Chrissie had not gotten the cough, and so many old friends had suddenly remembered them all at Christmas that one corner of the kitchen was heaped with fascinating bundles.

"Aunt Julia asked us to stop here and say 'Merry Christmas,'" Calvin said, obviously uncertain of his reception. Mary rose, flushed and lovely from her position before the oven, extended cordial hands as she was introduced to Barbara, and summoned all the members of the family to return the greeting.

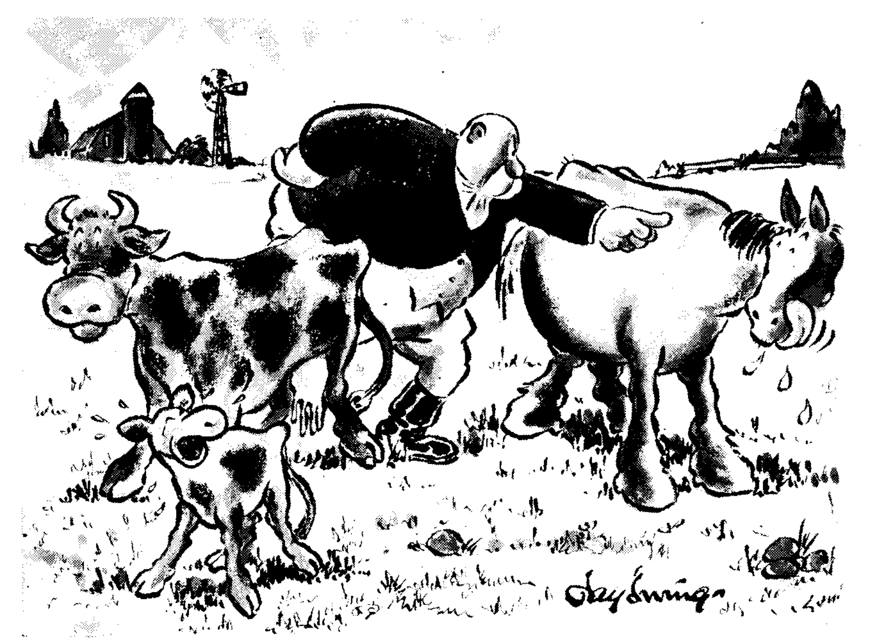
"You are finding us at our wildest, Miss Ross," Mary said in her cordial fashion. "If Cal had given me even ten minutes' warning—"

"I think it's wonderful, and something smells delicious!" Barbara said. "Cousin Calvin's been telling me how—what—that—I mean about losing your mother, and I think you're splendid. And of course she's out and out the most beautiful person I ever saw," Barbara said to Calvin later of Mary. "With those eyes so blue, and her cheeks red from cooking, and that goldy hair—and that voice! I never saw anyone so lovely. How does it happen you aren't in love with her, Cousin Calvin?"

"A good many people are, I believe."

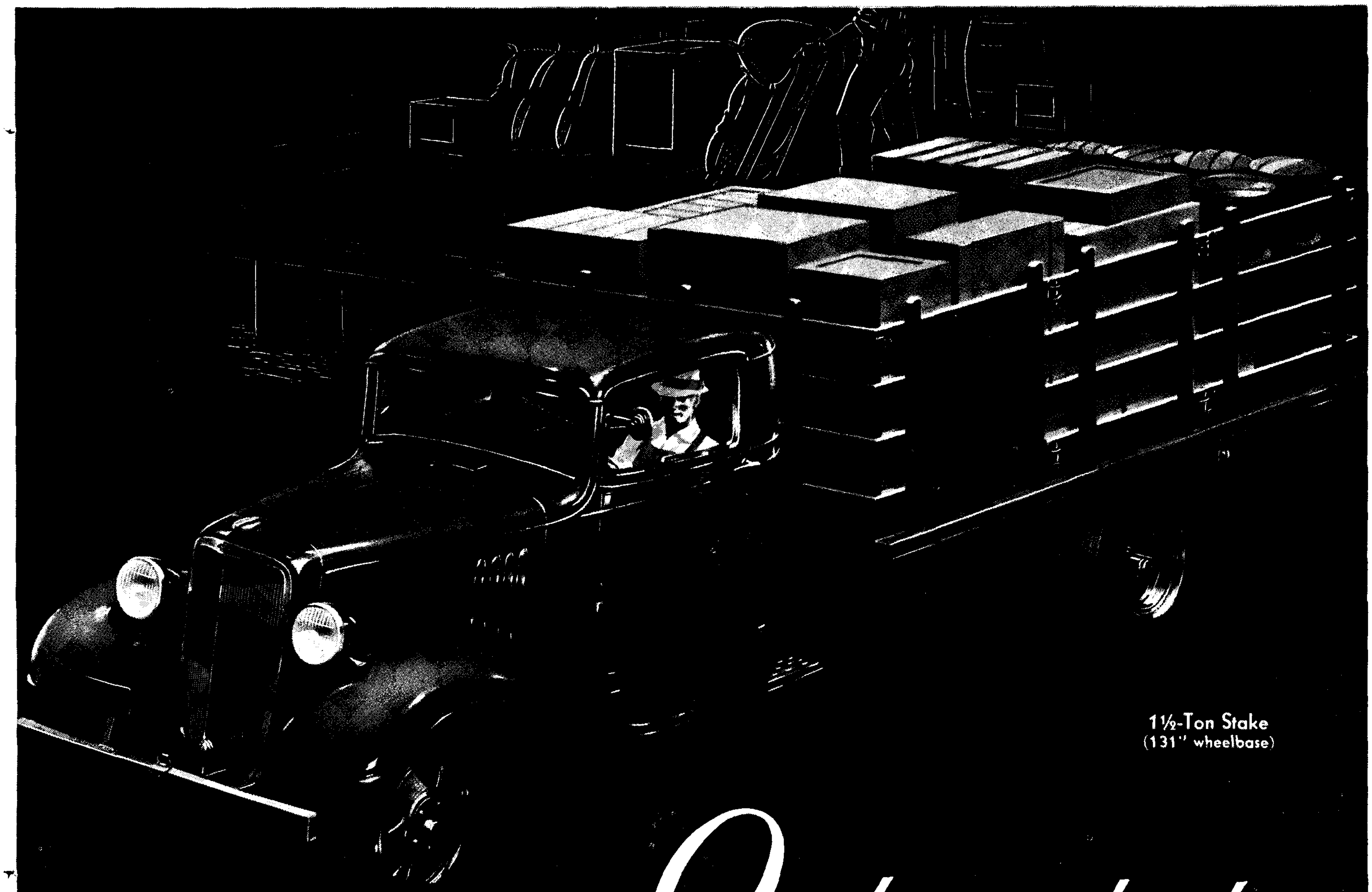
"I think she's sweet," Barbara said decidedly. And she immediately took steps to make a friend of Mary. She drove down to Buena Vistita Avenue;

(Continued on page 30)



"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Taking candy from a baby!"

JAY IRVING



1½-Ton Stake
(131" wheelbase)

Quality so high

that the operating and maintenance costs are lowest

- You who buy trucks for *economical* transportation will appreciate the fact that Chevrolet Trucks sell at the *world's lowest prices*. And you will be equally pleased to find that Chevrolet operating and maintenance costs are also *lowest of the low* because of the sterling quality that Chevrolet builds into its products! All Chevrolet Trucks are powered by *six-cylinder valve-in-head engines* because experience has proved that this type of engine gives finer service with *less gas and oil*. And all Chevrolet Trucks are built to the highest standards of quality manufacture—made *extra-strong, extra-rugged, extra-dependable*—so that they will continue to do their work faithfully and at minimum cost over a long period of years. Buy your Chevrolet Truck with full confidence that it will save you money. Buy it with the knowledge that it will be *most economical* . . . because Chevrolet Trucks sell at the world's lowest prices . . . and because their quality is so high that the operating and maintenance costs are lowest!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms
A General Motors Value

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET
SIX-CYLINDER
VALVE-IN-HEAD
TRUCKS

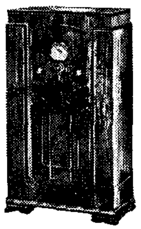
IT'S A STROMBERG-CARLSON
IT'S WORLD-WAVE
IT'S ONLY $59.50

No. 58-T. Height, 19 in. Same chassis as 58-L.

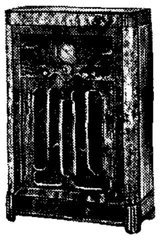
A SUPER-VALUE in radio. Never before has a radio set with such superb qualities of performance sold at so low a price. Its quiet sensitivity, great distance reach, and glorious Natural Tone whether you listen to a program from America or Africa, are bringing expressions of delight from owners everywhere.

It is Stromberg-Carlson's new development, the *clover-leaf* arrangement of coils and range switches that makes possible these new radios, with their extraordinary capacity. No other method ever devised has so simplified and perfected World-Wave reception.

Stromberg-Carlsons are priced from $59.50 to $985 (slightly higher Texas, Rockies and West). Dealers listed in classified telephone directory.

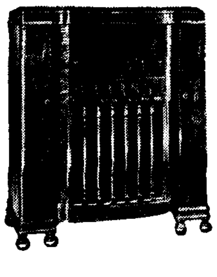


NO. 58-L STANDARD LOWBOY. Three Tuning Ranges. Large Airplane Type Dial. Dual Ratio Tuning Knob. 6 tubes. 8¼ inch speaker. Genuine American walnut faced cabinet in rich and subdued taste. Height, 36½ inches. Price . . $78.50



NO. 58-W DE LUXE LOWBOY. Three Tuning Ranges. Large Airplane Type Dial. Dual Ratio Tuning Knob. 6 tubes. 10¼ inch speaker with 1½ inch voice coil. Highly ornamental cabinet in genuine walnut and birdseye maple veneers. Height, 37¼ inches. Price $92.50

RADIO'S SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT



NO. 74 GRAND RADIO AND AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH with the Acoustical Labyrinth. All-Wave—High Fidelity—Te-lek-tor Type. The finest reproducer of speech and music ever made available to the public. 30 watts undistorted output. Price $985.00

NOTICE TO DEALERS. Merchants in unassigned territory interested in handling this quality line, write Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., immediately, for details of our franchise.

Stromberg-Carlson

THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 28

she waited for Mary in the bakery; she came to know every member of the family. "I think Cousin Cal is a great admirer of yours, Mary," she said.

"Well, I'm a great admirer of his!" Mary said cheerfully. Calvin was being extraordinarily nice these days; he was being kind and simple; he was never embarrassing her. They had taken no steps either toward the annulment or the announcement of their marriage; matters were resting, and Mary's spirit rested with them.

A single letter from Jeffery had thrown her into a state of agitation for a day or two; then life had gone back to its even level of dishes and dusting, doughnuts and rye loaves again. Jeffery told her briefly that he wished her great happiness; he himself was leaving for China with Phipps, the archaeologist, on the Lewisohn Expedition. It was a great opportunity, and it was just what he wanted to do. He would send her an occasional note; he gave her a banker's address in New York for the forwarding of letters.

Carol Moulton had left unexpectedly for New York. Entirely unaware that Mary had had specific information, she told her that Jeffery might "be obliged" to take quite a long trip. She would see him before he left; perhaps go with him. Mary listened respectfully, an odd content at her heart. He loved her and she loved him; when the dust of the earthquake of that discovery had settled a little, somehow life would bring them together.

ONE day she found herself telling old Doctor Poett about it. Mary had had no intention of taking him into her confidence; but when he came down to Buena Vistita Avenue to see Bart, and sat chatting with her in the orderly, quiet kitchen in mid-afternoon, it was suddenly natural to her to pour out the whole story.

The old man gave no sign of surprise.

"Well, Mary, Mary, Mary!" he said in his mild, soft old voice. "I'm pleased to hear this. Cal is a fine feller. Good people, the Taits. Old John is a dry old feller, but as honest as the day is long."

"But Doctor, that's the very point. I don't love Cal. Not as a husband, anyway; not the way a wife ought to love him! And this other man—that's the awful part of it!—this man I hardly know, I do love! I love him so much I can't think of anyone else!"

"Why, shoosh, Mary!" Lee Poett said. "That ain't love. That ain't nothin' but a girl wantin' *somethin'* she *can't* have. You wouldn't want him long if you got him. He'd take ye away from your own folks to a place ye don't know nothin' about—I can't abear the East, for one; ye could have all New York before I'd take a mite of it!—and every time ye thought back it'd be with a feelin' that ye'd hurt a decent feller who'd known you and your folks since ye was a baby!"

Mary sat opposite him across the kitchen table, her elbows resting on the checked red cloth, her chin in her hands. A stubborn light burned somberly in her eyes.

"There are some things a girl just can't *do*, Doctor," she said patiently. She wished she hadn't talked to him about it at all!

"You *did* marry Cal," Lee Poett said with a keen look.

"Yes, but I didn't know what I was doing!"

"Lots of women could say that, Mary."

A silence. Mary fumbled for a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"After all, ye made a promise," the old man added. "A girl like you hasn't a right to go back on her promises."

"Oh, promises!" Mary echoed bitterly.

THAT night was the night of the Taits' big costume party for Barbara Ross. Peter and Mary both were to be guests, but Peter would somehow get a lift home after the affair, and Mary was to stay with Barbara all night. The two girls had been excitedly busy over the details of the affair since long before Christmas; a decorator had come down from San Francisco to do beautiful things to the heavy old rooms. The refreshments were in charge of a city caterer; there were to be favors and caps and surprises all through the evening. Old John Tait was to take himself off to his club for the night; Barbara would share her grandmother's room; Mary took possession of what had long ago been the room of the daughter of the house; she and Barbara dressed in there for the party. They had wearied themselves in the late afternoon with last touches, then Mary had rushed off to superintend an early supper at home, delegate her bakery responsibilities to Lindsay, and come back excitedly with Peter on the bus, her great-grandmother's Civil War-time dress packed with Peter's blue regimentals in a suitcase. Peter went up to Calvin's room, and the two girls stretched themselves on the wide bed in Mary's room, and lay resting under the fat silk comforters, cold-creaming their faces, gossiping, laughing. Then Babs quite suddenly confessed to Mary that she, Barbara Ross, had fallen in love with her cousin Calvin.

Mary, lying on her side with her elbow on a pillow and her head on her arm, regarded the other girl seriously. She felt a reluctance to hear, a sickness of pity; she could give no sign.

"Why doesn't he *see* it, Mary?"

"Men are queer, Babs."

"I don't mean that he necessarily would return it," Babs said. "I wouldn't even mind if he didn't! I mean, one person always has to love the most in every marriage, don't you think so? If he wasn't so crazy about me at first he *would* be by the time we'd been married a while! I'm going off to China in a few weeks to stay with Aunt Marjorie; I don't in the least want to go. I want to stay here, and have Calvin fall in love with me, and marry him in June. Mary, Calvin was in love with you, wasn't he?"

"Was he?" Mary said, flushing and laughing.

"You know he was! Well, I'll take first bath," Babs said, dragging herself off the bed with a long sigh. "I'm bounced out of my room because the men's coats are going in there, but I brought all my stuff in here—I'll leave it for you. I have to sleep with Grandmother because if she hears noises at night she always remembers the crazy Filipino that took her pearls."

"Oh, if you knew the deliciousness and luxury of a bath in a bathtub!" Mary was presently exulting.

"D'you mean to say," Babs demanded, through a veil of violently brushed hair, "that you haven't a bathtub in your house?"

"I do. Oh, beautiful hot water, how I love you!" Mary's blazing gold head was caught in a tower of steam. Suds covered her slender smooth shoulders like a cape.

"But Mary, how on earth do you keep *clean?*"

"Oh, pitchers and basins, and character, loads of character. After all, Martha Washington didn't have a bathtub, nor Mary Stuart either! The glory of smelly soap, of faucets running like mad, of big fat white towels with the Starkes' crest on them," Mary reveled. "Some day I'll have a bathtub again, and I'll set my alarm clock to get up in the night and look at it and make sure it's there."

Babs was getting her chubby body into a Dutch peasant's dress; her chubby face was presently framed in a marvelous headpiece of stiffened lace ribbons and gold bobs. Gold braids stood out at appropriate angles; so dressed, and with excitement lending her unusual color and brilliance, Babs looked better than Mary had supposed she could ever look.

Mary's hair was turned under and augmented by two long curls of red-gold that hung on her powdered shoulders. To hold the curls in place was a wreath of small pink roses and buds; there were more roses to catch up the loops of the taffeta skirt and outline the top of the bodice. The crisp cracked folds of the brocade were spread in pale pink and pale blue, plum color and silver glory about her; her old gold earrings were intricately patterned with seed pearls, and matched the stately necklace of seed pearls set in gold. She carried a lace fan; on a pearl ring and chain her filmy lace handkerchief was elegantly suspended. Babs made no comment on Mary's appearance when both girls were completely ready, and the clock said ten; Mary did not invite it. She felt a little embarrassed.

THE house was deliciously scented with evergreen when at last they went demurely downstairs; music was sounding from the banked palms in the back of the wide hallway beyond the stairs; Calvin and Peter were hovering about nervously, walking from one blazing fireplace to another, smoking cigarettes. A Civil War captain, handsome in gray; a stately Revolutionary colonel in wig, breeches, ruffles, both looking as if they felt foolish, came to meet the girls just where the bronze fisherboy in tatters and bare feet stood holding up the newel-post lamp; Bab's and Mary's delight and admiration did something immediately to restore their confidence. And within a moment the first arrivals were there; the happy, noisy, laughing Careys all the way down from the city, half-frozen and enthusiastic over fires, mistletoe, sherry, dressing-tables and their welcome.

Others came thick and fast.

Presently a clown in great spots of black on creamy satin took Mary quietly into his arms, and she was dancing with Calvin.

"Are you having a good time, Mary?"

"Oh, the best! I didn't expect to, but I'm loving it."

"Didn't expect to?" He danced magnificently; the girls had always claimed shamelessly that they lay in wait to ask Cal Tait to dance with them.

"I didn't expect to," Mary said simply, "because so many things are worrying me."

He did not seize this opening; he merely said in a host's amiable content:

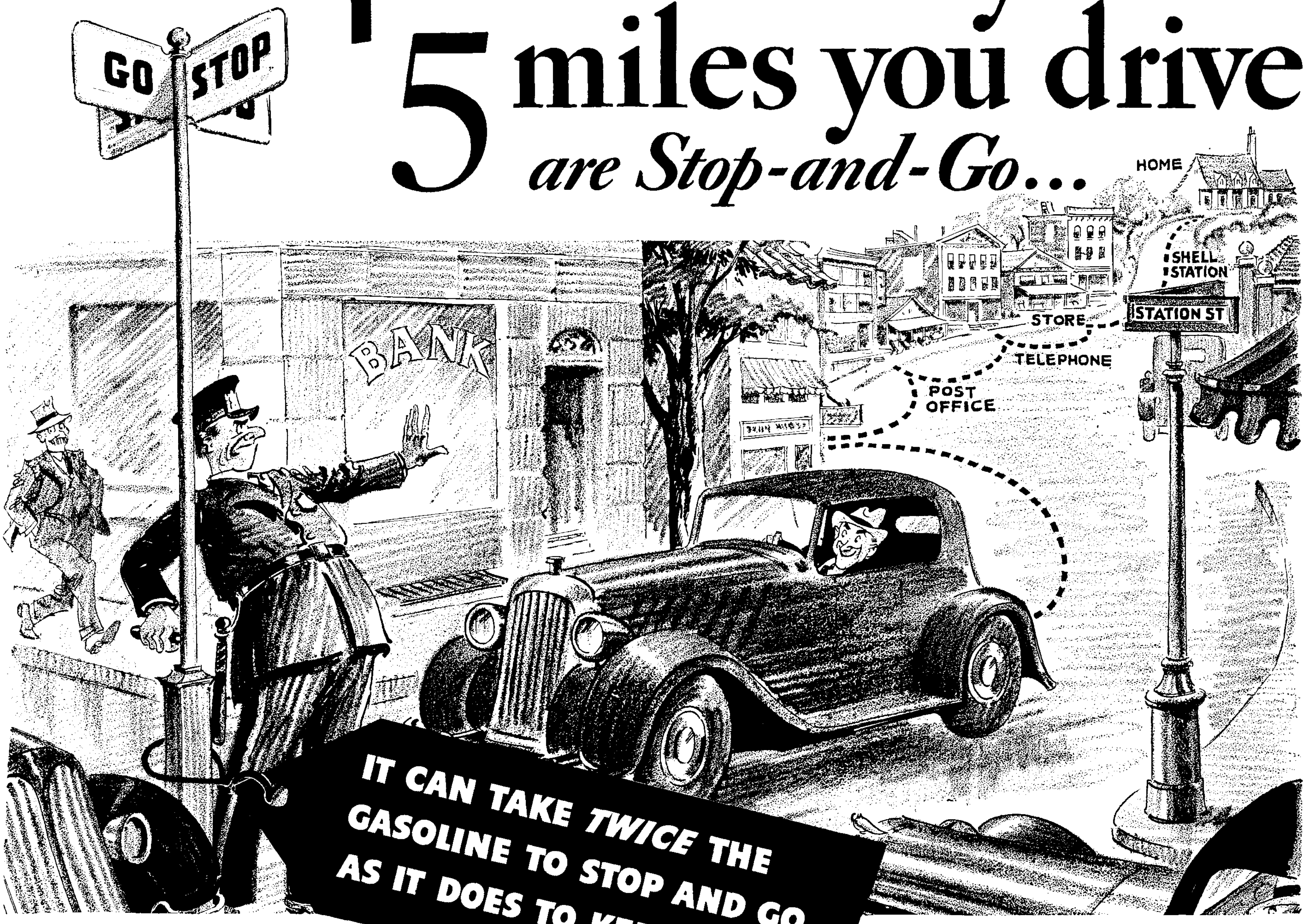
"I think they're all having a good time."

"Almost time for the excitement," Mary said, feeling oddly snubbed. "Weren't you and Peter to start things at about a quarter of twelve?"

"Pete's running it; he'll come for me.

(Continued on page 32)

4 out of every 5 miles you drive *are Stop-and-Go...*



IT CAN TAKE *TWICE* THE GASOLINE TO STOP AND GO—AS IT DOES TO KEEP GOING

Today's starting, shifting and accelerating waste your money—if your gasoline hasn't these 3 Kinds of Power

IT is not difficult to make a gasoline that merely STARTS quickly . . . or one that PULLS HARD . . . or one that gives you more MILEAGE on steady running.

But your gasoline bills would be mighty high if your gasoline did only ONE of these jobs well.

The big engineering feat is to make a gasoline that has ALL THREE of these kinds of power . . . and has them in the right proportions — in PERFECT BALANCE!

Today such a gasoline has been perfected. It is the FIRST truly balanced gasoline. It is called "Super-Shell."

It is another of the big achievements by Shell engineers, whose research helped to pave the way for the high-compression head principle used in 98% of today's cars.

With 3 kinds of power in perfect balance, Super-Shell saves you money 3 ways. That's a good reason to stop today at one of the 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast.

SAVES gasoline in 3 ways

STARTING—With its even volatility, Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start. Even on sizzling days, your engine is relatively "cold" when not running.

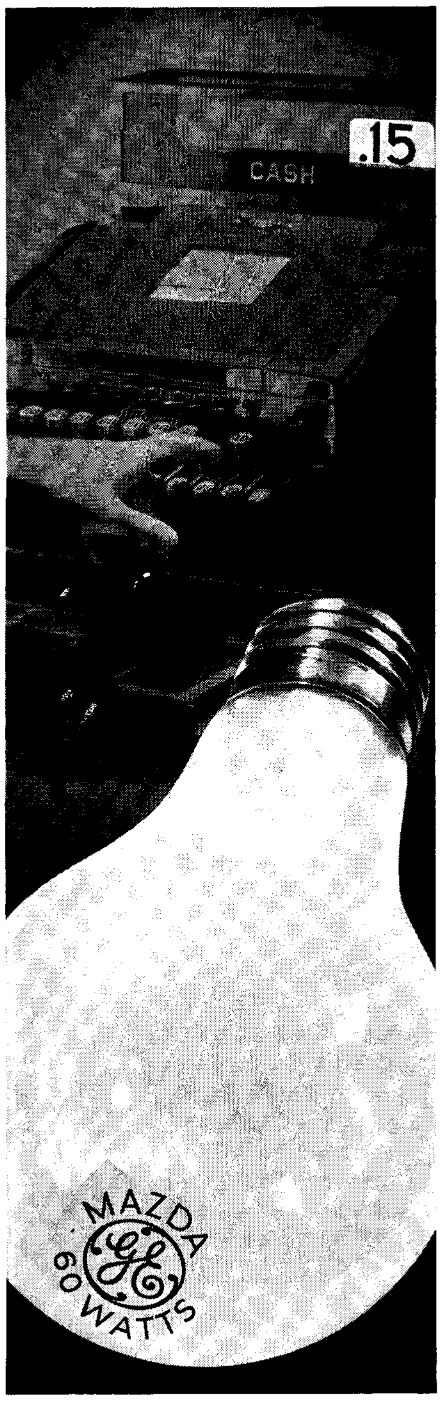
SHIFTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of hard pulling, or rapid accelerating.

RUNNING—With its abundant heat units, Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline in every hour of steady running, motorists report.

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving



THIS IS A *real* BARGAIN SALE

It isn't only the small price of this General Electric MAZDA lamp that makes it a real bargain. It's the low cost of the light it gives afterwards that makes it foolish to buy a lamp of inferior make. Poor lamps use as much current as good lamps, yet they very often give 30 per cent less light . . . blacken easily . . . burn out before they should. The 25-40-60 watt sizes in lamps bearing the famous General Electric monogram, formerly 20 cents, now cost only 15 cents. The 100-watt size, formerly 25 cents, now costs only 20 cents. Large sight-saving sizes at proportionately lower prices. Why take chances with your eyes and pocketbook? General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 30

I've begun to like Pete a lot," Calvin said. "I've never," he added suddenly, and Mary knew from his tone that it was the last thing he wanted to say, "I've never seen you look as beautiful as you do tonight. As you came down the stairs—I've never seen you look so well!"

"Hoopskirts are a flattering sort of fashion," Mary murmured. "This old thing is falling apart . . . there's a man here tonight, who would that be?—who's on the board of some museum in San Francisco. He said it ought to be there."

"That'd be Kane Keating."

"That was the name. He's nice."

"I don't know him at all well. Babs knew him in Boston; she asked him. She looks cute, doesn't she?"

"But the wooden shoes didn't last long; I didn't think they would," Mary said, smiling. "Yes; she looks adorable. She's an awfully sweet person, Cal. She likes you, too. I don't think she'd mind my telling you so."

The dance music had stopped for a few seconds; they were walking slowly about in a moving circle of laughing persons. Calvin, his hands still clapping, gave Mary an oblique side look that was stunning in its quiet disapproval.

"I wonder if you won't think it very odd some day, Mary, your saying that to me? You are married to me, you know; I am your husband, after all."

SHAME took hold of Mary. Somehow she disengaged herself from his arm and went across the room to talk to Mrs. Tait and old Mrs. Rumbold, who were amiably watching the scene from comfortable big chairs near the front parlor fire. The old ladies were pleased with her attention; the more especially as several detached young men and a few unpopular girls eagerly seized this opportunity to place themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the beautiful Miss Burleigh. Mary had the next dance with Peter and planned to beg off; she did not know what she was talking or laughing about; she wanted only to escape upstairs, to fling herself down somewhere in the dark, to cry her eyes out with despair and humiliation and self-pity and self-blame.

But the New Year now had to have its big moment. Peter was marshaling the irrepressibly gay dancers into couples and lines. Calvin, with a paper in his hands, was standing up on a chair shouting for silence and attention. Two or three caterer's men had come in with great trays of lighted candles and baskets of packages gay in silver and violet papers tied with blue, gold and orange ribbons.

"Have you heard about Barbara and Calvin?" Mrs. Tait asked impressively at Mary's ear. Mary turned a suddenly pale face.

"No, I hadn't! You mean—?"

"I think they've settled it; anyone about here with sharp eyes would have seen it," Mrs. Tait, who was notoriously obtuse and unobserving, said complacently. "I think Somebody'll go off as planned, have her China visit, and then come back and tell us all the news. I told Mr. Tait so today. He was perfectly delighted. Barbara's father—my daughter's husband, was a Ross of Macon, you know—wonderful family. Grandfather was an aide of General Lee. He left her plenty of money—not that Calvin would let that influence him."

The vortex of devils, clowns, dancers, medieval princesses and Mae Wests, Salvation Army lassies and sailor lads drew Mary into its heart. Horns were blowing now, mouth-whistles leaping out in wavering paper snakes, wooden clackers deafeningly busy. The whistles of Las Palomas and the striking of the stately old Tait clocks were drowned out, but the shouted exchanges of good wishes were punctual none the less. Confetti began to fly through the air; paper ribbons caught on headdresses and chandeliers and picture frames; the dancers waded in it and were tangled in it.

MARY and Babs, exhausted with laughter and fun, dancing and eating, went upstairs together at about three o'clock. The Tait ball had been an unqualified success. Mary, except for a scalding moment, had forgotten her troubles for a few brief hours; Babs was thrilled by a sudden affair with one Oliver Lunt, a young engineer who was going out to China on the very ship that she was. And he had promised to send her a book! Barbara had never had so much fun in her life.

She came into Mary's room to gather up a few possessions, stood changing feet and yawning happily for an hour while the girls exchanged satisfied reminiscences, and finally dawdled away with her powder box and pajamas, just as Mary put the finishing touches upon the idly prolonged business of getting ready for bed. Her face creamed and wiped clean, her crinolines back on the hanger, her hair untangled from its supplementary curls and roses and brushed into loose red-gold glory, her best silk pajamas donned, when Babs went away Mary got into bed and reached for her book. She always read for a few moments at night, no matter what the hour; even in the house in Buena Vistita Avenue Mary had her table and reading light.

She had not turned a page when the knob of the door turned with only the faintest click. Mary's eyes went to it and she felt her heart jump like a living separate thing in her breast.

"Babs?" she said in a sharp whisper. But it was not Babs; it was Calvin who came in and closed the door behind him. He was wearing the blue wrapper she had seen before, slippered, all the clown's pigments washed from his face, his hair freshly brushed. "Calvin—" Mary said slowly.

He came across the big room and sat on her bed.

"Tired?" he said amiably.

"Calvin," she said, her throat thick, "what is it? It's terribly late. What did you want?"

"I just," he began mildly, and stopped, looking away as if he were trying to find exactly the words he wanted. "I just thought it was about time to stop all this nonsense about our not being married, Mary," he said, "about your being in love with a man you hardly know. The longer we let this go the harder it's going to be to straighten it out. You're my wife. I realized tonight how much I love you; I'll always love you. In a few weeks we'll come out before the world with a house and an icebox and a lawn mower, and forget all this foolishness! Meanwhile there's no use in our going psychopathic and analytical and being unkind to each other. I'm not a cold-blooded brute; other people don't find me so hard to like. I'm just a man in love with his wife."

HE STOPPED, looking at her unsmilingly, seriously. Mary, her back against the big pillows, felt herself trembling all over, heard her voice tremble as she spoke:

"Calvin, please—we can't talk about these things now! It's long after midnight; we're both tired. Tomorrow—truly, if you'll come down for lunch tomorrow—"

"I think you're acting like a silly little girl, Mary; you're talking against time. I don't think you're the person to decide what's best to be done. You and I belong to Las Palomas; we were born here and our people were born here. You liked me well enough to marry me six months ago; now you think you like another man well enough to marry him. I disagree. I don't think you're a good judge! I think if you had your own way you'd ruin your life, right here and now, getting a divorce before your marriage was announced, distressing your own people, putting me in a hell of a fix. We've had enough of it."

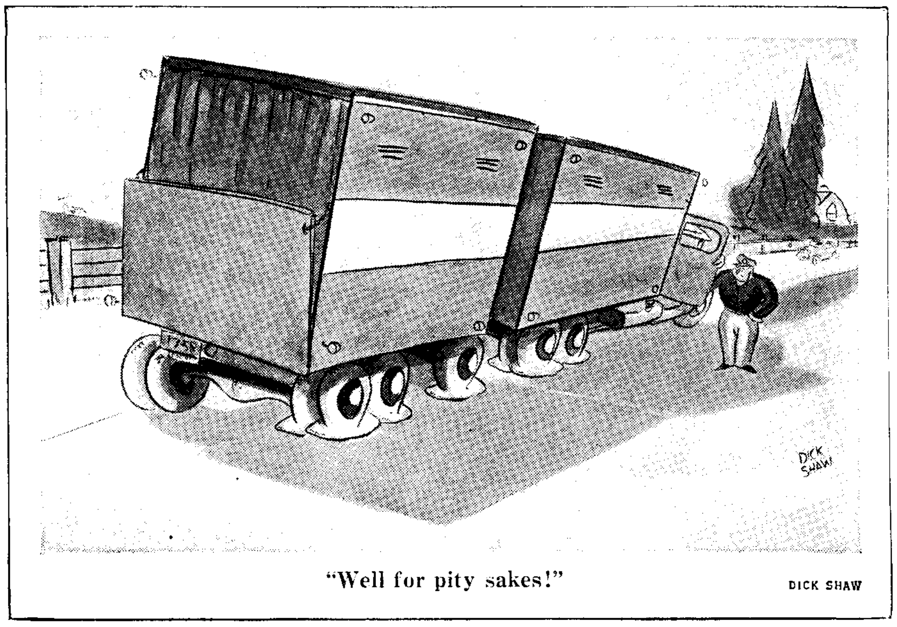
"I hardly think," Mary managed to whisper, watching him with dilating eyes that blazed blue fire, "that you'll stay here tonight if I tell you I don't want you to, if I tell you I forbid it!"

"I think you'll forgive me some day," Calvin said. His own face was almost as pale as hers, and his voice had a forced ring. But she knew he was not weakening.

"I'll never forgive you!"

"I think you will. This, after all, is my wife's room," Calvin said, "and I'm in love with my wife!"

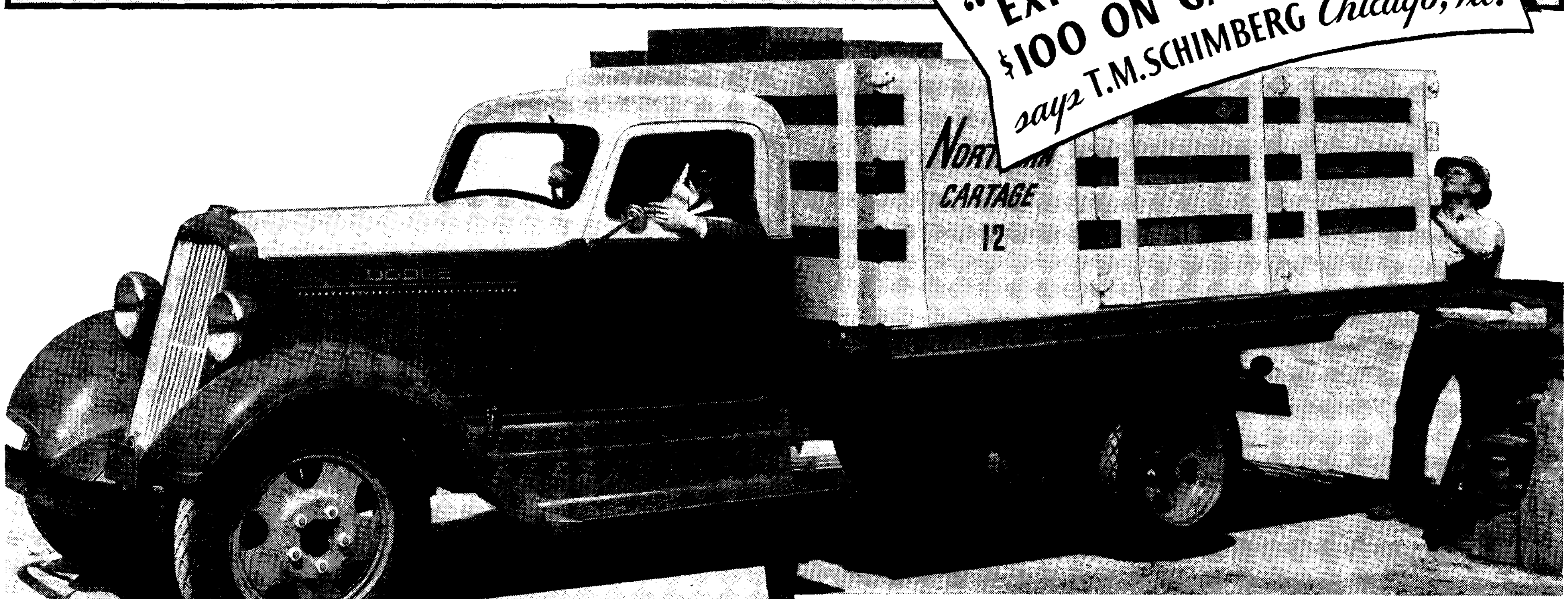
(To be continued next week)



"Well for pity sakes!" DICK SHAW

"Getting 2 FREE Miles a Gallon With My Dodge Truck"

"EXPECT TO SAVE ABOUT $100 ON GAS AND OIL" says T. M. SCHIMBERG *Chicago, Ill.*



*Dodge 1½-Ton Stake, 162" w. b.—$740**

"I recently bought one of the new low-priced Dodge trucks and on checking up I find that the saving on gas and oil over my previous low-priced trucks is certainly amazing. My figures prove I'm getting 2 free miles a gallon with my Dodge truck. Figured on an average year of use, I expect to save about $100.00 on gas and oil," writes Mr. Schimberg, of Manhattan Bottling Company, 306 W. 29th St., Chicago, Illinois.

18 MONEY-SAVING FEATURES IN DODGE CHASSIS..

Engine Designed for Extra Economy

No wonder thousands of truck buyers, amazed at Dodge's "more-for-the-money" features, are turning to Dodge trucks to save money. Dodge trucks, with their 17-year old reputation for long life and low running cost, are now priced down with the lowest.

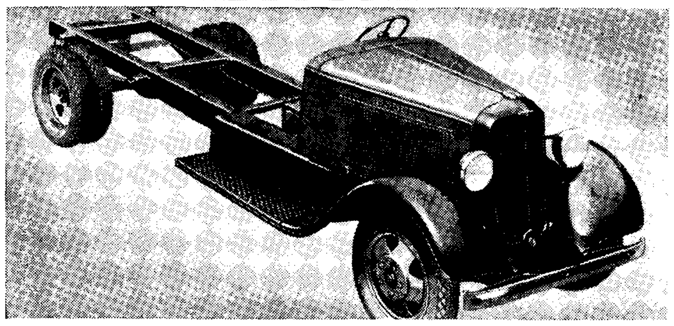
Nowhere else in the low price field can you buy a truck with all of Dodge's 18 recognized, high-priced, money-saving features. Hydraulic brakes save you money on tires . . . brake adjusting . . . brake relining! Full-floating rear axle cuts repair costs and prolongs truck life! 4-ring pistons save gas. Special alloy steel valve seat inserts save gas and postpone valve-grinding expense thousands of extra miles. Full-length water jackets prolong engine life and save gas and oil. Only Dodge in the lowest-priced truck field gives you all these features . . . and a dozen more besides.

Before you buy any low-priced truck be sure you check Dodge. Satisfy yourself that you get the most for your money. Get the features you know will save on gas and oil, and cut upkeep costs. See your Dodge dealer, and get a show-down of truck values today.

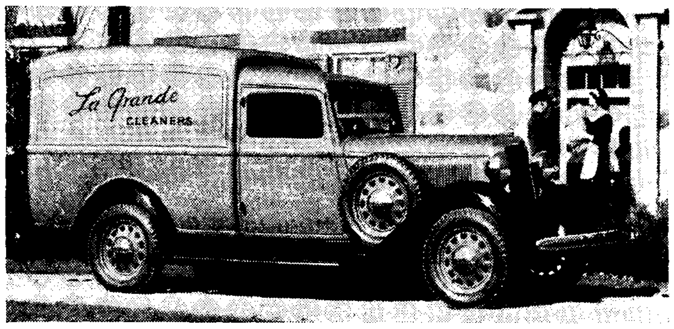
DODGE DIVISION—
CHRYSLER MOTORS

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan. (Dodge Passenger Cars $645* and up.)*

$365* AND UP



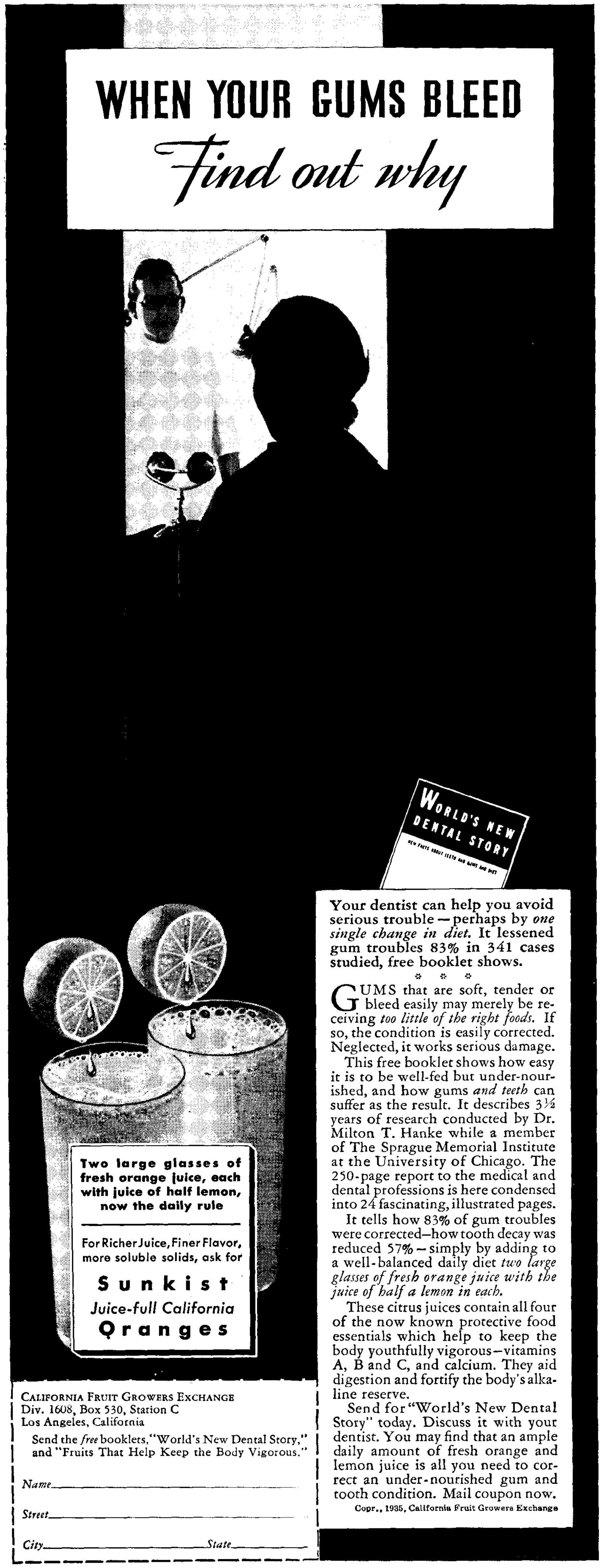
DODGE 1½-TON CHASSIS, 137' W. B. Gives you 18 high-priced, money-saving features that save money on gas, oil, tires, upkeep and add years to the life of your truck.................................... **$495***



DODGE COMMERCIAL PANEL. 119" w. b.—6 cylinders. America's smartest commercial car, now priced with the lowest. 18 high-priced features, to save you money every mile it travels.................. **$595***

Dependable
DODGE TRUCKS

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST! *Built to Outlast Them All!*


WORLD'S NEW DENTAL STORY
NEW FACTS ABOUT TEETH AND GUMS AND DIET

WHEN YOUR GUMS BLEED
Find out why

Your dentist can help you avoid serious trouble—perhaps by *one single change in diet.* It lessened gum troubles 83% in 341 cases studied, free booklet shows.

* * *

GUMS that are soft, tender or bleed easily may merely be receiving *too little of the right foods.* If so, the condition is easily corrected. Neglected, it works serious damage.

This free booklet shows how easy it is to be well-fed but under-nourished, and how gums *and teeth* can suffer as the result. It describes 3½ years of research conducted by Dr. Milton T. Hanke while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago. The 250-page report to the medical and dental professions is here condensed into 24 fascinating, illustrated pages.

It tells how 83% of gum troubles were corrected—how tooth decay was reduced 57%—simply by adding to a well-balanced daily diet *two large glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.*

These citrus juices contain all four of the now known protective food essentials which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium. They aid digestion and fortify the body's alkaline reserve.

Send for "World's New Dental Story" today. Discuss it with your dentist. You may find that an ample daily amount of fresh orange and lemon juice is all you need to correct an under-nourished gum and tooth condition. Mail coupon now.

Copr., 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Two large glasses of fresh orange juice, each with juice of half lemon, now the daily rule

For Richer Juice, Finer Flavor, more soluble solids, ask for
Sunkist
Juice-full California
Oranges

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Div. 1608, Box 530, Station C
Los Angeles, California

Send the *free* booklets, "World's New Dental Story," and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________

The Amateur Touch

Continued from page 13

time for thoroughgoing reorganization, and depends on shifts to cure the situation. As a consequence, there are enmities and cross-pulls in almost every department and agency, that make inevitably for confusion and delay.

Some eighty-six key men report directly to the President, not to mention a host of lesser officials, each with his own problem or suggestion, and as a result, the antechambers of the executive offices look like the lobby of a hotel. Secretary Ickes, Harry Hopkins, Frank Walker and Professor Tugwell are supposed to be in charge of the four-billion-dollar work program, yet every detail is under the President's eye, and he himself makes the final decisions.

Grinning at Grass Roots

These things are not hidden from the people. The party leaders have never troubled to fit their howls with silencers, and the opposition press has been at pains to point out the manner in which the New Deal team fumbles passes and messes up plays, frequently running in the wrong direction and tackling their own ball carrier. Even so, every canvass of the country reveals little or no diminution in the President's amazing popularity, and the stanchest Republican, led down into a cellar, will admit dolefully that there isn't a Chinaman's chance of beating him for renomination or reëlection.

The Old Wheel Horses, of course, explain the situation by emphasizing the lack of a strong opponent either in Democratic or Republican ranks. They scout the possibility of a Long-Hearst-Coughlin coalition, jeer at the idea of a third party, and dismiss the Republicans as a disorganized mob unable to agree on principles or a candidate. They even chirk up sufficiently to grin at the "grass roots" convention which did not dare attack the AAA, and ended up by virtually indorsing the President's agricultural program.

As for the convention's "Save the Constitution" issue, here is how one graying Democratic veteran views it: "The Grass Rooters gathered in the town of Lincoln, they permitted no pictures save those of Lincoln, and in the name of Lincoln they consecrated the Republican party to defending the Supreme Court against criticism and the Constitution against change. It's a scream. Read your history, and you'll find that Lincoln spent a large part of his time denouncing Supreme Court decisions, and actually set the Constitution aside when he wrote his Emancipation Proclamation.

"Why, in his very first inaugural, which none of the Grass Rooters seems to have read, he said: 'If the policy of government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . the people will cease to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government to that eminent tribunal.' Can't you imagine what F. D. R. will do to them on that issue? All he's got to do is to quote Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. You can't beat his luck. But if there was a *real* fight in 1936, he'd appreciate the importance of a strong organization."

The most peculiar thing about it all is that not one of the Wheel Horses has the wit to see that their very admission knocks the props from under their case. If the President were indeed a poor politician, as they insist, a prize bungler, then how does it come that he stands today, at one of the most confused and critical periods in American history, without other than negligible opposition either in his own party or the ranks of the Republicans?

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 19

taciturnity, and his dislike for them. Kenning evidently knew his breed; quick disgust, the desire to pull out and go on, once relations had become intolerable.

So Mackenzie Joe had gone. And Bruce Kenning had continued, surreptitiously, to dig where Mackenzie Joe had dug; mining and geological experience had told him that Mackenzie was right. Then, with the river bed discovered, a quantity of screened gravel had been taken to the worthless test pit on the benchland and dumped there. No wonder the bottom of the pan, when Jack had washed that sample, had been covered with gold. And now the real discovery was in the hands of Bruce Kenning. Jack Hammond had signed it over that afternoon. He knew that, already, the transfer had been recorded.

Suddenly Hammond crouched, alive to his surroundings. He was within fifty yards of Mackenzie Joe's workings. A faint sound, borne by the brisk wind, carried the rasping of the old ladder as someone began an ascent of the shaft. A shadowy, burdened figure appeared. Hammond ran forward, cursing. He called Bruce Kenning's name. With that, the figure reached the surface, threw the heavy sack of gravel from his shoulders, strove to run, stumbled, then turned, weakly suppliant.

"Don't hurt me," he begged. "I'm not Kenning."

Hammond caught him, lifting him clear of the ground. For an instant, he held the man shaking in his powerful grasp. Then, with a half fling, he gave him freedom.

"I told you never to cross that Alaskan line!" he growled. It was Lew Snade, almost groveling as he strove to back away, to reach a distance from which he could run for safety. But Hammond moved with him, pace for pace.. "Hear me? I told you not to cross that line!"

"But I haven't been bothering Jeanne. Honest to God I haven't. She doesn't even know I'm in the country."

"What are you doing in this test pit?"

"Just getting out a little gravel."

"To make cement with, I suppose. How long have you worked here?"

Snade tried to frame a lie, but he was too frightened.

"Since a night or two after your partner left."

"And you work for Bruce Kenning, don't you?" The big hands caught again at the shoulders of the trembling man. "Don't lie; you work for Bruce Kenning."

"Yeh—I work for him."

"You helped him salt that shaft over on the benchland, too, didn't you?"

"I don't know what he did with the gravel I took over there."

"But you did carry gravel for him."

"I've been working for him, ain't I?"

"And you earned a part of your money by telling Kenning and that woman of his everything that went on between you and Jeanne Towers?"

"Well, he asked me what you were so mad about. The day I borrowed that money."

"Stole it, you mean."

Snade spread his hands.

"Have it your way."

"Where's Kenning now?"

Lew Snade looked up.

"Ain't he at his house?"

"You know he's not there."

"But I don't. Honest to God, I don't. He said he was going to be there."

Hammond threw the man aside and turned again for the hill. A light was burning in Kay's cottage; he could see her shadow as she passed a window. But strangely, the sight of her held no poignancy for him; instead, there was something of the same disgust which he felt for Lew Snade. Then he went on to the Kenning cabin. It was dark, and no one answered his knock. Loosening the leather latch, he walked within, stumbling about the two rooms. Kenning was not there. At last the lights of Whoopee lured him.

HE DID not find the man. Game keepers merely stared at his question, or said they hadn't seen him. Hammond took it for what it was worth; a good gamester leaves the giving of information to the proprietor. Dulled by mental fatigue, Hammond at last approached the bar and shot a glass of whisky down his hot throat, hardly feeling the bite of the liquor. Then Around-the-World Annie strolled through a doorway, and edged beside him, an elbow on the mahogany, a well-shod foot on the brass rail.

"Well, prospector," she queried, "celebrating?"

"If you want to call it that. I'm looking for Bruce Kenning."

"If you find him, tell me," came caustically. Then, when Hammond had bought her a drink: "I'm still wondering if that guy pulled a fast one on me."

"Was he here tonight?"

"Was he here?" asked Around-the-World Annie. "He came in like a fire alarm. That guy's nuts on roulette. He couldn't get to the table fast enough. Had a lot of gold on him. Making bets like a crazy man."

"Who won?"

Around-the-World Annie pressed her lips.

"Am I running a charity bazaar?" she queried. Answering her own question: "Come to think of it, I guess I am. He didn't make a good bet all night. Then he began getting chips on tick. Say," she exclaimed, "he was into me for ten thousand berries of borrowed money before I could tell him I didn't lend to gamblers. I'm givin' you the facts. Fine chance I've got to get it back."

"Oh, he can pay it. He's got the money."

"Yeh?" Annie became more heartened. "You know, I've been wonderin' if it wasn't a gag. This little rat of a Lew Snade comes in just when we're arguing—"

"I thought he worked for you?"

"Snade? He did. Until I fired him for stealing off the girls. Tonight, he was all excited. He rushed up to Kenning and whispered something, and Kenning started to beat it. But I wouldn't let him go, not without some security on that loan. That's when he pulled the fast one. He yelled for a pen and signed his name for me and passed over the damned thing and said he'd be back tomorrow morning to make it good—square up. And I was sap enough to let him leave!"

"Passed over what?"

"Hell, I didn't pay much attention. A check or a note or something. Got it upstairs in the cash box; probably isn't worth the paper it's written on." Annie sighed. "Oh, well, I ain't really out any dough. He owes me ten thousand bucks, but it was for chips that are all back in the racks, now, seein' he lost as fast as he borrowed."

Hammond changed the subject.

"You don't happen to know where this Lew Snade lives?"

Around-the-World Annie screwed up her enameled face.

"Well, now, let's see if I can tell you how to get there. Know that trail that leads off to the left after you're well along toward Sapphire—?"

A half-hour later, Jack Hammond crept slowly forward toward the little cabin, set deep in the forest. For a moment he left the trail, in hiding, yet watchful. The door had opened, revealing Lew Snade, who paused to say something to a remaining occupant, then hurried out along the trail; Hammond could have touched him as he passed. Jack waited long minutes after that. Then he moved slowly, carefully through the tangled underbrush until he could look into the candle-lit cabin. A glance assured him; he ran for the door.

A kick and it flew open. Across the room, white-faced, was Bruce Kenning.

There was a moment of glowering survey. Neither spoke; there was no sound in fact, save the queer, blast-like sounds of heavy breathing. Then Jack Hammond flexed the muscles of his heavy shoulders. His head set in a peculiar forward attitude, brows lowered over watchful eyes. Slowly, deliberately, he started forward. Then suddenly, they met, in slugging combat.

There was little science. What boxing ability they might have possessed had been overwhelmed by rage; now Hammond bored in with a series of straight-arm punches which drove his antagonist, gasping, to the wall. But there, Bruce Kenning took new strength. Now it was he who, leaving himself wide open to the thudding thrusts of his enemy's fist, swung blow after blow against Hammond's face and head.

BUT at last, Kenning gave up his attempts to knock the other man out by punches; soon he ceased striking entirely, and clasping Hammond tight, tried to wrestle him from his feet.

A blood-smeared pair, they crashed from one end of the room to the other. Then, by a tremendous effort, Hammond forced the geologist beneath him, and legs tight-gripped about his chest, straightened for the onslaught of blows that would bring unconsciousness.

A sound came from behind him, like a door opening. Jack gave it no attention. But suddenly, aware of clattering boots, on the rough floor, he tried to turn. Now he saw Lew Snade at the pile of firewood beside the stove; he had a stick in his hand; he ran forward, both hands clenching the weapon—

The pain of the blow lasted only an instant, a shattering, horrible feeling, as though Hammond's head had been separated from his body; and suddenly he wilted, a sodden, inert mass upon the body of the struggling Kenning. Lew Snade drew back, staring.

"Let's get out of here!" he yelled. "I've killed him!"

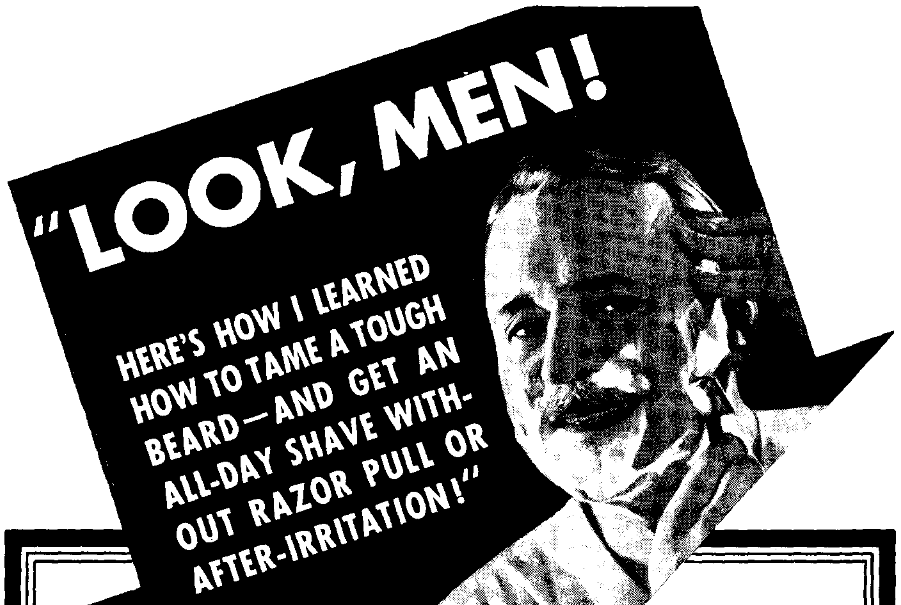
Kenning had rolled clear, and was staggering to his feet.

"Shut up—stop that yelling," he snarled, looking dazedly down at the motionless form of Jack Hammond. Then he glanced slowly about him.

"See if there's still a fire in that stove."

Lew Snade crossed the room.

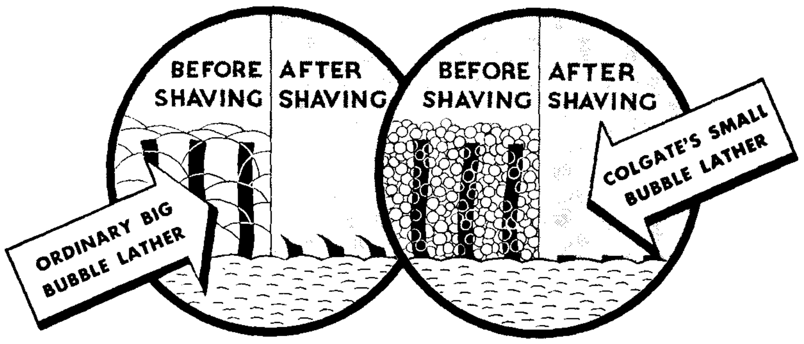
(*Continued on page* 36)


"LOOK, MEN!
HERE'S HOW I LEARNED HOW TO TAME A TOUGH BEARD—AND GET AN ALL-DAY SHAVE WITHOUT RAZOR PULL OR AFTER-IRRITATION!"

BUBBLE PICTURES

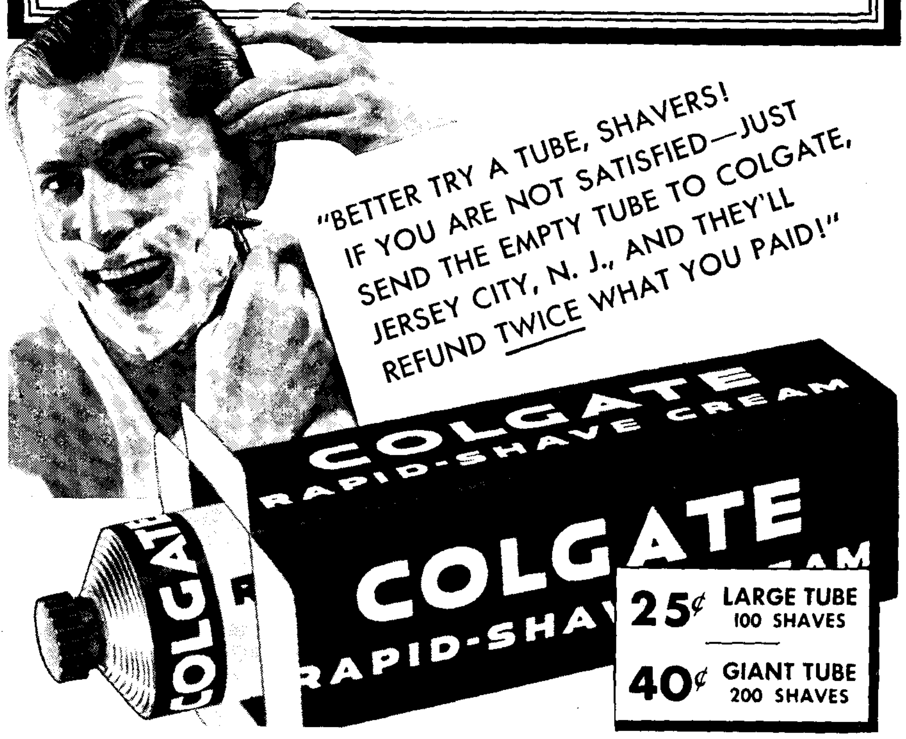
SHOW WHY COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM GIVES A

SKIN-LINE SHAVE!



ORDINARY SHAVING CREAMS, as this greatly magnified bubble diagram shows, lather up into big bubbles that hold *air*, instead of *soap film*, against the beard. That's why whiskers are only *partly* softened—why blades pull and give you a ragged, uneven shave.

COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes millions of tiny moisture-filled bubbles that get down to the *base* of the beard, soak each whisker soft *at the skin-line*, where your razor works. Thus, Colgate small bubble shaves are smoother, *closer* shaves. They last hours longer.

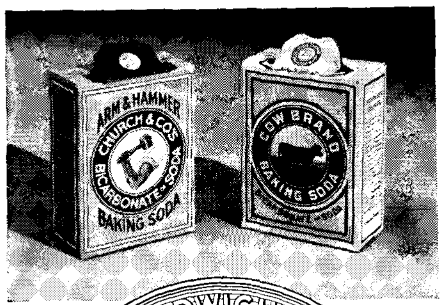

"BETTER TRY A TUBE, SHAVERS! IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED—JUST SEND THE EMPTY TUBE TO COLGATE, JERSEY CITY, N. J., AND THEY'LL REFUND TWICE WHAT YOU PAID!"
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA U.S.P. STANDARD

it relieves indigestion

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, pure Bicarbonate of Soda, is often prescribed by physicians for the relief of hyperacid types of indigestion. The usual dose is half a teaspoonful of Soda in half a glass of cool water; if needed, this may be repeated in half an hour. Our Baking Soda also makes an effective gargle. It is a soothing first aid for scalds, burns. Just a few cents for a handy, sealed package; your grocer has it.

Mail the Coupon



CHURCH & DWIGHT CO. INC.
J-22
PLEASE SEND ME FREE BOOK
DESCRIBING USES OF BAKING SODA
ALSO A SET OF COLORED BIRD CARDS
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE
10 CEDAR ST. NEW YORK

(Continued from page 35)

"Yeh. There's some coals left."

"Let's dump them out on the floor."

"What for?"

"If the place burns down, nobody'll know who was in it—whose skeleton it is," came thickly.

Lew Snade looked up.

"They'll know it isn't me—if I'm around."

"Then you'll have to get out. We'd both better get out." He gestured impatiently. "Well, hurry! Scrape those coals out on the floor. And put some kindling and wood on them."

He stood reeling while Lew Snade obeyed; clarity of brain was gone; Bruce Kenning was soggy, mentally inert. At last they turned for the door. Kenning looked back, at the smoking bed of coals from which small flames were beginning to char the clean wood which had been piled atop them. Then he glanced toward the still form of Jack Hammond.

"His chest is moving!" Lew Snade said. "He ain't dead—"

Kenning straightened groggily; his brain was working again.

"He will be," came in a dull voice as he pushed Lew Snade through the door.

Long minutes passed. The tiny flames grew into larger ones, the white, clean wood became discolored, suddenly to break into yellow.

FINALLY, a bluish lick of fire began to make its way along the floor, inflammable from the splattered grease of cooking. A quarter of an hour passed. A window had cracked from the heat of crawling flame, following upward along the edges of protruding logs. The air had become suffocating.

Perhaps it was this which at last caused Jack Hammond to stir. That was all, for a moment, merely a loose, disjointed movement of the legs, a clutching of the hands, which soon died away. *Then the movement came again,* the arms rose, moving toward his head, only to desist aimlessly. The man groaned. The fire licked closer; it now was beginning to writhe along the cross beams.

Jack Hammond opened his eyes, staring upward. Something leaped and darted, like the tongue of a monster. Wearily he lowered his lids against the sight. But slowly, with returning senses, there bit deeper and deeper into his grudgingly yielding dormancy the galling knowledge that the air contained a peculiar, horror-laden bite, a queer, unpleasant, searing tastiness which invaded his every nasal passage—and which at last forced itself to his dulled brain. This acrid odor was like the odor of death; suddenly woodsman instincts were awakened, sharply and with terror. The smell of fire!

Realization hard upon him, he strove to rise, only to drop to his knees and weave uncertainly there. At last he began to crawl. From behind him, outside the cabin, had come a peculiar, shifting crackle, ending in a puffing roar, as flame, now eating through the cracked window into the tangled bush, swept up the dry bark of a dead spruce, leaped to the resinous top of a full-needled tree and there exploded.

It gave Hammond the strength of terror. Now he gained his feet, and reeling drunkenly, he sought the door. It yielded to the weight of his body; he half stumbled, half fell, outside into a world of red.

But as yet, there was more noise and smoke and color than danger. He shook his head, as if to clear it from painful cobwebs. Dazedly he looked about him, arms loose, shoulders sagging. His bloody jaws contorted. Then he weaved into the trail.

After a time, he gained the strength to increase his speed to a dog-trot. The wind was speeding the fire swiftly behind him now; no longer were there long intervals between the creeping advance of the flame and the puffing outburst as it reached a tree top. The sound was almost continuous; the forest was lighted as if by flares. Hammond moved more swiftly. Both his brain and his fatigue were clearing. But at last, he slowed his pace, his head cocked inquiringly.

It came again, and for a third time, the agonized outcry of a man, somewhere deep to the right. Hammond started along the trail anew, only once more to halt. There was the cry again, of someone in terrific pain; Hammond instinctively turned in its direction.

A short period of search followed, at last he began to follow the filmy outlines of a game trail, winding in rambling fashion through the bush. He shouted; a groan answered him from only a short distance ahead. Hammond obeyed the call, and rounding a tangle of sapling spruce, stood staring.

Lew Snade was there, writhing in agony on the ground. He shrank at the sight of Hammond.

"You got out?" he gasped.

"Yes, I got out!" Temptation told him to go on; to leave this man where he lay—but it was only temptation. "Come on—get out of here!" he commanded jerkily. "That fire's coming fast!"

The man's tongue protruded. His eyes were set with pain.

"*Get this thing off my legs!*" he begged. "Before I bleed to death."

Hammond moved swiftly forward. In the red light of the forest fire, the blood-smeared underbrush where Snade had threshed about seemed painted, as with purple ink. Snade was holding himself off the ground by his hands, both legs were useless, queerly, loosely twisted; his ankles were caught, one behind the other, in the heavy jaws of *an immense, double-springed bear trap.* A chain clinked under Hammond's feet, leading to a heavy log, which some prospector-trapper had fastened to the trap as a deadfall. Even in spite of its weight, Jack saw that Snade in his desperation had dragged it a few feet.

"Get me out of it," the wounded man pleaded. "My legs have gone dead on me—I'm bleeding my life out—"

For a moment, Hammond forgot enmity. Snade was only a weak, trapped animal, without enough courage to snarl.

"How'd you get off the trail?" He had seized the trap, and was straightening it, steeling himself against the man's outcries, that he might gain sufficient backing to exert his muscles on the heavy, double springs. Snade gasped the answer:

"Kenning led me over here. He said we could get down to the lake this way, and circle the town. Then people wouldn't know we'd been at my cabin."

"He knew better than that."

AN AGONIZED cry came from the trapped man as Jack attempted to press wide the trap. The prospector desisted. At last Snade went on:

"Sure, he knew better. He knew this trap was here. He must have—he the same as said so, after he'd walked me into it."

"Has he gone crazy—completely?"

"He talked like a wild man—about how everything he'd worked for was gone. He kept cursing himself for doing a dumb thing like lighting that fire—kept asking me why I let him do it."

"I guessed you fellows pulled that." Hammond now was straining at the deadfall to move it forward and thus relieve the strain on the trapped man. "Didn't the idiot know he'd set the bush afire as well as that cabin?"

"That's what set him so crazy. He was awfully groggy there in the cabin, almost knocked out. He kept telling me it was my fault he did a fool thing like that. After he'd walked me into this thing, he tried to find the guts to knock me out—but—I guess he's pretty well shot. All he could do was just stand there and stare and yell at me that somebody had to take the fall—you know, they'd find me here and blame me for having set that cabin afire and firing the bush." The man shuddered with pain as Hammond again bent over the trap. Suddenly: "He'll have his wish, all right."

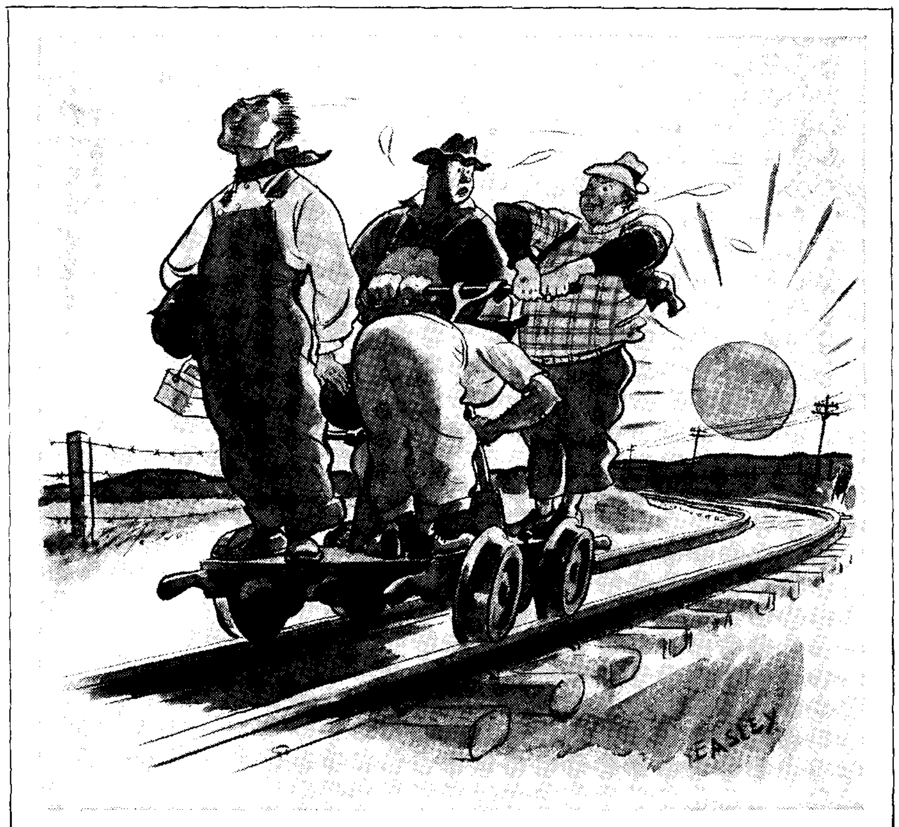
"Easy now," the prospector insisted. "I'll get you out of this."

Snade laughed. It had a snarl in it.

"Yeh. But we'd been arguing about which way to go. I'd been talking about a short cut, too."

"But you finally took his way."

Snade's eyes rolled with pain. Ham-



"It makes him sick to ride backwards!" JOSEPH EASLEY mond was beginning to exert his strength on the heavy jaws.

"Sure," came at last. "I took his way. But when he ran away from me—he took mine. And my trail didn't lead to the lake either!"

He laughed that snarling laugh again.

"A fine pair of crossers," Hammond snapped. Then, bending to his task: "Grit your teeth now. You'll have to stand this. When I give the word, pull as hard as you can—try to walk away on your hands—wait a second—now go!"

Screaming, the man escaped, dragging his useless legs grotesquely behind him. Then limp, sweating, he sank to the ground. Hammond leaped swiftly beside him, ripping off his shirt and tearing it into wide strips. He twisted these. Then with quick, sure movements, he tied a tourniquet around each leg.

The heat of the fire momentarily grew more intense. A deer jackknifed along the trail, halted as if in mid-air, stared at them, then went bounding onward. A spark angled downward, falling on a mold of leaves, where it lay smoldering. The roar of flames was becoming more thunderous, like the rumble of rushing water. Jack Hammond bent, and slowly lifted the half-conscious man. Then with a swinging motion, he slipped the limp form across his heavy shoulders.

With short, running steps, staggering at times, he reached the main trail, and starting his racing course, moved out of the forest toward Sapphire.

IT WAS a stricken town which Hammond sighted, when at last, moving down the slope, he came within the range of marsh grasses leading to Sapphire. Already, brownish-black smoke had blocked out the surrounding mountains, hanging low over the valley like a dirty fog.

The village itself seemed to swarm with people. They ran from cabin to cabin, or merely hurried into the street, to stare futilely at the ballooning plumes of smoke in the distance, then again rush for cover. The whole district was lighted as if by stage effects, a queer backlight glow which rose to brilliancy, dimmed to sullen carmine, then burst forth again with glaring intensity. The fire was burning closer. With this wind, the town had little chance.

There was activity down at the lake. Hammond turned in that direction with his burden. The man on his back was in urgent need of surgery—crushed ankle bones, severed veins, deeply lacerated flesh were something which could not be treated in a frontier camp, harassed by the threat of destruction. Jack, dog tired, forced himself to a final effort. At last, someone sighted him and shouted. Then Sergeant Terry broke from the throng where Timmy Moon, a pudgy demon in the fire glare, was gassing his plane. A second figure joined the mounted policeman, crying out as she came. It was Jeanne Towers.

"It's Lew!" she exclaimed.

Hammond shifted his burden, as they neared, holding the man before him. Snade was fully conscious now; he kept up a continuous mixture of groans and whimpering. Again Jeanne, gray with emotion, said dazedly: "It's Lew Snade."

The injured man turned his head, gasping: "Make 'em get me to a doctor. Don't let them put me in that jail here—"

"Nobody's going to put you in that jail," Hammond said crisply. "It'll be gone in an hour."

"Make 'em get me to a doctor," the man wailed again. "I'll die if you don't."

"Where did you find him?" Jeanne asked concernedly. Sergeant Terry cut in: "What happened?"

"Got caught in a bear trap after he and Bruce Kenning had tried to kill—" There his jaws snapped tight.

"What did he try to do?" Terry asked. Men were shouting near by; Timmy Moon had finished gassing up and was warming his plane. This, mixed with the dull roar of the fire from the distance, and the weird howling of fear-maddened husky dogs, made hearing difficult.

Hammond glanced concernedly toward Jeanne. He had remembered the day of the robbery and her fears of publicity.

"I didn't think what I was saying," he apologized miserably. She faced him, unafraid.

"It's all right. I wrote the whole story home—with that money."

HURRIEDLY Hammond related what had happened in Lew Snade's cabin. Sergeant Terry wheeled.

"Hey, you!" he shouted to two miners who had been assisting Timmy at the plane. "Come get this fellow. And you"—he indicated another gold-seeker, "see if you can find a cot somewhere. Put it in that plane—we've got to take this man to Rupert. And hurry—!"

The commands were obeyed. Whimpering, Lew Snade was carried away. Jeanne looked after him.

"Do you think he'll live?"

"He's got to live," Hammond answered grimly. "Until we find Bruce Kenning."

"Not necessarily," said Terry crisply. "A deathbed statement is valid evidence." He reached into his red tunic for a notebook. "Better give me the whole story."

As tersely as possible, Hammond obeyed. There was no time to be wasted in long descriptions or wordy theories. The fire was coming closer; from behind them the twisted streets of the little town were loud with howling huskies, the cries of women and the commands of men; the exodus toward the life rafts already was beginning. There would not be room on them for everyone—many must take their chances in the shallows of the lake, lying there with their nostrils barely above water. The rafts, in fact, were only for women and weaker men.

Sergeant Terry finished the making of his notes and slapped shut his memorandum book.

"I've already sent out the other planes to Fourcross and Vanderhoof to get help," he said crisply. "I had intended to shoot Timmy Moon into Rupert alone. But I'd better go with him and take that man's statement on the way." He started for the lake, nodding to Jeanne and Hammond to follow. Timmy was in the cockpit with the motor idling. Two men stood on the pontoons, shoving a cot through the cabin door, while two others waited on shore with the whining Snade in their arms. Jeanne went to the injured man, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't be sore at me," he begged. "I never planned it, honest to God, I didn't."

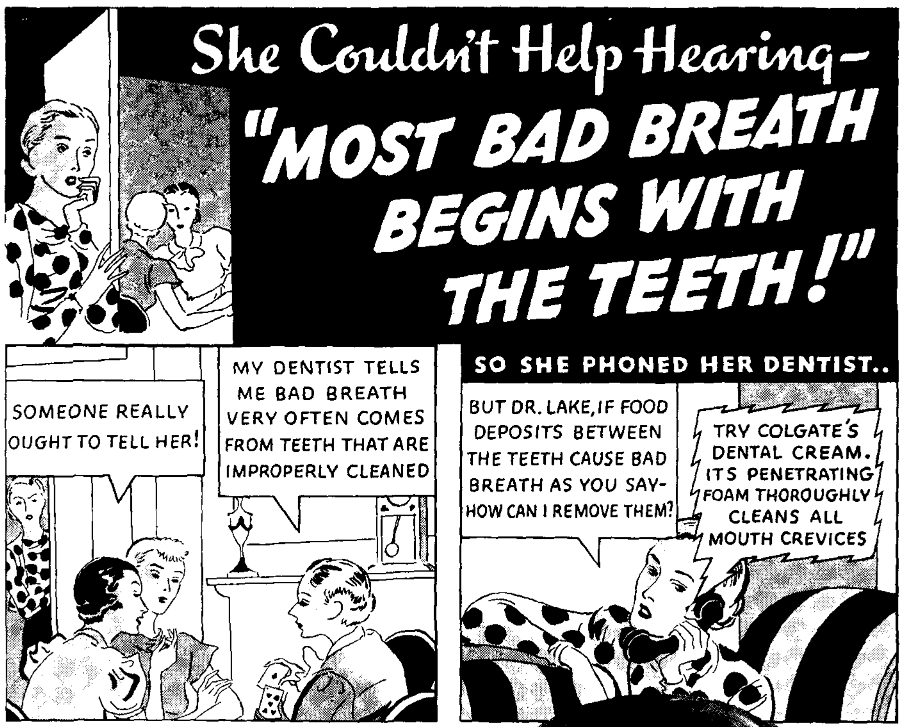
"I'm not sore at you," the girl said slowly. "I—guess you couldn't help yourself. You've never been able to help yourself, Lew."

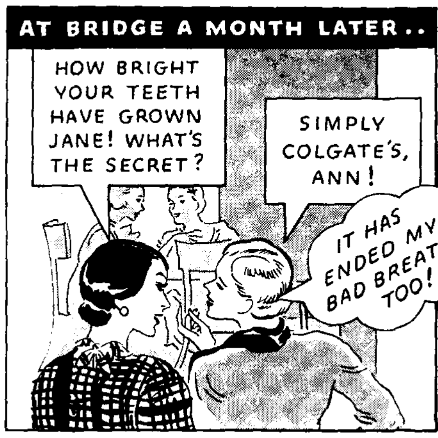
Her hand lingered for a moment, then was withdrawn. Gaunt with emotion, Jeanne turned and went slowly back toward town and her store; the groceries on its shelves might be badly needed in the days to come. Sergeant Terry looked after her.

"She must have thought a lot of that fellow at some time or another," the mounted policeman said.

"She must have," Hammond answered in a queer voice. "To be able to forgive him like that."

(To be concluded next week)


She Couldn't Help Hearing—
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
SOMEONE REALLY OUGHT TO TELL HER!
MY DENTIST TELLS ME BAD BREATH VERY OFTEN COMES FROM TEETH THAT ARE IMPROPERLY CLEANED
SO SHE PHONED HER DENTIST..
BUT DR. LAKE, IF FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH AS YOU SAY-HOW CAN I REMOVE THEM?
TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS ALL MOUTH CREVICES


AT BRIDGE A MONTH LATER..
HOW BRIGHT YOUR TEETH HAVE GROWN JANE! WHAT'S THE SECRET?
SIMPLY COLGATE'S, ANN!
IT HAS ENDED MY BAD BREATH, TOO!

Why Colgate's Dental Cream assures Brighter teeth—and a pure, sweet breath.

AVOIDING bad breath can be very simple—if you keep this in mind: Dentists now say that most bad breath—like dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay—comes from "*half-clean*" teeth. From decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth which ordinary cleaning fails to remove.

Plainly—to avoid bad breath, you must get your teeth thoroughly clean—and *keep* them clean. Remedies not made to clean and toothpastes which merely polish exposed surfaces can do only part of the job.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

Colgate's Dental Cream is made to clean teeth thoroughly. Special ingredients give it a penetrating foam which gets into all mouth crevices—between the teeth and elsewhere in the oral cavity.

Food deposits are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is reached and cleaned thoroughly. You know, by the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing, that your breath is pure.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient safely and gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored—teeth sparkle with bright, new brilliance!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath. Every tube is guaranteed as described below. Get a tube today!

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER... *Colgate's Dental Powder gives you the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices and carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Get one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it at least twice a day, two minutes each time. When the tube is empty, consult your mirror. If you do not agree that your teeth are cleaner, brighter, your breath purer, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we'll refund TWICE what you paid!

20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE RIB

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

How Good a Parent are You?

What do your children read? Are you as careful of their minds as you are of their bodies? Send today for the free book that tells the secret of good reading for children. It is worth a serious half-hour of your time.

READ this letter from a mother. It is characteristic of hundreds. "Why can't someone do for children what Dr. Eliot did for adults in the Five-Foot Shelf of Books? My children are hungry for reading. Must they fall a prey to foolish animal books and the Sunday comics?

"Why can't SOMEONE gather together all that is best in children's literature and give it to us in one set of books?"

How many thousands of parents have been faced with the same problem! Now the problem is solved—wonderfully solved—by The Young Folks' Shelf of Books (The Junior Classics).

Here are the great stories and poems—from "Aladdin," "Robin Hood" and "The Man Without a Country" to "Barbara Frietchie," "The Pied Piper" and "The Eve of Waterloo."

"These," says Dr. Eliot in his splendid introduction, "are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English-speaking child." In these pages your boy and girl meet the great figures of history; here they learn courage from the courageous, truth from the truthful, heroism from the heroic.

You simply must find out all there is to know about these books that can mean so much to your children. The interesting Free booklet tells how they may be yours on the easiest of partial payments.

Thousands of parents have thanked us for sending them this book. May we mail you your copy? There's no obligation.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS
(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

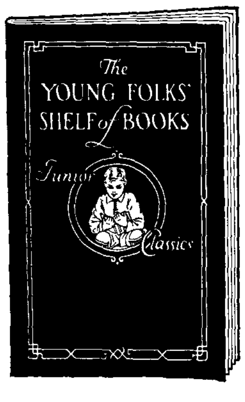
P. F. COLLIER & SON CORP.
250 Park Ave., New York

Send me without obligation the free book that describes in detail The Young Folks' Shelf of Books (The Junior Classics). 573-JCO

Name____________________

Address____________________

____



This interesting little book will be sent you Free when you fill out and mail the coupon.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Comforting Your Guest

Continued from page 17

the summer. Also, you might give him an extra pillow, since it's no longer considered a prison offense to read oneself to sleep.

And please put a dish of fruit or a filled miniature cookie jar by his bed. If he is accustomed to a snack before retiring, without it he may lie awake for hours because his stomach doesn't know he's visiting. And don't forget to put iced water on the night table.

As we think of the dawn, let's take a look at those window shades. They should be dark on one side, to keep the light from your guest's eyes; or better still are Venetian blinds, which keep out the light but let in the air.

Serve breakfast in his room on a tray. Everybody's doing it. Use a large napkin, your best silver—and get a rosebud for that tray if you have to steal it. Should your bud vase be too tall, lay the rose beside his plate. The message is the same.

And speaking of morning messages, be a sport and spend three cents on an extra morning paper. See that it adorns the breakfast tray if you have to send Junior to the corner for it. Men read newspapers at breakfast the world over and, without it, your guest will miss something—even if he can't figure out what it is. When you provide it, he will probably go home and tell his wife of your thoughtfulness, and she'll hate you—but what d'you care? Be sure to have a few books and magazines in his room (this year's models); also, cigarettes and an ash tray. And don't try to work out any new lighting effects with the lamp near your comfortable bedroom chair—your guest has to read by it.

If you want to score a home run, have your husband insist that the guest's trousers be pressed while he sleeps. Should he demur (and he will), Hubby can say, "Don't be silly—it's a house rule." Then have Nora press them before breakfast, and, for heaven's sake, be sure she doesn't burn 'em. Come to think it over, you'd better press them yourself. And don't forget, plenty of clothes hangers for his closet.

That's All

So you're not worrying about the food, eh? Well, that's fine. But, if you will hearken to these few words of wisdom, the cuisine, and getting the Mortons over for bridge, will be all you'll have even to think about. And when "those two boys" arrive on the six-forty-three, instead of looking like a marathon runner (defeated, at that), you will still be that good-looking Nelson girl he married ten years ago. Well, why not? All you've had to do is order a single rosebud and another copy of the morning paper.

Play Shoes

Continued from page 20

had performed an amazing feat. Two shoes, one leaning fore and the other aft, were against a stake. Palmer, seventy-two years old, threw two ringers forty feet without disturbing the leaning shoes. Palmer did not win a single game from May.

Then May entered the national tournament in St. Petersburg, Florida, in February, 1920, and did something that had never been done before and has never been done since. He pitched more ringers than there were points scored against him—430 ringers. He won twenty-four games without losing one and won the championship of the world.

You Call the Turn

There are several ways of gripping a horseshoe and four methods of pitching it. The purpose of every method is to control the number of turns so that the shoe arrives open at the stake. The one-and-one-quarter shoe is said to be the easiest to control; but that is a matter of opinion.

Palmer threw a three-quarter shoe. He was one of the few who did. It has to be thrown hard and low. Some pitchers throw a one-and-a-half shoe; but those who do are not among the experts.

Jimmy Risk throws a one-and-three-quarter shoe. The leading exponent of this method is Charles Davis of Columbus, Ohio. He has been world's champion five times. The one-and-three-quarter shoe should be thrown at a greater height than the one-and-one-quarter shoe because it has to make an additional half turn.

Risk is full of tricks. A blanket can be held in front of the stake, concealing it from view and Risk will pitch over it and make ringers. He also has given a few exhibitions of throwing ringers while blindfolded; but this, he says, is really difficult. He has given it up, because he cannot guarantee doing it. But there is no law against trying to pitch blindfolded unless one happens to ring an innocent bystander.

In its simple and orthodox form, horseshoe pitching is an inexpensive sport. That is one reason why it is so popular. A pair of drop-forged pitching shoes of standard weight and size may be purchased for $2.50. The stakes cost about a dollar. This really is all the equipment one requires—this and forty feet of level, unobstructed ground.

A regulation court is a tidy lay-out, precisely measured. The stakes, projecting twelve inches above the top of a box filled with fuller's earth, are set exactly forty feet apart and incline two inches toward each other in a sort of formal bow.

A game consists of fifty points. Each game is made up of innings and each inning constitutes the pitching of four shoes, the two players each pitching two shoes and the winner being the one who first gets fifty points.

A ringer counts three points and the closest shoe to the stake counts one point. A leaner counts only as a closest shoe.

The rules are simple. Anyone who is not a cripple can play the game. Being a mild form of exercise, a player's age is unimportant. Old and young may play on even terms. Women and boys less than sixteen years of age play, pitching thirty feet. But to play well requires skill and practice, patience and calmness.

It is fascinating, once one gets the hang of it. When one does, he can try ringing bottles without breaking them—just for the fun of it. After that, one enters a national tournament and becomes champion horseshoe pitcher of the world.

Somebody's Cynthia

Continued from page 26

that would do. He then ordered a bottle of Very Choice Old Golden Nectar Medallion Rum; the menu arrived, and he checked on it an excellent lunch, to be served in the apartment at one o'clock. He was pretty incisive himself. When the flowers and rum arrived promptly he felt like a million dollars.

He now looked about for a place to install the Whizzler, and he was pleased to find a little kitchenette, complete in every detail, even with the ice and the lemons he wanted. The Whizzler fitted very well upon the shelf.

He set the Whizzler to squeezing a lemon; it had just got going when the telephone rang.

"Excuse me, but is there anyone there by the name of Grosvenor? Oh, thank you! There are two ladies here to see a Mr. Grosvenor. Miss Leonard and Miss Brown."

"Ask them to come up!"

HE TURNED off the Whizzler and straightened his tie. He felt more than a little nervous.

He opened the door.

"It was so awfully nice of you to ask us to lunch!" said Miss Leonard. "Oh! What a ducky apartment!"

Grosvenor was amazed. When that girl had worked in the office with him, she had not been like this. She had been a competent, quiet girl, and he seemed to remember her as having been distinctly larger. She was very small now, and with an air of frivolity; dressed in black, with white ruffles, and she had a smile and eyelashes which appeared to him new and a bit excessive.

"Cynthia, this is Mr. Grosvenor," she said.

He turned his head, and he forgot Miss Leonard utterly. Small wonder that Cromwell felt as he did. Tall, Cynthia was, and willowy, as Cromwell had said, but far more beautiful; raven hair, grave, gray eyes. . . .

She was impressed by the lilacs.

"It's like a garden," she said, "here, in the heart of the city."

She moved about looking at them, and Grosvenor followed her. He could not do otherwise.

"Is anyone else coming to your party?" asked Miss Leonard.

"It's—not my party," he answered, with an anxious glance at Cynthia. "It's—it's being given by Duke Cromwell, editor of 'Just Folks.'"

"How nice!" said Miss Leonard. "But why did he ask us?"

"He—well, he's heard of you," said Grosvenor.

"Of both of us? But isn't that queer!"

There was another ring at the door, and Grosvenor opened it, to admit Cromwell.

"Cromwell . . ." he said, very low. "Miss Leonard is here—and Miss Brown."

He saw how pale Cromwell grew, and he pitied him. This must be a bad moment. What if Cynthia were angry, wouldn't let Cromwell explain? But as he approached her, she showed the most perfect poise; she acknowledged his introduction of himself with a courteous inclination of the head. Then she turned back to Grosvenor.

"Flowers make me think of poetry," she said. "Don't they you?"

"They do!" cried Grosvenor. "I mean—that thing about trees—and fools like you and me. . . . No! I don't mean—"

"I understand," she said, softly.

With a painful effort he remembered his obligations, and turned away from her. Cromwell must have his chance.

He was chatting pleasantly with Miss Leonard as Grosvenor approached.

"Will you people excuse me—" he said, "if I speak to Miss Leonard in private for a moment? Business. . . ."

"Step in there!" said Cromwell, throwing open the bedroom door.

With perfect docility Miss Leonard followed Grosvenor in there.

"What a *lot* of lilacs Mr. Cromwell has!" she observed.

"Oh, yes!" said Grosvenor.

"You've changed," said Miss Leonard, looking at him, thoughtfully.

"How?"

"When we were in the office together," she said, "you weren't anything like so smooth as this."

"Smooth?"

"I think it was rather cute of you," she said. "Sort of cave-man to get me away from the others like that. I never thought you were especially interested in me before."

"Oh, I'm not!" cried Grosvenor. "Oh, I mean—I am. Very much. Only, I had a rather strange motive for asking you to come in here—"

Miss Leonard crossed the room and opened the door.

"Wait! Please!" cried Grosvenor, but she had already entered the sitting room. And things were not well there. Miss Brown was looking at the books on the shelves, while Cromwell stood by, with his arms folded.

Miss Leonard went direct to Cromwell, and began to talk to him, in a very trivial way. It must be wonderful, she said, to be an editor and meet all those interesting people. It was, said Cromwell. He smiled down at the girl indulgently, but his glance strayed again and again, to Cynthia.

She did not look at Cromwell at all. She talked to Grosvenor, as no girl had ever talked to him before. She said that in spring weather like this, she liked just to be alive. That was exactly how Grosvenor felt. Indeed, her every word struck a responsive chord within him, and that was a misfortune, a very great misfortune. He had undertaken to help Cromwell.

"Did you know," he asked her, "that Cromwell is an editor?"

"Is he?" said she, with an indifference which, if assumed, was superbly well done.

"This lunch," said Grosvenor, lowering his voice, "means more to him than you realize."

"Who else is coming?"

"No one," said Grosvenor, with immense significance.

"But I can't understand *why* he asked Polly and me! It seems—"

CROMWELL was laughing. He laughed, no doubt, merely out of politeness to Polly Leonard, but it spoiled the effect of what Grosvenor wished to say.

"Miss Brown," he said, "would you like to see the kitchenette?"

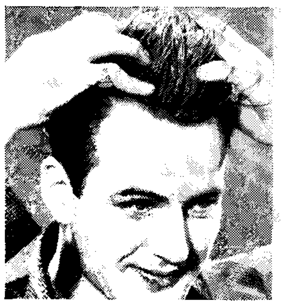
It was evident that the grave, almost somber tone impressed her; she assented at once. It was a pretty small kitchenette, and when Grosvenor had closed the door, he and Cynthia were crowded shoulder to shoulder, facing the refrigerator. A glass bowl on top of it was buzzing unpleasantly.

"Miss Brown," he said, "perhaps I'm making a mistake—but I think you ought to know the truth. I don't believe Cromwell can bring himself to tell you."

"Oh! What?" said she, with alarm.

"The first time he saw you, in the subway," said Grosvenor, "he was—

(Continued on page 40)



Don't let Blazing Suns deaden your HAIR!

Give your hair the protection it *needs*

...Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout

50 SECONDS TO rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life—has a chance.

10 SECONDS TO comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, with none of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.

YOU know, yourself, that summer's hard on hair . . . Daily burnings and bleachings by the sun . . . Daily dips or showers that flood away the natural, necessary oils.

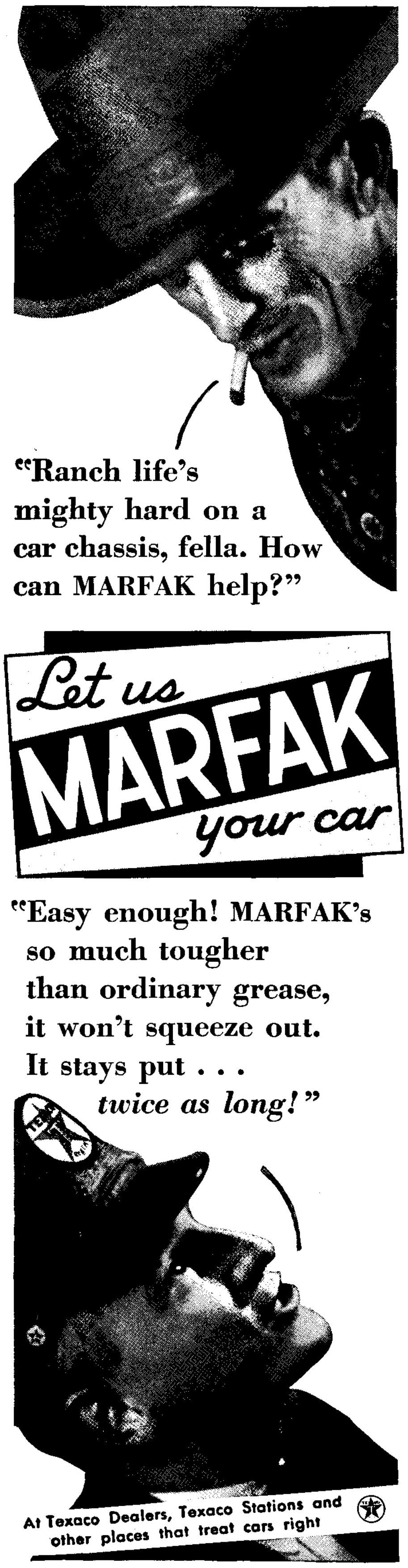
That's why now—today—your hair *demands* Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. Use it often. Douse it liberally. Rub it in, and rub it hard . . . Tight, dry scalps loosen. Burned hair takes on new life. Circulation quickens... The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help replenish the natural oils... Loose dandruff is defeated . . . You're helping your hair to help itself—to *save* itself.

Now brush your hair. Note how healthy it looks. How well it stays in place. What a natural come-back it makes. No "patent-leather" look. Get the 60-Second Vitalis Workout habit today. Your druggist carries Vitalis.

ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice.

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME



"Ranch life's mighty hard on a car chassis, fella. How can MARFAK help?"

Let us MARFAK your car

"Easy enough! MARFAK's so much tougher than ordinary grease, it won't squeeze out. It stays put . . . *twice as long!*"

At Texaco Dealers, Texaco Stations and other places that treat cars right

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Actually KILLS FLEAS instead of Merely Stupefying them

Pulvex Flea Powder not only kills all the fleas and lice on your dog or cat but *its deadly killing action continues for days*, preventing reinfestation. Dusting twice a month insures your pet constant immunity from the torments and the tapeworm perils of fleas. Harmless, even if swallowed. Non-irritating. Odorless. Sold on money-back guarantee to "kill them off—keep them off" by pet shops, drug and department stores, in shaker top cans, 50c, or direct from William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., 1909 Clifton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GIVEN . . WITH EVERY CAN OF PULVEX FLEA POWDER

(Continued from page 39)

lost. He—it seems he hung around your hotel, day after day, in the pouring rain. Thinks of practically nothing but you."

"But he doesn't know me!"

"He wants to!" said Grosvenor. "That's the point. He's been making —well—desperate efforts to get introduced to you."

"But are you sure?" she asked. She appeared surprised, interested, but not touched. "Because he doesn't *seem* at all interested in me."

"Too agitated. And he's afraid you're angry."

"But why should I be angry?"

"That time he spoke to you in the street, you know."

"I'm sorry, but I don't remember his speaking to me."

"I see!" Grosvenor said. "But—can't you give him a little encouragement? You're sure to like him. Just give him a chance! Suppose I send him in here now?"

"I'll try . . ." she said, with a long sigh.

GROSVENOR returned to the sitting-room where he discovered Miss Leonard looking at Cromwell's art collection, a large portfolio of the originals of covers for "Just Folks." They were sitting side by side on the sofa, and the girl's eyelashes were fluttering up and down in a way which Grosvenor could not approve.

"Cromwell," he said, "I wish you'd take a look at the Whizzler."

"What the devil *is* this Whizzler?"

"I had a talk with you about it a couple of weeks ago. It's in the kitchenette now."

"Later on—" said Cromwell.

"*No!* Now!" said Polly Leonard. "It's really a little marvel. I'll demonstrate it!"

She laughed, and so did Cromwell. Before Grosvenor was able to think of any pretext for keeping the girl with him, they had gone off together.

"She's spoiling everything!" he cried to himself. "She'll have to be made to understand—"

There was a rumbling sound in the corridor outside, and as Grosvenor opened the door, two waiters came in, trundling two tables on wheels. They moved nimbly about the room, setting out silver-covered dishes, glasses, plates and so on; they finished and stood aside, napkins over their arms, each with an air of pride and pleasure.

"Very nice!" said Grosvenor. "You needn't wait."

They retired, and Grosvenor went in search of the other three. He could hear the Whizzler at work, and opening the door of the kitchenette he found Cromwell watching it beat eggs, a look of frowning concentration on his face. Miss Leonard sat on the edge of the table, and Cynthia was not there.

"Lunch is here!" said Grosvenor, sternly. "Where's Miss Brown?"

"Oh! Cynthia's gone up on the roof," said Polly. "To see the view."

"Will you go up and bring her down, Cromwell?" asked Grosvenor.

"No!" cried Cromwell, and fled.

This was carrying a lover's natural humility entirely too far. Grosvenor turned to Polly, and anxiety made his tone severe.

"Look here!" he said. "Will you help me, or won't you?"

"Yes, I will!" said she. "At first I thought that you were *quite* sinister—but now I understand. Now I see the object of this party."

"You do?" said Grosvenor, a little surprised. "Well, then, go up to the roof, will you, and send Miss Brown down. And stay there yourself."

"Stay there? But—"

"Stay there until I come for you," said Grosvenor. "It happens to be vitally important."

She went out of the kitchenette into the corridor, and Grosvenor heard her voice out there.

"Oh! How do I get to the roof, please?"

"This way," answered a voice which he recognized as that of the Assistant Manager. "Allow me to show you. . . ."

Their footsteps died away, and Grosvenor gave a sigh of relief. It was something to have got Polly out of the way. Now for Cromwell.

He found him in the sitting-room, filling his pipe with unsteady hands.

"Look here, Cromwell!" Grosvenor began. "I tell you frankly you'll never get anywhere like this. Miss Brown—"

"Grosvenor," said Cromwell, in a whisper, "she's not the right one!"

"*What!*"

"She's not the one I saw in the subway. She's not the one I meant."

"But you told me her name—"

"The doorman must have misunderstood my description. On purpose, perhaps. Told me the name of one of those other girls who were with her. I don't remember seeing this one."

"Good Heavens!" said Grosvenor, appalled. "I'll have to explain to her at once—"

"Explain what? See here! You mean you've *told* her? Told her I was in love with her?"

"Well . . . Yes . . . It seemed—"

"I've got to get out!" cried Cromwell. "I can't face her now! If she says anything to me. . . . I can't tell the girl to her face that I'm not in love with her, and never could be!"

"Why couldn't you be?" demanded Grosvenor.

"Not the type at all. She's too serious. She's too tall. She's—"

"Without exception," said Grosvenor, "she's the finest—"

The doorbell rang, and Cromwell started violently.

"I won't face her!" he said.

"No!" cried Grosvenor. "You can't do that, Cromwell. You can't leave me—"

Cromwell was gone, slamming the door behind him.

"This," said Grosvenor aloud, "is too much."

HE OPENED the door, and Cynthia entered.

"Polly said the lunch was here," she said. "How well you arrange everything, Mr. Grosvenor! But where's Mr. Cromwell? He suggested my going up on the roof, and I thought he'd find an opportunity to come up after me. I've made up my mind to take your advice, Mr. Grosvenor. I really shall try to encourage him."

"Well . . ." said Grosvenor, "if I were you, I shouldn't bother."

"But you said—!"

"I know. But circumstances. . . . I—I seriously advise you now to drop the whole thing."

Her eyes widened.

"I don't understand. . . . Has something happened?"

"Yes," said Grosvenor.

"Have you found out something about Mr. Cromwell? Something—dreadful?"

"Oh, no!" said Grosvenor. "Lord, no! He's a fine fellow. It's just that—well —I think you'd better leave him in peace."

"In peace!" she repeated, indignantly. "But you asked me yourself—"

"I know I did," said the unhappy Grosvenor. "But circumstances—"

"What circumstances?"

He could not bring himself to explain. The whole thing was an utter fiasco.

"What circumstances?" she repeated.

He remained silent. Nothing could induce him to tell her that Cromwell was so blind, so pitiably foolish as not to be in love with her. Let her think what she would of him; he could not defend himself. He stood before her, mute, downcast—when suddenly he heard a sound that surprised him. A dull, rapid humming. . . . It was the Whizzler.

"Who's doing that?" he cried. "Excuse me—"

He hurried to the kitchenette. The door was open, and he saw Polly standing by the machine, with the bottle of rum in her hand. Facing her was Cromwell, and also that Assistant Manager.

"NOW," said Polly, "you disconnect the juice-extractor, with one easy turn—"

The screw fell on the floor, and Cromwell picked it up.

"Thanks!" she said. "Now you adjust the beverage mixer—"

The rum and the other ingredients sloshed around inside the Whizzler.

"Now!" said Polly, triumphantly. She filled two small glasses, and the men tasted it.

"It's perfect!" said Cromwell, seriously. "Try one—"

"I'll get Cynthia and Eddy Grosvenor. . . ."

"No!" said Cromwell. "I—anyhow, they're probably eating lunch."

"Let's have some lunch, too!"

"No!" said Cromwell again. "I don't think we ought to—disturb them. They —probably have things to—discuss. We can eat in the dining-room downstairs."

"I'll speak to the headwaiter," said the Assistant Manager. "If you like broiled lobster, Miss Leonard—"

He looked at her archly. Cromwell was looking at her, too. Their fatuousness was incredible.

"I love it!" said she. "But, Mr. Cromwell, you *are* going to order a Whizzler from Eddy, aren't you?"

"Of course!" said he.

"I'd like the chef to see the thing," said the Assistant Manager. "I wonder if Mr. Grosvenor would object to my borrowing his sample?"

"Not a bit!" Polly assured him.

Grosvenor watched them as they unshipped the Whizzler and put it into its case. He realized how greatly he had misjudged Polly.

"A fine, loyal girl. . . ." he thought.

Without so much as a glance toward the little hall where he stood, without a thought for Cynthia, they all went out into the corridor. And he returned to the sitting-room.

Cynthia sat there, facing the two tables set out with silver dishes and so on. She raised her eyebrows as he entered.

"It's a—very strange lunch party," she remarked. She was almost in tears.

"Please!" he entreated. "Everything's all right now—"

"Where's Mr. Cromwell?"

"He's gone—"

"Gone?" said she. "The host. . . . The man who's been trying so long to meet me. . . ?"

"I can explain everything!" said Grosvenor. "I've just sold a Type-K, and I think I'm going to sell a Type-2-L, for hotels and institutions. And you and I are going to have lunch now, by ourselves!"

She looked up into his face, which was alight with hope, confidence, and the dawn of a greater thing. She looked, and her coldness melted.

"Well . . ." she said.

He drew two chairs up to the table, and lifted the cover from a dish of sweetbreads financière. And she, with a woman's almost uncanny instinct for the right gesture, rose, took from the window sill a red toothbrush glass full of lilacs, and set it on the table between them.

The Magic Cane

Continued from page 21

carré. "By all means shoot," he urged. "I *demand* that you shoot!"

He stood up to present a better target, but he also placed one hand on his cane of *cacique carré.* Suddenly the Negro came to his senses. A bull-like bellow burst from his lips. He raised the pistol and fired—point-blank at the General's heart. But when the gray smoke cleared away, the General was still standing, smiling as before.

"Shoot again, friend Roncador," he urged.

The Negro looked bewildered. His hands trembled. But he raised the pistol again and fired four times.

The General still smiled.

"I understand completely," he said gently, "and I sympathize. You came here to observe the power of my little cane of *cacique carré.* You knew, of course, that your shots would not hurt me. Otherwise you would not have fired at your general."

The Negro stared stupidly. He seemed forever powerless to speak a single word. The General looked around at the other mutineers.

"Don't leave, my friends," he urged. "We are going to have another little demonstration."

He reached across the desk and placed the cane in the Negro's nerveless hands.

"Have faith," he said soothingly.

With great deliberation he drew his own pistol. He looked at Dalton with a faint smile. His glance swept the other mutineers, rooting them to the floor.

"Observe closely," he said.

Then he fired. The Negro fell in a heap on the floor. The mutineers broke and ran, crowding through the door like frightened sheep.

"You have seen, my friend," the General said with a roguish twinkle in his eye. "I have long distrusted this person Roncador. I wished to get rid of him. But I also wanted to make a small demonstration. So I instructed a friend of mine to gain his confidence and persuade him to shoot me. My little cane, I knew, would protect me."

"It didn't protect *him.*"

"That would have been unwise. Some of my men might try to steal it in order to enjoy its powers."

"But why aren't *you* dead?" asked Dalton, still amazed.

"A mere detail. I told you I was superstitious. For this occasion I asked my friend to strengthen the little cane with a special charm. He succeeded in doing so. Look."

The General picked up the cane, unscrewed the golden head, and poured out six brass cartridges.

"You may guess where these came from."

There was a moment of silence. Then the General spoke again.

"Fifteen thousand dollars?" he asked, smiling.

"Hell, yes," Dalton said with admiration. "You're going to be President a long time."

"Cash, please," said the General pleasantly. "I am informed—I am always *well* informed—that you have exactly fifteen thousand dollars in the inside pocket of your coat."

DALTON reached into his pocket and took out a bulky roll of bills. He handed them over to the General, who counted them carefully.

"The sum is correct," he said at last. "But I am extremely busy."

Dalton left the room without shaking hands. When he was well on his way, the General leaned forward across his desk.

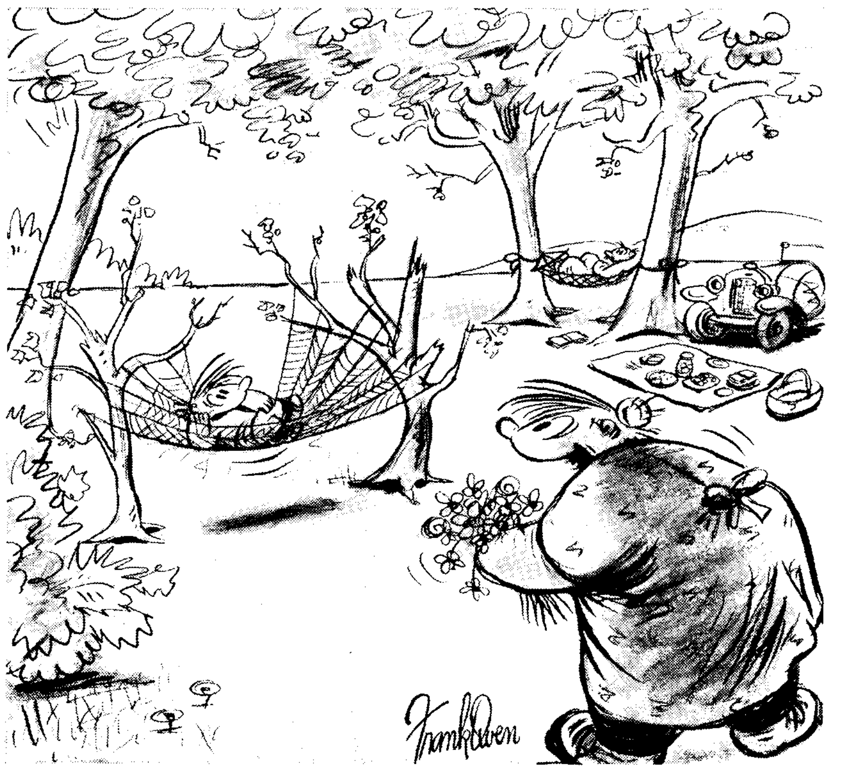
"Up!" he whispered. "We're alone."

The Negro sprang to his feet, grinning from ear to ear like a delighted small boy. The General detached a bill from the roll and handed it over.

"Magnificent, friend Roncador," he said fondly. "When peace is established, I shall make you the leading actor in our national theater. You played a difficult role with complete perfection."

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"That's a swell hammock, Philbert. I wish I'd seen the fight with the spider"

HOW WILL IT FEEL TOMORROW ?

Soothe that
SUNBURN
with cooling, greaseless
ABSORBINE JR.

IT'S fun while you're getting sunburned, but it's misery the next day.

Your shoulders wince under the day-after flame. Your nose throbs with rising blisters. Your arms shriek for relief.

Relief? Why, it's right there in your bottle of Absorbine Jr. Just anoint those tortured skin surfaces with Absorbine Jr. How quickly the flame cools away. You can feel the soothing effect of Absorbine Jr. like a shady waterfall caressing those burned spots.

And, in a short time the Absorbine Jr. disappears, leaving no stickiness or gummy deposit—nothing but a faintly pleasant odor which disappears too. But the easing and comforting effect remains.

Keep that familiar bottle ever handy during the summer months. Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. And remember—it's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. To get a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc. Springfield, Massachusetts

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

At all druggists $1.25 a bottle

Firing Lines

Continued from page 16

canny ability at hitting coins tossed in the air so impressed the Kaiser that the All Highest removed a $5,000 ring from his finger and presented it to Carver.

Doc claimed that he could shoot better by merely pointing his gun from his hip than he could from his shoulder by aiming, which places him as an "impulse" shooter. In other words, he pointed and shot. Today's shots aim and shoot. That makes for great accuracy.

Stack today's champ up against Buffalo Bill Cody, who, though he is discredited as a trick shot on the grounds that he used rifle shells filled with sand in his glass ball circus shooting exhibitions with Doc Carver, is still the world's champion buffalo hunter. Once in a competition against Billy Comstock for a $500 side bet he bagged 125 bison in a single day's shooting. In eighteen months as a hunter for the Union Pacific Railroad, he killed 4,280 buffalo. Was that shooting or slaughter?

Tricks of the Trade

How would today's best shot be on the quick draw, compared to Billy the Kid, or Pat Garrett, his conqueror, or Wild Bill Hickok, who once as a Nebraska town marshal bagged two drunken soldiers in a saloon in two successive shots, firing so fast that his attackers, one behind him, the other in front, failed to score a single shot?

How would a modern shooter stack up against John Wesley Hardin, the greatest quick-draw gunman among old-timers, whose lightning shooting was so deadly accurate that in six years he is credited with killing forty men on the plains?

It all depends on your idea of good shooting.

When George Titherington tests a new barrel to determine whether he will sell it or toss away a week's work, he tacks a piece of white paper on a cross section of a walnut log. He paces off fifty yards and rests the new gun on a sighting standard. He fires one shot into the paper and that bullet hole is his target. If the new barrel can't put twenty shots within half an inch of the bullet hole, it's another piece of steel for the scrap pile.

That's accuracy shooting for you!

When Johnny Adams draws his bead at fifty, a hundred, or two hundred yards, the only part of the target that interests him is the bull's-eye in the center about the size of a half dollar. And he's concentrating on the pinhead at the center of that!

The old-timers never aimed with such precise accuracy. They had neither the telescopic sights nor the barrels and the ammunition to carry true over such distances. As a matter of fact, they had something else to shoot at. They were quick and they shot well at close range. They blazed away at targets only a few feet distant, whether they were shooting at each other or at glass balls which were four inches across. They were impulse shooters. They fired while pointing, not after aiming.

They left, unfortunately, few scores by which the moderns could compete on fair and even terms with them. Hence the never-ending arguments as to the golden age of shooting. Some authorities claim it was back in the tail end of the last century. Others argue it is right now—today.

One of the three outstanding trick shots of today who have tried to test fairly the feats of the old-timers is Captain A. H. Hardy of Los Angeles. The other two are Adolph Tupperwein of Texas and Ed McGivern of Montana. Of them, more later. All three are brilliant shots with an astounding assortment of gun tricks.

Captain Hardy's line is duplicating the trick shooting of the bygone days, including Doc Carver's feats, then going them one better. One of his favorite stunts is double shooting. He places two candy mints ten yards apart, then takes a position ten yards distant from each of them. With a pistol in each hand and firing simultaneously he blanks out both mints.

Captain Hardy and Johnny Adams were over to a gathering of shooters in Oakland one evening recently. Hardy asked Adams to hold a piece of chalk upright in his fingers. Then the Captain stepped off ten paces, stood with his back to Adams, drew a mirror, held it in front of him, pointed a pistol over his shoulder, took aim in the mirror, fired and shot the end off the chalk. An inch or two miscalculation, and the world's champion shot would have been missing one trigger finger!

"You're not getting much fun out of that," said Hardy. "How'd you like to try some stunts with your rifle?"

"Fine!" replied Adams. "What range?"

"Ten yards."

"That's too easy," answered Adams. "I'll shoot from fifty yards."

"You can't do trick shooting from fifty yards," warned Hardy.

"I'll try it," said Johnny.

The captain stuck five pieces of ordinary school chalk in a holder. From fifty yards, with his trusty Titherington, Adams cut all of them in two in five successive shots.

Hardy pulled out one of his favorite tricks. He stuck five tiny birthday-cake candles up and lighted them. With five bullets Adams shot out the flames without touching the candles!

Marion Semmelmeyer of Los Angeles is rated today as the outstanding woman pistol shot of the world. Mrs. Semmelmeyer, the mother of two children, is easily the Annie Oakley of the day. She is so handy with her pistols that they no longer class her as a woman shot but station her among the men.

Scrambling Eggs

Mrs. Semmelmeyer's repertoire of shooting tricks gives any of the old-timers, male or female, plenty to shoot at. She turns artist with her .22 automatic and draws pictures on the wall with bullet holes. She can shoot over her shoulder, aiming with a mirror in front of her, and cut a cigarette in two.

She can shoot by aiming or by pointing, and is almost as accurate shooting blind sight with a card over her gun to conceal the sights as when taking aim. The notorious Belle Starr would dry up with envy at Mrs. Semmelmeyer's skill as a two-gun woman, shooting both weapons simultaneously.

Her husband has occasion to appreciate her accuracy. He stands calmly smoking his cigar while she, at twenty-five feet, fires three shots at the stogie held in his teeth. The first shot flicks the ashes off the cigar. The second puts the cigar out. The third shot cuts the butt in two.

Herbert W. Semmelmeyer, who himself learned to shoot at West Point, and who started his wife on her spectacular two-gun career, is ready to give the little woman a shot at his cigar any time she wants some practice. And he's a respected member of the insurance fraternity!

The other "greatest living woman shot in the world" is Mrs. Adolph Toepperwein of Texas. Competing with her famous husband on equal terms, she has mastered the fancy shots of the ancients and the moderns both with the rifle and the pistol. Her specialty is the rifle.

One of the favorite Toepperwein shooting exhibitions—for either Mr. or Mrs.—is "scrambling eggs." Tossing six eggs into the air simultaneously, either of them will break all six eggs with six consecutive shots before the potential omelets hit the ground.

Sure-Fire Shooting

Adolph Toepperwein tackled the endurance records of Doc Carver and Captain Bogardus. Improving upon Carver's great glass ball act, the Texan shot down 72,500 wooden balls tossed interminably into the air, and out of that number he missed but a dozen. The blustering Carver missed 4,806 out of a total of 63,625.

Ed McGivern of Lewistown, Montana, has made it his hobby to test the possibilities of the shooting legends of bygone days. With the aid of electric firing and timing gadgets he has devised, he has undertaken to duplicate every shooting myth on record and has proved that many of them were humanly impossible.

The astonishing revival in pistol shooting during the past two or three years is due to the determination of peace officers to improve their shooting. More than anyone else, Chief of Police James E. Davis of Los Angeles is responsible for the outburst of record-breaking pistol shooting that has swept southern California. Los Angeles and San Diego are shooting meccas, with officers and citizens banging away regularly at their marks.

Judging by the records they hold, you could pick a fifteen-man team from the southern California peace officers who could outshoot any other fifteen pistol shots in the United States. And they could outshoot any fifteen old-time shots, either killers or peace officers, too.

Why? Several reasons. First, better guns and ammunition. Second, better training. The old-timers practiced by shooting into walls, or by bouncing tin cans along the ground with rapid-fire shots. The modern peace officer trains on a rifle range which duplicates as nearly as possible the conditions in a gun fight. He trains by shooting at figures which appear suddenly, then drop out of sight as quickly.

The modern shooter is far more accurate. He has to be. When the old-timers shot it out at ten feet to ten yards in saloons, everyone else faded out of the line of fire; the peace officer of today must shoot on crowded streets at greater range or wage his battle from a fleeting patrol car, pumping away at a careening automobile.

In only one department was the old-timer superior—mentally. He was a killer. Years of hard living made him that. The rip-roaring frontier towns, where life was cheap, created an environment in which the killer was honored. Today he is despised. The Chief may exhort his men to "shoot to kill," but that doesn't make them killers. We live in a soft-hearted day. The gunman of the glamorous days lived when something to shoot at was something to kill—or else be killed.

Oil and Grease
spot white shoes and spoil their beauty. But all stains
Clean Quickly
with Shinola White Shoe Cleaner. Easily applied . . . no fuss or mess.
No rub-off!
★ Properly applied. Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture.
10¢
AT ALL STORES
SHINOLA
WHITE
SHOE CLEANER

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

Women up to $22 in a Week
and Your Own Dresses—FREE
Showing Latest
FASHION FROCKS
....Direct from Factory!
as low as
3 DRESSES
$3.98

No House-to-House Canvassing

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to $22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.

FASHION FROCKS Inc. Dept. J-150 Cincinnati, O.

Not for Publication

Continued from page 9

Later, Johnny said. It came to him that they had intended to have seen them on the previous night, although no reason why it hadn't been done had been told him. That, also, was of no importance. When Rutlin left, Hilarita said, "It's done things to him, Mr. Brett." It had been Johnny, last night, Brett said. "That was last night. Today . . . I'm worried again. I want the stamps sold. Oh, just one. Does that sound as if I am rushing you? I want to get away. With Pat."

Brett's voice ran ahead of his intent. He said, "Naturally I'll want to see the stamp I buy, and after I do—"

THE telephone rang. For a moment Hilarita Rutlin kept looking at him, as if realization, so close, had turned her both dumb and motionless; then, eyes bright, she jumped from her chair. "You can hug me all the way to the city," she said. "To get Pat away . . . you're a peach, Johnny! I know the stamps would be sold anyhow, but every day has been more difficult, with Pat. And now . . . oh, damn! I've got to answer it." Brett finished his coffee, and lit a cigarette. There was heat in the room; the shades were drawn. It was messy. Fifteen thousand, for a pretty girl and a fraudulent stamp, was a lot of money. Old John, in New York, would find it amusing, since Johnny had done nothing foolish in his life. Then she was back in the room. "So that's what you are," she said. "So that's what you are! It's your city editor." Her hands were tightly clenched, but she didn't hit him.

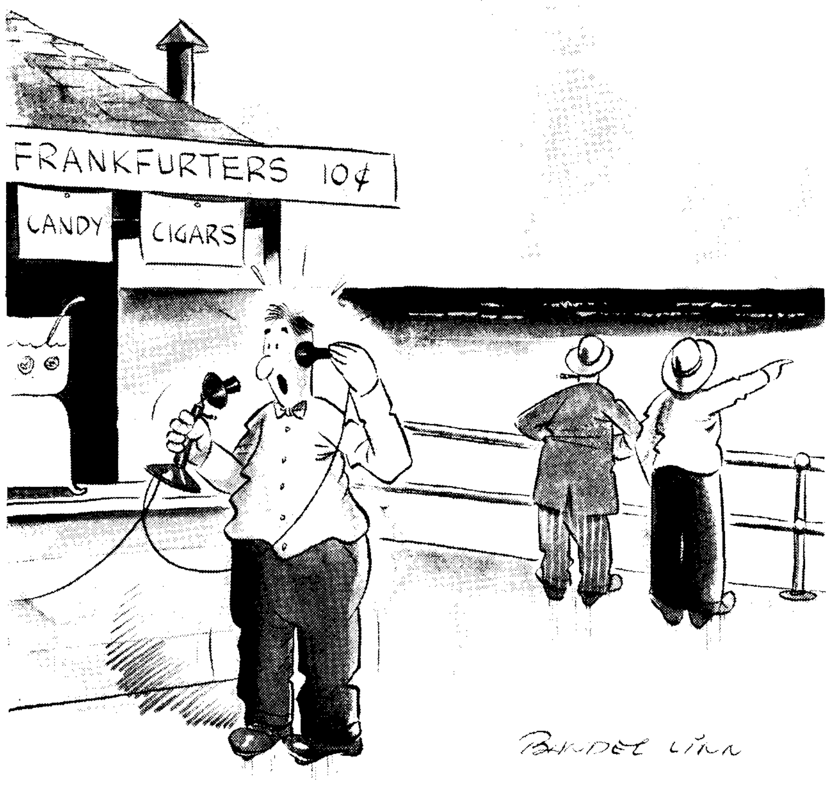
Brett, cigarette fuming, got up from the table. "It's not as bad as you think," he pleaded. He could, Hilarita said fiercely, use the telephone, after which would he please get out? "No," Johnny said. In the dim hallway, Pat Rutlin passed him; there was a finality in the way Rutlin slammed the front door behind him against the heat, in the way the other door, behind which his sister must be, made an echo to it.

George Westcott said, "I could have had the story of the sinking of the Lusitania in less time than this, Johnny. Where in hell have you been? We want something new on Mitchell. The Post's dug up that he's an ex-con and is playing it hard. And where is the stamp story?" There wasn't anything new on Mitchell, Brett said, and the stamp story wasn't cleared up yet. "I'm going to use it today," Westcott told him. "It won't keep; today, it ought to be exclusive. Will the Rutlin dame stand for quotes?"

"Don't print the story yet," Johnny urged. George Westcott, winking across the city desk, said into the transmitter, in a chiding voice, that he hadn't thought Johnny would fall for her so hard. "I'm telling you," Brett continued, his voice harder. "Don't print the story, George." There was silence at the other end of the wire; Brett said "I'm serious. And have the office dig up a few facts for me—facts which are not intended for publication. There is a con at the Point named Sanchez. Find out about him. Find out, also, about some recently discharged or paroled convict"—Brett had thought this out already—"who probably doesn't know about engraving or ink or that sort of thing, but who might have worked for a paper mill. If the warden's office gets tough about it, tell them we'll get the information anyhow, and, after, give them a ride which they won't like . . . never mind why I want it, George.

"This second con would have been Sanchez's pal. They might have even worked together in the printing plant." George Westcott, knowing the easygoing Brett so well, asked what was up, and why didn't Johnny get the information himself, and of course they were going to print whatever they learned—if it concerned the Sanchez death at the prison, or the Mitchell killing, or anything else. And the stamp story. "Don't, George," Johnny begged. He added, with

(Continued on page 44)



"Hello: Police? I'm worried! The tide went out two days ago and hasn't come back!"

BANDEL LINN

Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

2. In summer there is a greater loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

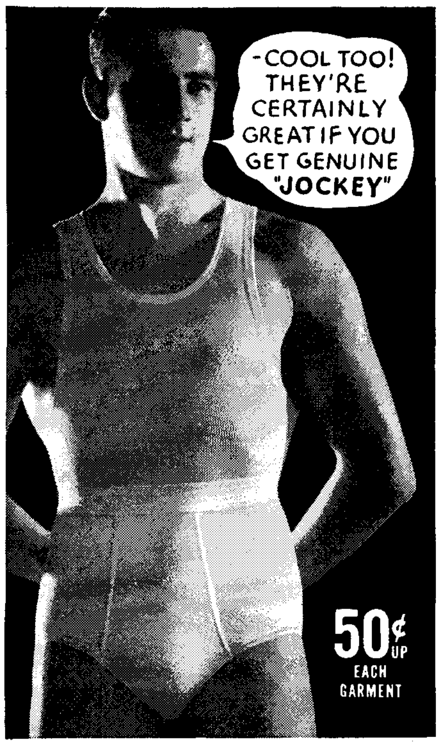
So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SNUG!

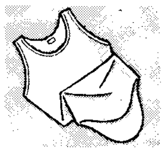

-COOL TOO! THEY'RE CERTAINLY GREAT IF YOU GET GENUINE "JOCKEY"
50¢ UP EACH GARMENT

5-POINT COMFORT!
Millions Changing to This New Kind of Underwear

For coolness and comfort millions of men are changing to the new "Jockey" Short and Shirt. Be sure to order "Jockey." Then you will be sure to get all of these 5 points of comfort for your money:

1. **Cradle Support.** Scientific suspension; so restful!
2. **Lastex Snugger.** Holds cradle to inner leg. No bulking.
3. **Broadlastic Waistband.** Holds short up, shirt down.
4. **SnugKnit Fabric.** Porous, absorbent, quick drying.
5. **Flexsecure Design.** Body freedom in any position.

Jockey Shirt Too! Specially designed with cut-out at thighs for wear with Jockey Short. Wear both!



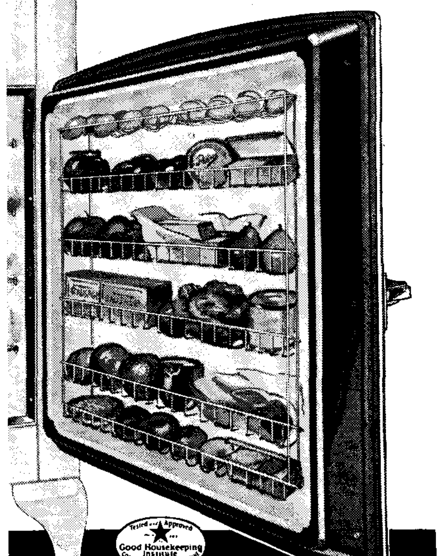
Jockey Jr. For boys and girls. No buttons—so easy to launder.

For name of nearest dealer write to:

Coopers INC.
Dept. 19 Kenosha, Wis.

FOR 5-POINT COMFORT INSIST ON Jockey

This much more in a SHELVADOR



EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from page 43)

a gravity which Westcott was beginning to understand, "I meant it."

Hilarita had the newspaper open when Brett returned. "I know," she said. "You simply must get the story. That's what every reporter says. Even something as unimportant as the stamps. Only you'll print a lot about Pat and how he almost killed a child while driving his car, over a year ago while he was drunk . . . and you stayed here with us, and put your arm around me, and now you've got the story." Johnny said that the facts were certain to be printed, but that his own paper would make no past reference to Pat Rutlin; he couldn't promise what the other sheets would do. "I know you can't," she said. "You can't promise anything. You're just a reporter."

BRETT said, with new gravity in his voice again, "I did come for the story. That's true. But I wasn't thinking about the stamps last night. I was thinking about you. I'm thinking about you now, and Pat also, if you'd only believe it."

"A reporter," Hilarita said bitterly. "Going to take me places . . . places you said you'd been. London and Hong Kong and the Canadian Rockies . . . in somebody else's expensive car you've borrowed, and with my money." Brett offered desperately that the car wasn't sea-going, and that the license of the car was in his name. "A girl gave it to you?" she asked. "Or did you get it as blackmail for keeping some nasty story silent? I don't see why I stay here arguing with you."

"Because you like me," Johnny Brett suggested. "That's why you're so angry. I tell you that everything can still be all right. Won't you believe me?"

"No." She walked straight up to him; "No," she said again. Then Brett was left alone in the room. He drove much too fast on the way back to town.

He telephoned his office twice; the second time, most of the information was ready for him. Sanchez's record, and the information furnished when he was admitted to San Quentin, showed that the murderer had been educated in a Mexican church school; he had been an artist of sorts, and an engraver; he had been assigned to the prison's printing plant after the usual year in the jute mill, and had slept there, on a cot. He had spent much time in preparing cuts for the prison newspaper, even making his own inks; he had done this for several years before he died, and was what the warden's office would call an expert. His work had been complimented many times.

WESTCOTT had made his threats cannily; he had learned that a convict named Fowler, a friend of Sanchez, had been discharged a short time ago, and that Fowler had also worked in the printing plant; before incarceration, Fowler had been employed in a paper mill . . . the two men had worked together, and, the warden's office said, had been so interested in what they were doing that the prison's welfare department had bought books on the subject for them, about paper, engraving, printing, of all sorts. The prison official had told Westcott that care had been exercised; nothing concerning counterfeit money had been allowed the two men—nor had they asked for it—lest it be manufactured in the jail, as had been attempted once in the past.

The pieces of Brett's puzzle moved together. When the bank opened he went to it; he introduced himself to its president. "Call the Sierra Pacific," Johnny said. It would be the first time he had used what his father had placed at his disposal, what Old John had said belonged jointly to both of them. "I think you'll find that they will verify what I've told you, sir." The call was put through at once; yes, the Sierra Bank would be very glad to honor Mr. Brett's check. Johnny, glancing casually at the blue stamp, slipped it into his wallet. He had, the banker said, bought one of the most valuable bits of paper in the world; it was amazing to think that something an inch high, and less than an inch wide, should bring such a price, something with an original value of twopence, with a woman's head printed on it. "Girls come high," Johnny agreed. "I want to tell Mr. Rutlin that I've bought one of the stamps . . . where will I find him?"

If anything, the heat had increased over yesterday's; Brett saw that the roadster was in shade, and then followed the banker's suggestion. Pat Rutlin was not in the first store, nor the second; in the back room of the third Brett found him. He went to the table; without preliminary he said, "I've just bought one of the stamps. The money's ready for you at the bank, but before you go, I'd like a drink. Beer." As Rutlin shouted the order, and his own, Brett smiled slightly. He took out his wallet and placed the Mauritius stamp on the table. "It's worth all I paid for it," Johnny said. "Every dollar."

Pat Rutlin simply had to talk. "I've listened to nothing but experts for days," he said. "Every detail. It was engraved by a jeweler at Port Louis. His initials—J. B.—are on the stamp. The ink was Prussian blue, with ivory and Frankfort black added; it was digested with acid, diluted, washed. siphoned, washed, in the old way—"

He was still speaking when Johnny thoughtfully thrust his finger into the foam of his beer. "Did you ever hear of the dilute alcohol test, Pat?" Johnny himself, until this moment, hadn't heard of it either. "I didn't insist upon it, because it can be damaging, but it's infallible." While Rutlin stared at him, he wet a portion of the stamp. Nothing happened. The color was unaffected. Patrick Rutlin sighed gustily. "Well," Brett said, "it's a good thing I ordered beer. Dilute alcohol. Look here, old man, if the stamp were genuine"—Rutlin's eyes rose, became fearfully inquiring—"the alcohol would have turned the blue to red. Sit tight. I know. So tell me where your friend Fowler hangs out, Pat. And sit still!"

FOR a brief moment Brett, tensed, waited; then young Rutlin sighed again. "Of course you're a detective. You . . . you wouldn't let me try to get away?" Brett shook his head. "I give you my word I've had to go through with all this. I didn't have a hand in anything else." Johnny said that he was aware of all that, and that he knew how, and why, Mitchell had been killed. And Sanchez. "I'm not squealing. It's merely the truth. I refused to help Fowler, much as I wanted money, until Mitchell was murdered. After that, what else could I do? We were two jailbirds." He slumped. "This alcohol test . . . Sanchez didn't tell us about it."

"For a good reason," Johnny Brett said. "It's phony, Pat. I had to have some way to let you understand that I knew. Now . . . Fowler. Where is he?"

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In some races of mankind the female is the taller and heavier sex. There is a tribe or two in Africa in which the average height of the women exceeds that of the men, and a group in Russia in which nearly every wife outweighs her husband.

Not long ago France was baffled by an unusual murder mystery. Within a week three friends, two men and a woman, were stabbed to death on the border of a small town. All were armed and no struggle had taken place. The soggy earth around them showed only the hoofprints of a horse. Later the murderer, a woman, was discovered. She had disarmed the victims' suspicion by a friendly chat, hence the surprise attack. And she had concealed her sandals, fitted with horseshoes, by a long cloak.

A true orthodox Jew not only eats and drinks kosher food and wine but also uses kosher shaving cream which contains no animal matter, and wears kosher clothes which are made of one material only, in conformity with a law of the Talmud that forbids the mixture of different kinds of textiles.—*By Anita Witzman, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

Filial duty is believed to be ingrained more deeply in the Chinese than in any other race. This is illustrated in one way by the fact that the amount of money which is sent regularly to parental homes in China by sons and daughters living in other countries totals more than $4,000,000 a week.

Growing temperance, lower purchasing power or bootlegging—or all three—are responsible for the low consumption of tax-paid liquor in this country during the past year as compared with 1917, the last full year before prohibition. The apparent per-capita consumption of beer is down 34 per cent, wine 48 per cent and whisky 48 per cent.

At the United States Military Academy at West Point, one important course which must be taken by our future army officers—for four years if necessary to attain proficiency—is ballroom dancing.—*By J. J. Cleary, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

Rutlin told him, but urged Brett not to go alone; the ex-convict was armed, dangerous. "He isn't going to hurt me," Brett said, although he wasn't so positive as he sounded. Yet in what other way could the story, insofar as it concerned the Rutlins, be silenced? Brett thought, "I'm only doing this because she's a decent, brave, swell kid, but what a time I'll have explaining to Dad that I spent fifteen thousand for nothing! Or I can always get it back. I wonder if I'll ask for it? I hardly believe I will." To Pat: "Let's go. Show me the way, and then beat it. Go home and tell your sister that you've sold one of the stamps, and take along a handful of bills to prove it."

Pat, head high, said, "You'll trust me not to run off?" Brett said that he would; more, he expected Rutlin to say nothing of what had happened. "I was there when Mitchell was killed," said Pat. "I'll be tried; I'll be found guilty." He licked his lips. "They take the condemned man up to the death chamber the night before he's hanged. We always howled when they went up. You walk up thirteen stairs. I . . . I can do it, but . . . but. . . ."

"I'll drink another beer," Johnny Brett said gently. "I'm not a detective, Pat. I'm trying to cover you in this. Have something with me. Be drunk when you go home, if you wish. Your sister will think it's excitement over the sale. Have a couple of drinks. Where is Fowler?" Brett listened carefully. "I see." He stood up, and young Pat Rutlin, for the first time, saw the power of the other man. "I'll come up to the house later," Johnny said. "Don't take so many that you can't get home."

He left the car where it was. The heat, even under the sidewalk trees, was unbelievable. His shirt stuck to him; water ran down his arms into the palms of his hands. Fowler, with Pat's assistance, had selected an excellent place of concealment; an abandoned milk-house on a ranch which itself was occupied. Pat had explained that there was a path, but that Fowler did not use it, with wisdom, lest the trail be observed; it was reached through an irrigation ditch. Water was up to Brett's knees; his feet were deep in ooze.

WHAT he proposed was this: Fowler was to give himself up, to plead that he had come to old Mitchell for assistance, but that Mitchell, fearing that the recently discharged convict would inform everyone of his own incarceration and previous criminal record, had attempted to kill him. Fowler was to say that he had jumped for the gun; Mitchell, in the struggle, had been killed. The authorities, after Johnny's paper had done some talking with them, would permit a plea of manslaughter, and in three years and three months Fowler would be paroled. The alternative would be that Brett would testify to what he had heard on the veranda, which would involve Pat, yes, but send Fowler to the gallows. The only other thing Johnny had thought of was to have the milk-house surrounded and hope that the ex-convict would fight it out and die without talking. The first plan was the surest.

He saw the unpainted walls of the place where Fowler was hiding. It was not to be supposed that the ex-convict would always be watchful, and in this Brett was correct; he worked his way around, and to the door. Then, heart beginning to pound, he imitated Rutlin's voice: "Open the door. We've sold one of the stamps. And got the money." Then Fowler's voice. He told Rutlin before not to come here, and to leave the booze alone. Brett thickened his voice: "I only had a couple. Fifteen thousand." The door began to open; Brett threw himself against it.

The idea was to talk to Fowler when the man was so he had to listen. Brett saw the gun rise; his blow, and the shot, seemed to come at the same instant, and there was searing pain in his left shoulder. He was all over Fowler, bearing him down; the gun, sounding close but muffled, exploded again. . . .

Fowler fell away from him. Brett kicked the gun farther away, and then, "My hands was sweatin' or I wouldn't of missed. I . . ." He died with that, with the word in his mouth.

Johnny Brett put his hand to his shoulder. It was curious, but he had little feeling for the thing which had happened; Fowler had killed himself. "I'm psychic," he thought. "I built up a crime, in my mind, for someone else, and it's happened to me." He was not panicky in the least, although pain made it difficult to think very clearly. Next, what? Tell what had happened? Say that he'd been after the Mitchell story, had hunted for Fowler, and was attacked? Not bad. The story ought to hold. It would not involve Rutlin. Or why not just say he'd looked for Fowler, and found him—dead? Much better. Intimate that Fowler'd killed himself when he thought he was discovered.

THERE was, however, the testimony of his wounded shoulder. He'd conceal that; the paper would have some hospital cover up on the operation. He looked down at the dead man; thought of the poisoned chocolate bars given Sanchez in the prison, of old Mitchell, of young Pat Rutlin; despite all this, he shivered instinctively, and wished that the second shot had not been fired.

Brett walked squarely down the unused path this time. He was mud to the knees; he plastered mud on his coat and shirt with his good hand, covering the stain which was appearing. When he stepped into the car, he was reeling a little, part from intent, part because he couldn't help it. Anyone could see that he was drunk.

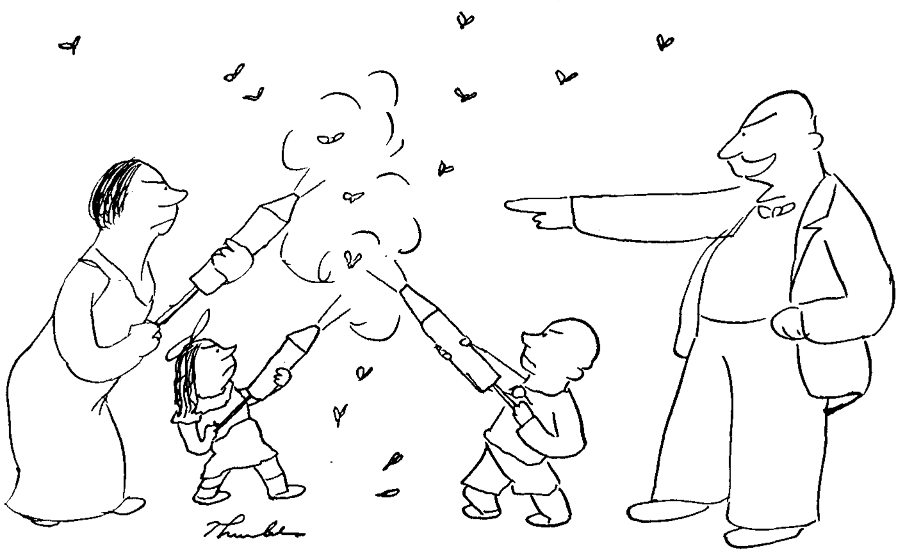
Hilarita Rutlin saw it, when he came up the veranda steps. "And Pat's just as drunk as you are," she said wearily. "So drunk he bought me a diamond ring, because he said you'd bought the stamps . . . one stamp . . . for fifteen thousand dollars . . . so very drunk that he said you'd *paid* for it. And you had to come back here!"

"I had to come back," Johnny Brett agreed. It was hot. It was fiendishly hot. The sun was full on him. He put out one hand, and saw her face begin to whirl. It was all funny. He had an exclusive story for George Westcott, and he couldn't get to the telephone to give it. He'd seen death, and almost met it himself, and this girl was hating him. The floor was rising, the ceiling was coming down, the sun was rushing toward the earth. . . .

Johnny Brett was on the floor. Inside. There was a pillow under his head. A voice in his ear. "I didn't see the blood," he heard. "I didn't see the blood. You mustn't be hurt. Don't die. You mustn't. Oh, you mustn't."

"Tokyo, Stockholm, Vienna," said Johnny Brett. He was sure. This was the girl. How did he know? It was one of those things you didn't need to understand. "All aboard. Paris. New gowns. Spain, where your grandpapas came from, only I won't eat tamales for anyone. It'll cost twice fifteen thousand to send letters to all the places we're going. You've got to come. And now that you know I'm not drunk you're also going to learn that I'm not a liar, except for the early edition when a fellow simply must fluff a story. And the damn' shoulder doesn't really hurt, although it leaves me with only one arm when I need two. Arm. A for affection, R for romance, M for Mauritius . . . no, that's not it . . . M, darling, for marriage."

The Colonel, war-like, grim from Service,
Finds Insect Aircraft makes him nervous,
And issues order forty-two—
"Men, shoot them down—with Bug-a-boo!"



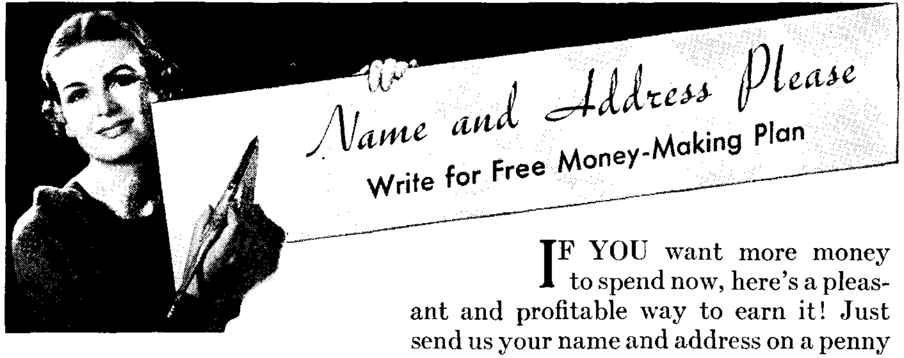
YES, WE'VE MADE bug-riddance both easy and pleasant with Bug-a-boo. This new high-power insect spray kills them dead . . . *dead* . . . DEAD . . . and it doesn't leave the fumigation odor that so many people object to. Furthermore, it won't stain your wallpaper, clothing, hangings, etc. We know you'll like Bug-a-boo. Its odor suggests the pine forest. Put it on your shopping list.

Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

BUG-A-BOO

KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL STATIONS AND LEADING DEALERS


Name and Address Please
Write for Free Money-Making Plan

IF YOU want more money to spend now, here's a pleasant and profitable way to earn it! Just send us your name and address on a penny post card or write a complete letter about your particular problems. You will receive by first class mail full information about our profitable plan.

The First Move Is Yours . . .

MR. J. W. HELBERG is just one of many men and women who are improving their finances by using our money-making plan. *The same opportunity is open to you.*

Let us help you earn plenty of extra dollars by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications.

At the most, you risk only 3¢ and you may make $1.00 or more an hour. The sooner you mail the coupon, the sooner you will have more money to spend!

Mr. J. W. Helberg of New York

Paste Coupon on Penny Post Card

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-99
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HERE is my name and address. What is your money-making offer?

Name..Address..

Town..State..

STREAM-LINED

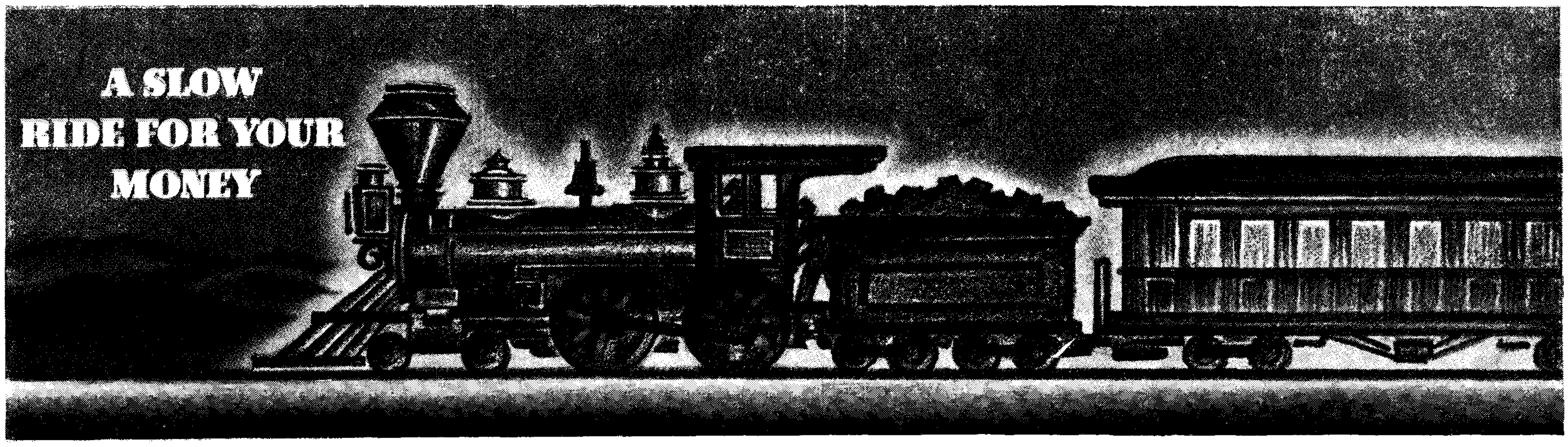
LONG BEFORE STREAM-LINED TRAINS SET NEW STANDARDS

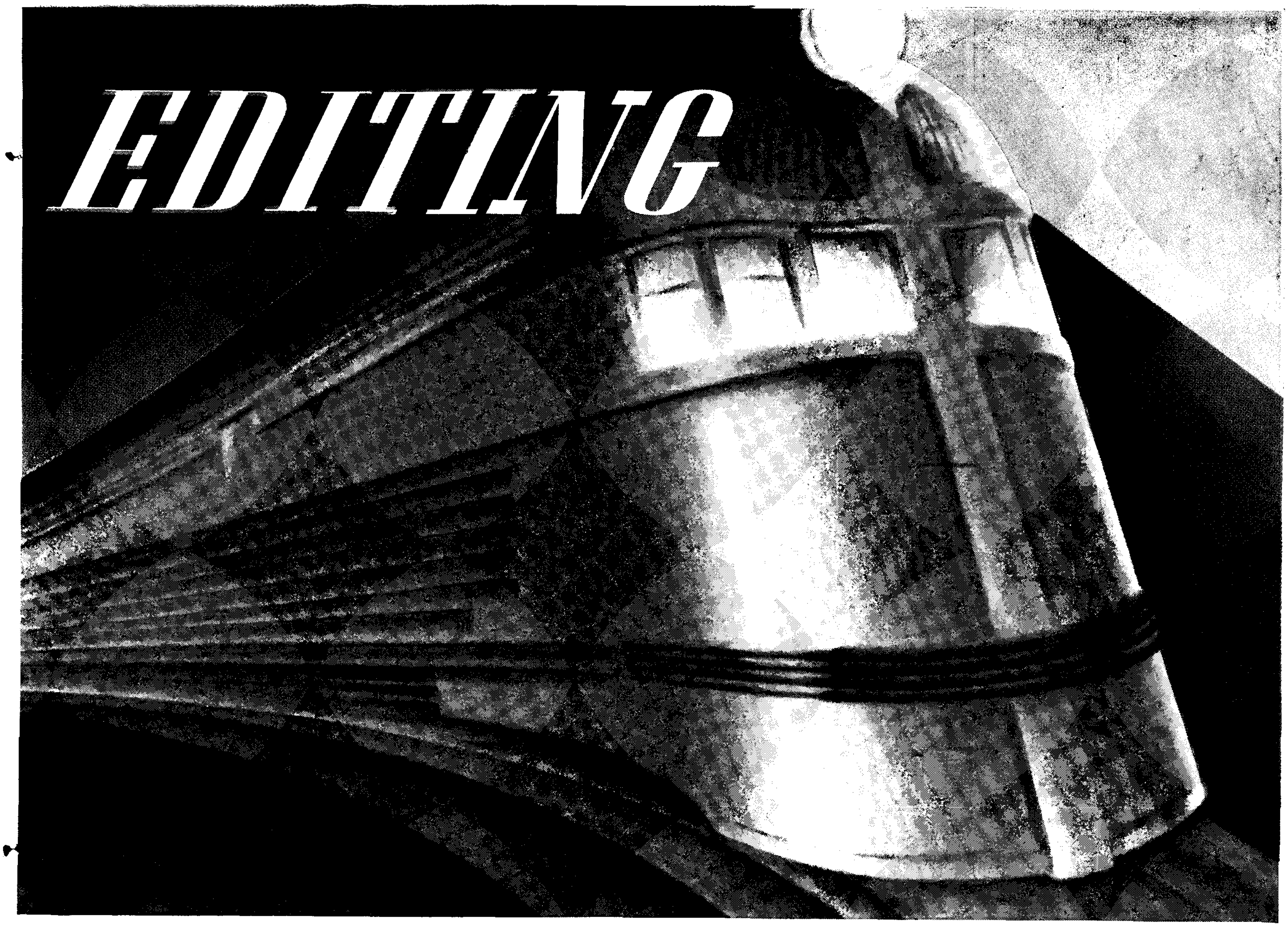
Advertising in even a slow-moving medium may eventually get you where you want to go—if you can wait that long. But, today, advertisers can't afford to wait.

Collier's was stream-lined for them against *buying* resistance long before trains were stream-lined against *wind* resistance. It side-tracked the slow-minded, self-satisfied type of reader who buys, if at all, when he gets around to it. And created a magazine *primarily* for the alert and the progressive — made it an expression of their own lives.

Fresh, sparkling fiction. Timely, incisive articles—never dragged out in length. Editorials that don't beat around old bushes or cater to standpat opinions. No wonder Collier's has segregated the very heart of the most responsive market in the United States.

For the same restless urge that sends these readers every week to Collier's for new viewpoints and ideas sends them to retail counters for modern merchandise advertised in its





© 1935, The Crowell Publishing Co.

pages. And the same feeling that they're living in a changing world keeps them up to scratch on the thousand and one new things American manufacturers are producing to help make it change.

Show these 2,400,000 Collier's readers and their families an improved product or a better way and you'll flash interest instantly—and get a buying reaction *immediately*. And that means an *immediate* upward response in your sales curve!

GREATER SALES SPEED
—— LESS RESISTANCE

Collier's

The Active Market

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S, The National Weekly • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME
The Largest Magazine Audience in the World—8,300,000

Treasure Chest

Continued from page 11

telling the truth. It really was nothing, now. Whether he had been fired or not simply didn't matter any more!

"And now," said Elmer, beaming broadly and doing his best to imitate the voice of Mr. Novotny, "now we'll see!"

In the next half-hour he used, among other instruments, his muscles, a hammer, a screwdriver, a cross-cut saw, a can-opener, a corkscrew, a tenpenny nail, a hatchet and then—finally—the axe from the Murrays' woodpile. The axe did the trick. The cover of the chest slowly dimpled, buckled and then abruptly skidded across the floor.

The three Wheeps whooped, peered down into the chest and then eyed one another bewilderedly, because what they looked at was not gold but an unpleasant rumpled surface which proved, upon closer scrutiny, to be made of lead or zinc or some such grayish metal.

"Inside box," said Elmer, telling Loretta and Osmer what they both already knew from personal observation. Then: "Oh, well," said Elmer cheerfully, "that makes it more valuable."

THE three of them managed to turn the outer chest upside down, and so with some effort they dumped the inner leaden box out upon the floor. There it sat and seemed to glare at them, gray and difficult and mean-appearing. Then Osmer, on hands and knees, discovered that there was a split in one end of it.

"I can get my little finger in," he yelled excitedly.

"Does it feel like gold?" asked Elmer, tense.

"What does gold feel like?"

"You'll know soon enough," said Elmer expansively. He turned now to his wife. "Lorry, do you realize that you and I are about to have a dream come true? Do you realize that you and I, like people in story books, are about to—well, you know? Riches! Pay off the mortgage. New gutters and leaders. Travel. Beautiful clothes for you—and, by the way, I need a new suit, too. Silks. Satins. Jewels. Anything we want. A new modern tub in the bathroom. Movies twice a week. Do—do you think, maybe, we should say a prayer, Lorry?"

"Open the box," said Loretta caustically. Then she added, with her eyebrows slightly elevated, "Personally, I'm prepared to find it empty."

"It couldn't be," said Elmer.

But it was.

At the bottom of the leaden casket rested about an inch of brownish fluffy dust — just that and nothing more. Brownish dust, as soft and fine as talcum but much less pleasing to the eyes that had to look at it. Rather desperately Elmer dug down into the dust and struck bottom at once. His fingers came up powdered, that was all.

Elmer studied his fingers, first peering at all sides of them and then peering down into the casket. Presently he shook his head. "My luck, all right," he mumbled, shrugging. "It would turn out that way." He caught Loretta's eyes wearily. "Probably papers," he said dully. "Probably a map or something. If we hadn't mussed them around and stirred them up—"

A loud knocking resounded upon the kitchen door. Automatically Elmer leaped to answer it, then froze in transit.

He had noticed that Loretta was crying. Practically never in his life had he seen Loretta cry except in anger or frustration. He blinked at her for a passage of time and then he stepped over to her. He put an arm about her. "That's all right, old girl," he said. He patted her and squeezed his arm tighter. "Forget it," he said.

"But—but Elmer, wh-what will we tell them?"

"It's nobody's business, is it?" demanded Elmer.

Loretta dabbed at her eyes with the corner of a dish towel. The knocking on the door resounded again. Elmer stepped to the door. He didn't like the banging and he didn't like to see Lorry crying like that and mopping her face.

"Shut up, will you?" yelled Elmer savagely through the door.

A muffled voice responded, "Is that Mr. Wheep?"

"Who do you think I am," said Elmer, "Admiral Byrd?"

"Let me in, Mr. Wheep. This is Collins of the Times-Star."

"Go climb a tree," said Elmer.

"But, Mr. Wheep—"

"Run a race with yourself," shouted Elmer.

Now Elmer looked at Loretta, but Loretta was still stabbing at the corners of her eyes with a dish towel. Elmer looked at Osmer, who looked back at him. Then, abruptly, Elmer smiled a grim smile. He said to Osmer quietly: "Osmer, this is nobody's business but ours. Do you understand that? Whatever we found is nobody's business. I don't intend to have your mother laughed at by the neighbors for sitting on an empty box, and—well, I don't intend to have your mother laughed at by anybody, that's all. Look, Osmer—do you think you and I can lift these two chests, now that they're separated?"

They could and did. They carried them upstairs. Then Elmer stalked to the kitchen sink, where he soaked a dishcloth with cold water. "Use this," he said to Loretta. "Go in the living-room and when you're ready come out. I'm going to open the door and get these people over with."

So Elmer flung open the door.

Three newspapermen burst in, and a plump man who proved to be the police commissioner.

Elmer eyed them provocatively, but they either did not notice or else ignored his annoyance, which made him feel even more annoyed.

"Do you care to make a statement, Mr. Wheep?" asked a reporter.

"No," said Elmer, "I don't."

"We'll give you time to prepare a statement, if you like."

"I don't like," said Elmer. He had never before in his life been interviewed. It suddenly occurred to him that he was being interviewed, and the thought rather pleased him. He was being interviewed!

ANOTHER of the newspapermen said abruptly, "Gold, wasn't it, Mr. Wheep?"

This was fun, decided Elmer. He said firmly, "No."

"Not gold, Mr. Wheep?"

"I think I said no," said Elmer, adding salt and vinegar to his voice.

The three newspapermen conferred in mumbled whispers. They all wrote rapidly on folded sheaves of coarse white paper, then one of them looked up and said, "Diamonds? Jewels maybe?"

"No," said Elmer, beginning to feel himself master of the situation.

The *third newspaperman* said, "Nerts!" loudly and showed other signs of irritation. He stared at Elmer with an unpleasant stare. "Listen, big shot," he said harshly, "maybe you don't know that getting fresh with a newspaperman isn't healthy. We're not Boy Scouts and we didn't come here to play twenty questions. We all happen to have a deadline to make and we want the facts. Get it?"

"I think so," said Elmer with dignity.

"Well, then, what about it?"

"Nerts!" said Elmer.

"Very funny," said the newspaperman sarcastically. "Now we'll cut the comedy. What did you find in that box? That's what we want to know—what and how much? Was it a million? Two million?"

"If you must know," said Elmer, becoming more and more annoyed, "I found nothing."

"Oh, so that's your story! You found nothing—is that it?"

"That's it," said Elmer, boiling.

"Did you open the box?"

"I did."

"And you found nothing—is that what you're trying to tell us?"

"That's what I'm telling you," said Elmer, with sudden venom. He said then with hauteur, "And now, if you don't mind—" He waved a hand at them as old man Rogers, earlier in the day, had waved a similar dismissing hand. "I'm afraid," said Elmer, remembering, "that for the time being we'll have to consider the subject closed. At a later date, perhaps—" He waved better this time. He waved them away like—like flies.

"So you deny it—is that your game?" demanded the newspaperman, standing his ground.

Elmer said quietly, "The door is directly behind you."

THE police commissioner remained where he was, chuckling, and all at once Elmer realized that he liked the man. "That's the way to handle 'em," the commissioner said. "If more people would tell 'em where to get off like you did, boy, this town would be different."

"Thank you," said Elmer, pleased.

"And now," said the police commissioner, "just between you and me, Mr. Wheep, how much was it—a million?"

"I tell you," said Elmer desperately, "it was nothing."

The commissioner picked up his hat, sighed. "I guess you're right," he said vaguely and somewhat unhappily. "Don't admit it to anybody—only you'll have to when the income-tax people get on your trail." He bowed politely to Elmer. "I'm putting two extra men on tonight, so you won't be bothered till you can get it to the bank tomorrow. No, no! Don't thank me. Just routine. Do the same for any citizen." Now the commissioner paused in the doorway. "Any little thing," he said meaningly. "Well, I certainly congratulate you, Mr. Wheep. Any time you want service you know where I am—Main one-one-hundred, and ask for me. That's my motto—service." He held out a big right hand.

Elmer blinked at the man as he vanished. Then in a fog of bewilderment he looked about him. "Lorry!" he called.

She stood in the living-room doorway, beaming.

"Lorry, I made a mess of it. I meant to bluff but I got so mad I couldn't. I mean I guess I forgot or something. I was mad."

"You were wonderful," said Loretta, coming toward him. Her voice was soft and happy. Of all things, Lorry's voice was soft and happy, like ten, fifteen years ago. . . . No, this was no time to tell her about old man Rogers and the loss of his job. Tomorrow, without letting her know, Elmer would find an-

Don't be a ½ shaver

There are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of the 'whiskers.' The second is to care for *your skin.* So, don't be a *half-shaver.* Finish up this way:
1—To FEEL fine, use Mennen Skin Bracer, the fastest-growing shave-lotion.
2—To LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men, the most popular man's-powder.
Your barber wouldn't *dare* shave you without finishing up with a shave-lotion and a powder. Why don't you do as your barber does?

finish up with
MENNEN SKIN BRACER
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint

MENNEN

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 840-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste* money on substitutes but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.
HART & CO., Box 2407-H, Elmira, N. Y.

Stop Itching Skin
It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.
zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

other job—somehow and somewhere. He patted her shoulder, then on impulse flung his arms about her. "Sort of nice being married—hey, Lorry?"

And then Loretta was crying again, very softly, and so, like a damned fool, was he. He heard Loretta saying something into the lapel of his coat: "Elmer, I ought to roast it because it's better for Osmer that way, but I know you love it sliced and fried. Just for tonight Osmer can eat cereal. I'm going to cook it like we used to when you and I—remember, Elmer?"

Osmer didn't mind the cereal at all. What he was interested in was the dust at the bottom of the leaden casket. "It blows," he said. "Why would it be just dust, Dad?"

"I suppose because the lead was broken and let the air and moisture in. Your guess is as good as mine, son."

"You mean we'll never know?"

"That's about it, I imagine."

Again a heavy knocking filled the house, this time from the direction of the front door.

"Oh, gosh!" breathed Elmer, hastily gulping a slice of fried pork. "Somebody else that wants to know how many million we've got." He stood up, wiping his mouth.

Trailing his napkin he marched to the front door, whipped it open. "Oh—oh, hello, Mr. Harlow!" said Elmer, blinking. It was funny; he had talked with Mr. Harlow only this afternoon, but somehow it seemed years ago. And for the first time in his life Elmer now noticed that Mr. Harlow had a wart on his nose.

Mr. Harlow stepped in. Mr. Harlow shook hands with Elmer warmly. "I only have a minute," said Mr. Harlow, "but I wanted to tell you, Elmer, that you just happened to catch me at a bad time this afternoon. Sorry I was short with you. Had my mind on something else. Practically right after you left I said to Mr. Johnson that we ought to be able to find a place for a man like you in the organization, and Mr. Johnson finally agreed. So if you still feel you want to come with us—"

Mr. Harlow, thought Elmer with an inner smile, really should have thrown the newspaper away. It protruded from Mr. Harlow's coat pocket and the headlines, enough of them, were readable. Elmer wanted to laugh, but he didn't. Instead he said politely: "Sorry, Mr. Harlow, I've changed my mind."

"But, Elmer—"

The fact that for the first time in his life he was sitting in the driver's seat had slowly been dawning upon Elmer Wheep. Now he began to relish the feel of it. It was he, for a change, who at last had the wheel in his hands, the gas pedal underfoot, the brakes at his own personal command.

SAID Elmer slowly, enjoying his own world, "I—I'm better than a bookkeeper, a different position, Mr. Harlow. I appreciate your coming here—please don't misunderstand that. From now on I intend to get what I'm worth in this world. I—I'm better than a bookkeeper, Mr. Harlow. I'm an expert on income tax. I'm an expert on office economy. I'm an expert—"

"What's your figure?" asked Mr. Harlow, shrugging. He achieved a smile of a sort and said then, "I know you're holding me up, Elmer, but I more or less expected that. What's your figure?"

Part of Elmer came back to earth with a thud. He was being offered a job. Above all other things, what he needed was a job. But another part of Elmer still soared. He held the whip, didn't he? Well, the way to hold it was to hold it.

So Elmer said merely, "What's your figure, Mr. Harlow?"

"My figure? I can get the best bookkeeper in this city for forty to forty-five."

"Not any more," said Elmer, smiling unpleasantly. He bowed. "I'm sorry you came here to dicker, Mr. Harlow. I—I've had a busy day. I don't mind saying I'm tired. Things on my mind. Sorry if I'm being—er—short with you, Mr. Harlow, but that's how it is. So now, if you don't mind—" He indicated the door. That was how Harlow had let him out this very afternoon.

The queer thing was, thought Elmer, that he actually was fed up with dickering. He didn't give a rap. At the moment it was as if he really had discovered a chest of gold worth millions. Certainly he had discovered something.

He was only slightly astonished when Mr. Harlow, after walking down the porch steps, came abruptly back. "Let's stop fencing," Mr. Harlow said. "Give me your figure!"

Elmer's imagination took a wild sweep into the air. It caught and came down with the highest weekly money it could encompass. "Seventy-five," said Elmer grimly. "Seventy-five a week."

Mr. Harlow stared at him and Elmer stared back. Mr. Harlow gulped. Mr. Harlow wiped his forehead. "You don't mean a hundred and seventy-five, do you?" inquired Mr. Harlow ironically.

IT WAS then that a new figure came striding up the walk. Peering, Elmer saw it was Mr. Rogers. It must have been that Mr. Harlow peered, too, for he suddenly put out his hand and said: "Closed, Elmer, at seventy-five. I'll write you a letter for your counter-signature. You're hired." Then Mr. Harlow wheeled and walked down the steps, bowing stiffly to Mr. Rogers as he passed him. Mr. Rogers bowed too, even more stiffly. Apparently, thought Elmer, the two men didn't like each other.

Then Mr. Rogers was upon him, fluttering his newspaper. "Elmer, my dear boy, let me be the first to congratulate you. And let me be the first to apologize, too. I wouldn't have you misunderstand me for worlds. Just because I was joking with you this afternoon—"

Elmer eyed Mr. Rogers. Ah, it was pleasant to hold the whip, for a change! "Mr. Rogers," said Elmer, "today you called me a liar. You told me I didn't have another job, but I have—with Johnson and Harlow, if you want to know. Furthermore, you called me a rotten bookkeeper—"

"I never did. You're an excellent bookkeeper."

"Don't I know it?" said Elmer. "You want me back, naturally."

"Of course I want you back. My dear boy, the office won't be the same place—"

"Mr. Rogers," said Elmer, "you give me a pain in the neck."

"Why, Elmer!"

"Ten years I worked for you," said Elmer, pursuing his point, "and you brushed me aside like—like a fly." Abruptly Elmer laughed aloud. "Do you know what I'm going to do to you, John Ephraim Rogers?"

Mr. Rogers stepped back. His eyes opened wide.

"I'm going to thumb my nose at you," said Elmer with vehemence, and did. "And now," said Elmer, dropping his hand and pointing toward the sidewalk, "that, if you don't mind, is the way out."

Elmer was laughing pleasurably, all by himself, when Lorry appeared in the front doorway. She informed him that his dinner was ice cold and she wanted to know who it was that he'd been talking to so long.

"Just wait till I tell you," said Elmer giddily, and climbed the steps and flung his arm about Lorry's shoulders.

It's time for Pabst-

When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.

Summertime is vacation time and IT'S TIME FOR PABST. Whether you drive out for a weekend—a cross country tour—or just a few hours to get away from the summer heat—add comfort to comfort by enjoying wholesome, satisfying, safe, cool Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. There's nothing like it to wash away hot weather fatigue. Take a case along—or stop at any of the convenient roadside stands that display the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign.

There are more than ninety years of brewing experience behind the Pabst label—and that is your guarantee that you are getting true brew goodness when you order Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. Enjoy the quality that is world famous.

BLUE RIBBON
BLUE RIBBON
Genuine
ALE
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

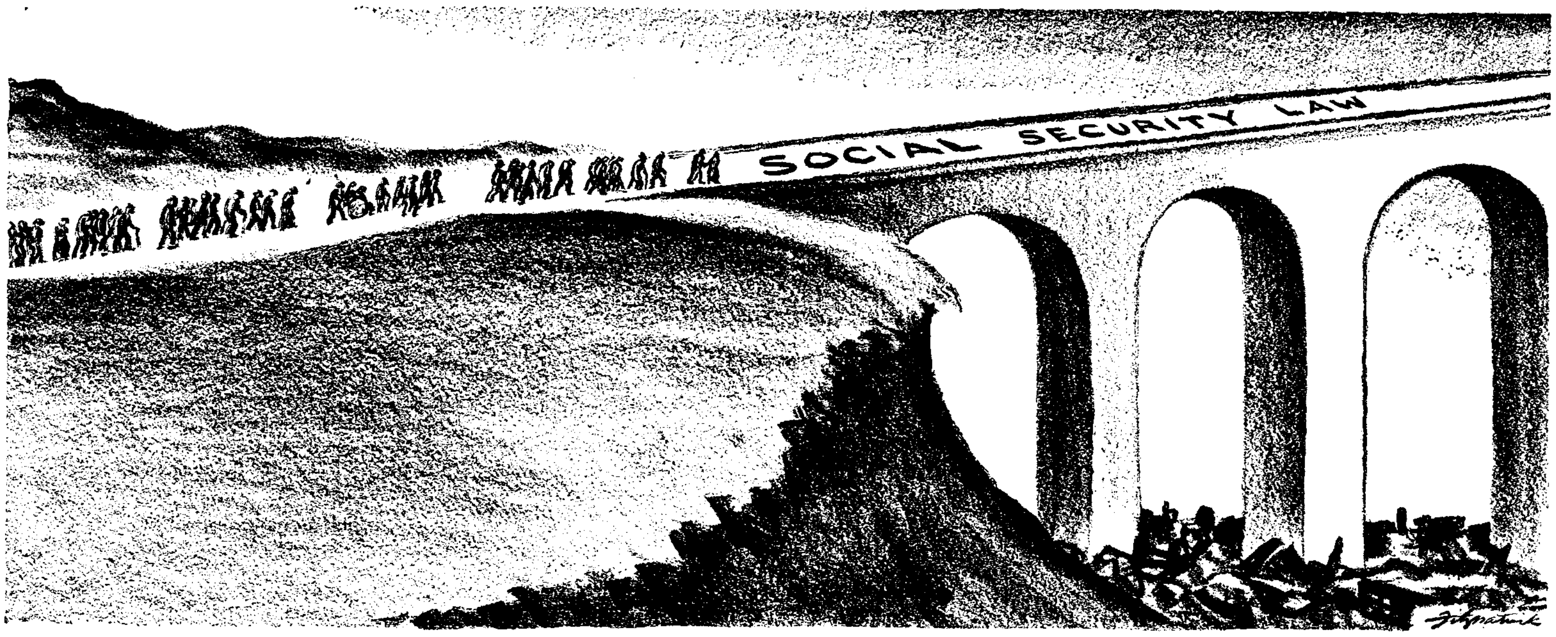
Pabst Blue Ribbon

Beer and Ale

© 1935, Premier-Pabst Corp., Chicago

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



A Good Job Well Done

WHEN all the tumult and the shouting of the excited times have faded into memory, the Social Security measure may well stand out as the great and lasting achievement of the Roosevelt Administration.

We have been incredibly laggard in establishing social insurance. More than fifty years ago Prince Bismarck set up various insurance systems in imperial Germany. More than twenty-five years ago David Lloyd George hammered through the British insurance plan. Meanwhile, most of the larger and smaller nations of Europe adopted the principle of social insurance in one form or another.

Alone, the United States hesitated to provide public insurance against the great general hazards intrinsic in an industrial civilization. It is impossible to blame any class of Americans for our failure to protect ourselves against economic insecurity. Samuel Gompers, so long the leader of the American Federation of Labor, opposed social insurance not less bitterly than Herbert Hoover, last of the conservative Republican Presidents. Only a minority of liberals and professional social workers advocated these insurance systems. They were unheeded voices crying in the wilderness.

Swiftly our minds were changed by the events of the past five years. The Social Security measure went through Congress not as a partisan measure. No important opposition appeared. By common consent the time had come to take this step forward.

The actual measure introduced is a product of the most careful and deliberate work done on any governmental project during the last few years. On June 8th of last year President Roosevelt announced his intention of presenting a program of social security. Soon afterward, by executive order, he created the Committee on Social Security.

This committee employed experts and made a thoughtful investigation into the broad subject of insecurity in our economic life. On January 17th last, the President submitted the unanimous report of this committee to Congress. Both houses held exhaustive hearings on the measure suggested by the experts.

It is fortunate that it has been possible to handle this great matter calmly and intelligently. The changes involved are so great that a clumsy or carelessly drawn measure might have done great injury to the country. Mr. Roosevelt has been in this affair the beneficiary of an extravagant opposition.

The lunatic proposals of Dr. Townsend, Upton Sinclair, Huey Long and others ignorant of elementary arithmetic made it necessary to examine the facts deliberately. By demanding more than the nation produces, the fanatics helped to focus thought on the basic facts. So folly unintentionally has served a useful purpose.

The actual Social Security measure is not extravagant but it does mark an immense step forward. Fortunately, the different insurance and gratuity plans are designed for joint operation by the states and the federal government. Contributions from the national treasury are the bait designed to lure the states into assuming their obligations and responsibilities.

Already thirty-three states have old-age pension laws. These will be reinforced by the federal act. The national government will match the state appropriations for old-age assistance up to $15 a month. On this basis a $30-a-month pension will be paid for equally by the state and the federal treasury. States may increase the assistance as they please but the national government will pay no more than $15 a month under the present measure.

At the present time, approximately a million men and women over sixty-five, the minimum age, depend upon public support. Last fall 700,000 men and women of this age group were in receipt of emergency relief. Half of all those over sixty-five are financially dependent on others for support. Obviously the best way of providing for these old people is through pensions.

Similar assistance through joint federal and state grants will be offered to the blind and to certain dependent children. The national government also, by grants of money, will seek to improve the methods utilized to promote maternal and child health, child welfare, care for crippled children and other public health projects.

Unemployment insurance is also provided in the Social Security measure. At all times a considerable number of employable people are involuntarily jobless. Between 1920 and 1930, a decade of prosperity, on the average not less than 1,500,000 workers were unemployed. Changes in industrial technique and varying market demands kept them idle.

The Social Security plan does not create a federal unemployment insurance system. Rather, by taxation and gifts it seeks to induce the states to establish unemployment insurance.

The federal government will levy a 1% tax on pay rolls during 1936, 2% during 1937 and 3% during 1938 and thereafter. Employers who contribute to a state fund may claim exemption from the federal taxes for as much as 90% of their state contributions.

Employees eligible to insurance will also be taxed from 1% to 3% of their wages to provide unemployment reserves. The general outlines of the measure are similar to the provisions of many of the pension plans for public employees, such as teachers, firemen and other similar groups. Many of these plans have long been operated successfully.

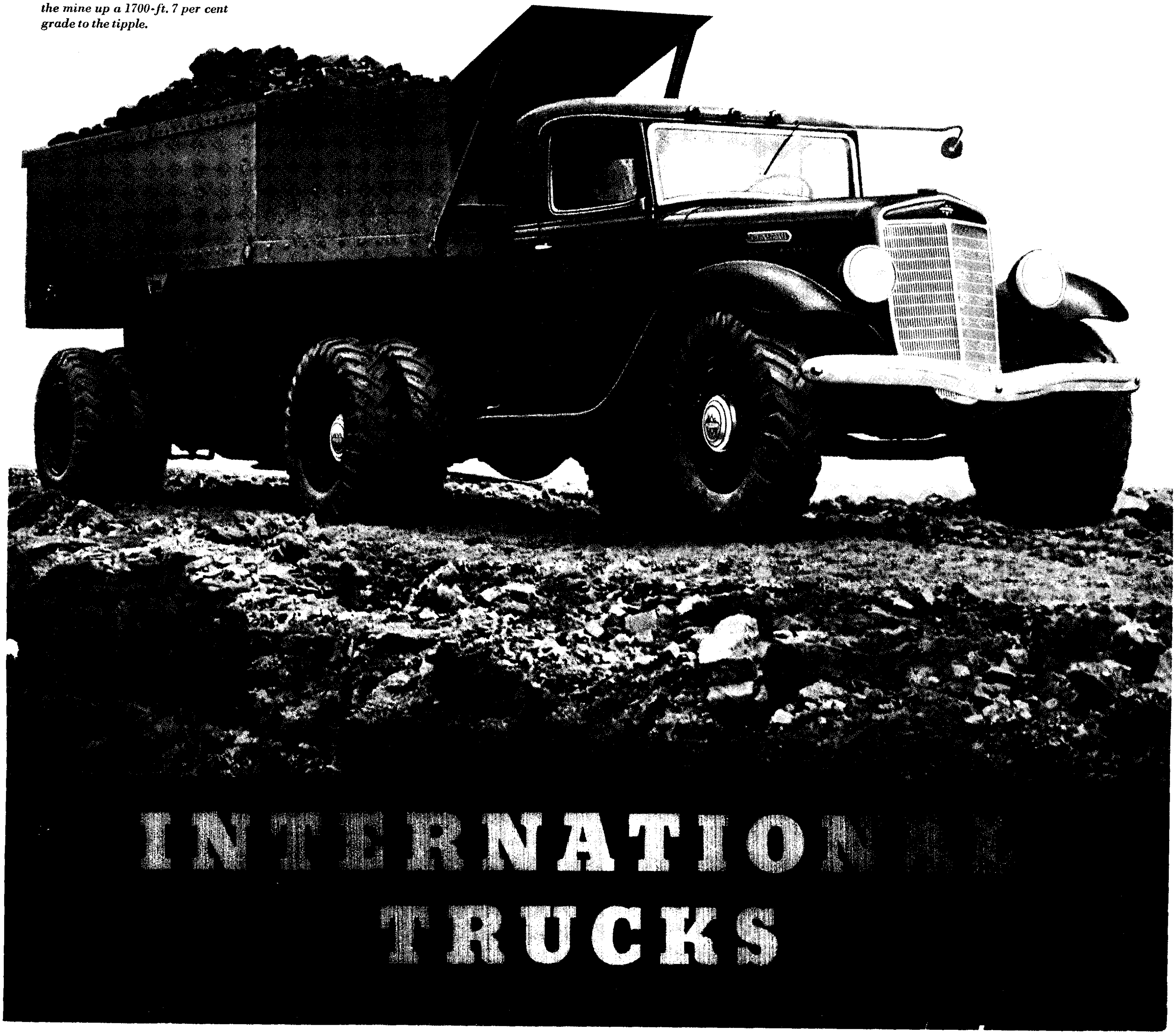
No one, least of all its advocates, imagines that the Social Security measure is a complete answer to economic insecurity. It is, however, a brave and reasonable step in advance. On the foundation of actual experience, better systems can be devised.

If the job calls for a truck . . .
it calls for an International

You would never accuse this truck of being a rebuilt passenger car. You can have the same confidence in every truck in the International line, from the beautiful ½-ton de luxe-delivery to the powerful 10-ton dump job. Every International Truck is a genuine reflection of the advanced engineering and design you would expect of 30 years of concentration on truck construction. And every International owner will give you emphatic testimony of truck-stamina and power . . . *plus* praise aplenty for economy in upkeep and operation that is music to any cost-record. An International dealer or any of the 230 Company-owned branches will be glad to discuss lower-cost transportation with you at any time.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

The truck illustrated is engaged in strip-coal mining in southern Illinois. Two 4 to 5-ton International Trucks with gondola semi-trailers haul 500 tons daily from the mine up a 1700-ft. 7 per cent grade to the tipple.



ATHLETES SAY:

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

"I HAVE TO KEEP in top condition," Miss McKim says. "Camels are such a mild cigarette that I can smoke them steadily. They never bother my wind."

GENE SARAZEN, champion of champions, who said recently: "It's important that Camels are milder. They never get my wind or upset my nerves."

JOSEPHINE McKIM, of Hollywood, member of two Olympic swimming teams, and former holder of U. S. national and world records in many free-style events. "One of my hard and fast rules in connection with smoking," she says, "is that I always choose a Camel. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

LESTER STOEFEN, U. S. doubles champion with George Lott. Both smoke Camels. Stoefen says: "Camels are so mild. They never get my wind."

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

LOU GEHRIG, "Iron Man of Baseball," says of Camels: "I like their mildness. Camels are so mild they never interfere with my wind or 'fighting trim.'"

BILL MILLER, U. S. sculling champion: "In all these years Camels have never interfered with my endurance or got my wind. That's because they are so mild."

WHEN CHAMPIONS POINT to one cigarette and say: "Camels don't get your wind"—it's evidence of real mildness and a guide to every one who wishes to keep fit. Camels add much to life—take nothing away. Smoke them freely! They're so mild—never get on your nerves... never tire your taste.

Camels

SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.